

JUNETTE

OR

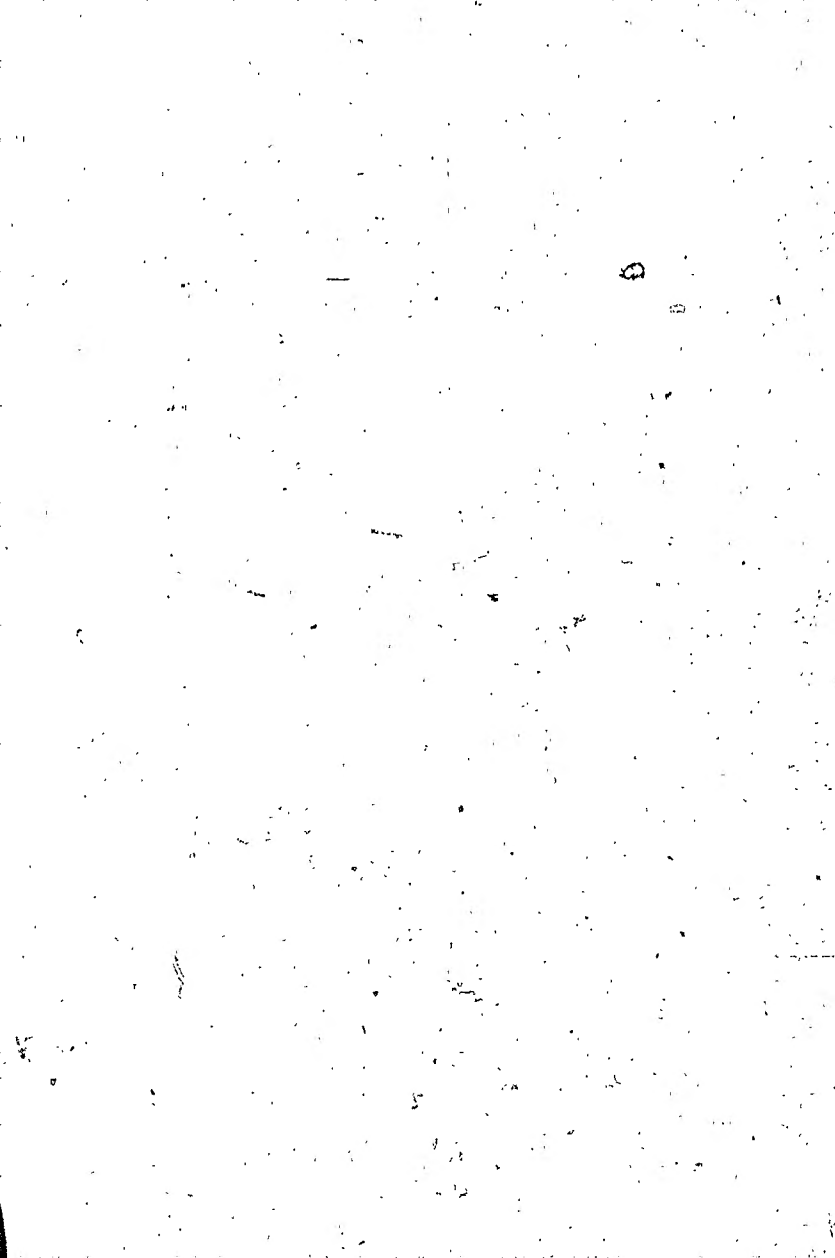
ARE WOMEN JUST TO ONE ANOTHER?

BY

IRENE ROY



Printed by
THE DOUGLAS CO. LIMITED
EDMONTON
1919



JUNETTE

CHAPTER I.

THE large clock on the high, old steeple of the church had just struck the hour of five. Its tone rang out clear in the hot air of the closing summer day. How many times it had struck in the same way, at the same time, from the same tower, in the same village, no one can say, and few stopped to think long over it, but its tone was as clear as ever and the old hands moved around as before. They never seemed to rest neither did they ever seem to tire, nor increase or decrease their speed, but were faithful to their duty, on the hottest day and the coldest night, but no one seemed to care, or think much about it.

The last stroke of five was just finished, and in the distance was heard the sharp, shrill, shriek of the evening train, but no one noticed it. It, too, was an old thing, and why should anyone bother about the whistle of an engine, on such a hot day.

On looking around one saw children everywhere, they were playing under shady trees, playing games, running about from place to place, but they did not seem to heed either the striking of the clock or the whistling shriek of the engine. The place was evidently dead, dead to all that the eye could see and were it not for the occasional cry of a child's voice, one would think it was

unoccupied, so utterly motionless was every detail around it; but at the shriek of the whistle an old man was seen coming from the farther end of the station and slowly walk to the waiting-room door, where he strolled in and stood by the window gazing with a half sleepy look at the fast coming train. Some of the children nearest the station gathered up their wreaths of braided flowers and rose from where they were sitting under a few large old shaggy trees, which made a lovely shelter from the hot sun.

"Oh Martha, you mean thing," cried a small boy of six, "You've stepped on my biggest wreath, and now you have to give me this one for it."

"No! no! not that one. Anyway why don't you keep your flowers from my part, I wasn't stepping around on your place, I won't give you my biggest one; here you can have this one," and she held it out to him.

"No I won't have that one, you just don't want it yourself; if you don't give me that one, I'll get even with you yet," and he shook his small fist in her face.

They did not have time to finish their threats, nor to discuss flowers or wreaths, for the train had just pulled in and was coming to a slow-down, and the children fixed their eyes upon it. It was not a new sight, for the same train pulled in every evening and one like it in the morning, but it was their custom to watch the train.

At last the huge monster was at a standstill and the station seemed to liven up considerably. The mail was at once brought up and several loud voices were heard, but as there never were many got off, it did not surprise the children to see no

one alight. At last a tall lady and gentleman, slowly stepped to the platform. She was dressed in a light brown suit of a rustling silk, and her manner denoted that she was a woman accustomed to wealth. Her husband, as the children supposed him to be, aided her in every move, and she glanced about her in a very disapproving manner; her gloved finger pointed to the smallest bag; she had evidently given an order that it be brought along, for her husband picked it up and went to the rear end of the platform, where stood a boy of seventeen or eighteen, apparently waiting for some work such as he was now given. He nodded his head and slowly strutted after the man, picking up the bag and following him wherever he wished to go. She still waited, just why, the children did not know, they did not even guess; they were still gazing at the 'silk lady' as if she might disappear or vanish like some dream; they could scarcely realize that it was all true. Not only did the children stare, but if one could have seen through lace curtains, one could have seen the many faces of women from the village gazing with astonished eyes, and at the same time wondering why they came.

The children were still silent, till finally the oldest girl in the group dropped her jaw and sighed, she had at last awakened, so it seemed, and she was beginning to wonder where they were going.

"Perhaps she is that daughter of Mrs. Defoe's, that she talks so much about, she is always saying how rich she is, and I guess this lady must be pretty rich."

But no one heard what was said, or else they were not in a humor to discuss who she might or

might not be, and as she started to go down the road, they began talking, faster and faster.

"What I'd like to know is, where does she come from?" asked Tom one of the older boys.

"Huh, what does it hurt where she comes from, what I'd like to know is where is she goin'.

"Well, for the love of mike, she is coming down our road, and she aint far behind us, look back again and see where she is now."

Upon looking back Junette thought her eyes betrayed her, for she was gone.

"Well aint that funny. Oh! I see, she has gone in our house," cried Fred, "oh Junnie, she has gone in our house, cause I saw her pass the Gang's house; oh hurry and let's go home; but who can she be?"

At this they all turned and ran back a few yards, and when they arrived at the gate, they all came to a sudden stop, they could not see any one, but they were sure she had gone in this very house.

The children (five in all) were of the same house or the next, and when to their amazement they saw this 'silk lady' as they had already named her, go in, Junnie and Freddie were the two oldest from the house.

"Go in an' see who they are," ordered Junette giving Tom a rather hard push."

"Aint you got feet?" he asked backing up farther than he had been.

"Yes, but my dress is dirty, and as you are the smallest it won't be so bad. Or you go "Fred."

"Like fun. Go yourself. She may not be,

there at all, or she may just have gone in to ask about someone else's address, go in an' see."

"No, it aint that, or she'd ha' asked at the station, I guess she must ha' been going there all right," and she nodded her head in a convincing way.

They did not discuss it very much longer, for Lily, their older sister was now among them. She had slipped around the house, and the children did not see her till she was upon them. She was somewhat taller and stouter than June, in fact one would hardly recognize them as sisters, for Lily was dark, and tall, while Junette was fair and short. Her long curls played with the passing breezes, and with her tiny hand she brushed an occasional stray lock from her pink cheek. She looked up at her sister with her large questioning eyes, but she was not the first to ask, "Who are they?" Fred had already asked, as soon as he saw her, but she did not get time to answer, as the questions came thick and fast.

"Run June," she commanded, "and get the wash basin out on the old bench in the yard, fill it with water and I will wash you all out there, and then you can slip in and get your clean pinnies on." She did not need a second telling nor did she wait to hear any more, she was off and back in a minute. Lily commenced washing and scrubbing harder perhaps than usual, but not a cry was heard and she talked as she worked.

"They are father's sister and her husband from Moscow," she said, "and she is most anxious to see all the children. Don't forget to call them Aunt Maggie and Uncle Robert, and don't be

bold," she warned. At last the washing was finished, and one by one they slipped in, when Mrs. Shiloh their mother called them.

Oh the excitement of the meeting between this grand lady and these poor humble children. She spoke to them continually, but she could get no more than an occasional 'yes' or 'no,' and it ended there. Mr. Laushinsky took a great interest in the children, but his fancies rested on Junette. He admired and loved her more and more each day; he fondly caressed her, and played with her at her favorite games; he showed her many interesting things, and told her many stories. She loved to hear him talk of the city, and she told him she would go some day, "when I am rich and visit you."

How the time passed no one could tell, but before long the village was all astir, the men and teams were returning, and the village all at once awoke, it had slumbered all afternoon, and now it was wide awake, the children again were out, but now not quiet as before, loud shouts rang from each one as they saw their fathers, brothers and relations coming in from the day's work; some had loads of hay, and on these the children tried to get a ride to the yard, but not one of the Shiloh children were among these now, they still were making friends and receiving presents from their aunt and uncle.

The dinner hour was at last at hand, again the old clock chimed out the hour, and both children and grown ups were always ready for their meals but this did not last long, and after dinner every one started their usual duties. Every one knew what to do and how to do it, and so they left the

table soon after. When all were out June started to do her part of ridding the table, and she sang gayly as she did so. She had only to finish the dishes she thought and then to mind baby. This was her usual work, and her little arms ached many a time as she carried the baby about, but it was her work and it must be done, so she did it with a will. She carried it out to the wood pile, where Fred was busy making his saw fairly sing, but when he saw June he stopped. They had always been pals and no matter when or how often she came out he always stopped his work.

"Ah put that kid down," he ordered, "I would make him walk, he is old enough."

"Yes, but it's faster to carry him," she replied, as she put him on the ground to play, and perched herself on a large stump of wood.

"Say Fred," she began, "would you like to live in Moscow, and be a rich man, or don't you like being in the city?"

"Well I never was there, but anything is as good as cuttin' wood," he calmly retorted, "and anyway, one has to make the money before he can be rich."

"Yes, but I don't mean that, I mean would you like to be a boy or a man in the city with a lot of money?"

"Oh you want to be guessing and imagining things," he said, "I guess it would be alright. Say, look out there, that kid is lifting the axe."

At this Junette made a jump and snatching the axe from her baby brother handed it to Fred, saying, "I guess I better put him to sleep," and

upon this turned and went to the house, carrying the heavy baby again.

As she entered the house, she saw her mother and aunt in earnest conversation in the next room, so she tiptoed upstairs where she rocked her brother to sleep, and then went down to the kitchen. She saw them still talking and after giving her longer curls another twist, she slowly strolled into the other room. They did not notice her at first and kept on talking. She knew they were speaking of her by what she had heard.

"You know Robert is just wrapped up in Junette. I always knew him to be fond of children, but I never saw him go on about anyone, in the way he does about June. He told me last night that he simply will not leave until he has your consent to take her with us; he promised to do so much for her, in the way of educating her, and starting her a bank account."

"I never knew you to be fond of children Maggie, and you know a child in a home where children have not been is found troublesome. I could spare her alright if I thought it was best all around, but let us say nothing to the children yet. We will wait till the men get home, and then talk it over with Robert and Jim."

At that June ran into the room saying, "But mamma, I heard you,"

"Well dear," said her mother turning to Junette, "Since you have heard, what do you think Junnie, would you like to go with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Robert to a far far country, where you don't know the language and can't romp and play like you do here in the fields; you will have to be a little lady in the city."

Her aunt sat motionless, scarcely breathing, looking at the excited child, wondering what her answer would be.

"Yes, yes," burst out Junnie, "I want to go. I want to be rich and be a lady, I don't want to romp in the hay and play, I want to be a rich grand lady like Aunt Maggie."

Then Mrs. Laushinsky took Junnie in her arms, and promised her, what seemed to June great and wonderful things, and June said, "Yes aunty, I am going to be good to you and love you and Uncle Robert, but I will love Uncle Robert best."

"Now" says Mrs. Shiloh, "run out and play Junnie, Auntie and I want to talk."

The minute Junette got out of her mother's room she called Lily, and her brother, and asked them to guess what she had to tell them, but not waiting for them to reply she shouted,

"I know you can't guess, it is too good to guess. I'm going away with aunt Maggie and uncle Robert, and I'm going to be a great lady, and I'm going to travel, and uncle Robert is going to put money in the bank, all for myself, 'cause aunt Maggie said so, and tomorrow she is going to take my Sunday dress to the dressmakers, and have it shortened, mind you shortened, shorter yet, 'cause she said in the city they don't wear them so long, and I'm going to have big ribbon bows in my hair every day, and I'm never, never, to go barefoot, I'm to have slippers in the summer when it's hot."

By this time June was almost breathless with her excited talk, so the other children got a few questions in. Lily was the first to speak.

"Is that really true June, are you getting all that; and what am I going to get; I've worked harder than you, always, and I suppose I get nothing but more work; even the little you did, I'll have to do now," and with that she turned and left them saying, "I'll just see mother about that."

"If you are really going," Fred began, "I will miss you terribly; what will I do without you?"

"Yes, I will miss you too, now that I think of leaving you behind," but great things flashed quickly across her childish mind, and she said, "Never mind Fred, I will soon be rich and then I'll send for you."

The young children not realising the meaning of their talk, kept on with their play.

Junette did not leave the gate, she was looking down the road, watching for her daddy and uncle to come home. At last, after what seemed a weary wait, she saw them, and she hurried to meet them, shouting as she ran, "Daddy, daddy, I'm going away from home, I'm going with you uncle Robert."

The worst was over, Jim Shiloh had heard his child say she wanted to leave him, and it hurt more than she knew. Robert had mentioned it to him several times, and they had talked it over finally, for Laushinsky's visit was coming to an end, and Robert had made up his mind not to leave without Junette if he could possibly help it, and so in their final talk they had decided to talk it over that evening with Mrs. Shiloh and June, but now it seemed they did not need to, it was already decided for them.

Jim Shiloh stroked his little girl's head, smooth-

ing down her waving curls, saying, "So you are going to leave your daddy, and, and——" strong man though he was, his voice quivered and he could say no more.

Her father and uncle took her hands and in silence walked on to the house.

Time went on, Mrs. Laushinsky and Mrs. Shiloh were busy getting June's things ready. They were leaving in a few days and June's departure was at last decided on.

Junette was very happy, she felt happier every time she thought of her promised clothes, and she was quite in her glory getting "dolloed up" as she called it, but as the last day drew near and she had been to say good-bye to a few of her friends, she seemed quieter, and more down-hearted than she had ever been known to be before. She strolled out to the wood pile, where she had seen Fred working, and at once lapsed into conversation with him.

"Oh Fred," she burst out, "when I go with aunty I will miss you so. I'm glad to go, if only you could go too. Don't you think if we ask mother she would let you come?"

"Oh Junnie, how can you talk like that, you well know that even if mother would let me go, aunty don't want me. I think by what I hear, she wants you for a kind of a pet. I don't think you will have to work there."

"Freddie dear, I don't mind work, that's not why I'm so glad to go. I like the new dresses I'm getting, and aunty says when I'm there she is going to get me more. She says I will always be dressed like a doll."

"Junnie, that is the only thing that you and I don't agree on; you are too fond of dresses and pretty things."

"Don't say that Freddy, I can't help it. It's just in me, I don't know who put it there, God or the devil, but I think it was God for you see he makes all pretty things, so he must like them, don't you think?"

"I don't know June, I think it's just because you are so pretty yourself that you like everything so bright and pretty about you, but Oh I will miss you so."

"June, June," called Lily from the door. She was by her sister's side in a minute, "What are you doing out there, you lazy thing, and baby crying its head off."

"Lily, you are always so cross with me, I'm just glad to get away from you, and I will never, never come back again."

"Well I'd like to know who wants you back, ain't mother giving you away to get rid of you?" sneered Lily.

"No, she is not," June hurled back at her sister, "she is only letting me go because aunty wants me so bad."

"Yes, wants you so bad, does she, you stuck up little imp. Because you have that flax on your head you think everybody likes you. I know everybody likes black hair best, and I have three times as much; look at my long braid," and she jerked her long heavy braid of hair over her shoulder.

"I don't want to look at your braid, I hate your braid, your hair, and you, and everything about

you, because you are so mean to me. Mine is not flax, it's just beautiful golden hair, and nice curls too. Everybody says so. I wish you could have heard what uncle said about my hair, yes, and about me too, and I just love him because he is kind to me," saying this she ran into the house, took her baby brother and was back to where Fred still waited for her return.

Here she burst out crying and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Junnie dear, don't cry so, did you get a licking?"

"No, but Lily is so mean to me, and this is my last day at home too. I just hate her."

"No you don't Junnie, you're not yourself today. Now that the time has come for you to go, I think you would like to back out."

"Oh no, that's not it, but I want you to come too."

Just then the children saw uncle Robert coming up the path from the garden and June was off like a hare, to meet him. Junette had learned to love her uncle, for a sunny loving nature like her's it was the easiest thing in the world to love those who were kind to her.

Next morning at the station, after the good-byes were said, Mr. and Mrs. Laushinsky found themselves once more on the train; but it seemed to Mr. Laushinsky not so empty as when he came, for golden-headed June was by his side, weeping, for it was harder to say good-bye than she ever thought it possible to be. Even Lily, who she had declared many a time she hated, she had hugged and kissed as if she could never let go.

Mr. Laushinsky, after making his wife comfortable, devoted his time to telling June stories of her future home, and what she would do; and so the long journey was brought to an end, and they found themselves once more back in Moscow.

CHAPTER II.

THE drive from the station to the house seemed to pass all too quickly for June. When her uncle was telling her stories of her new home, they seemed to her like a fairy tale, but now as she stepped into the house she felt like a fairy. The maid having been informed that they were coming, had tea waiting, after which Junette was given her bath and put to bed.

The following morning, June was up early, and having dressed herself, found her way to the kitchen, and was chatting with Ewly, the maid, when her aunt called her. Upon hearing where she had been she forbade her to go to the kitchen and talk to Ewly. This seemed to surprise Junette; she had never been forbidden to talk to anyone before, so she said,

"But aunty, we were just talking, were we talking too loud, did we wake you?"

"Now Junette," said her aunt, "you are starting a new life, and I want no questions from you; when I tell you to do something, I want obedience."

Mrs. Lasukinsky, in her own home was a different woman than June had ever seen her before. Little things that amounted to nothing seemed to annoy her, and she was forever saying, "Don't do that," and "Don't do this," it was always don't, don't, don't, and for the least thing

such as getting a spot on her dress, or leaving a finger mark on the mahogany she would punish her very severely. It was true what Mrs. Shiloh had said, "a child in a home where there had never been one, and the woman not fond of children, would be found troublesome, and many times Junette wished herself back in her own little home, away from all this splendor.

At nights she would lay weeping in her little bed, wishing herself back in her little humble home with her brothers, and Lily whom she once thought she hated.

"I never did hate Lily," she thought, "I just love her, and if I had that baby here, I'd never get tired carrying him around, I'd carry him around even when he was asleep, and Fred, Oh! how I would love to have Fred."

Her uncle Robert was always kind to her and she worshipped him, and that partly helped to enrage her aunt, who said, "Robert makes too much fuss over that child, he is just spoiling her for me."

Months passed, and Mrs. Laushinsky never allowed Junette to have any children in the house, and she was never allowed to go out unless her aunt went with her. She was always on the watch for her uncle to come home from the office, and then she would run out to meet him, as fast as her little feet could carry her.

One evening, as she ran to meet him, to her surprise she saw he had a tiny little white dog. Out of that dog, she took more comfort than anything else she ever had in that big city.

One afternoon, Mr. Fausky, a great friend

of Mrs. and Mr. Laushinsky called. He often came to the house. June upon seeing him coming, ran to open the door before he could ring, and chattingly told him to make himself comfortable; that her aunt will soon be down. As he hung his coat on the hall rack, he accidentally knocked down a vase, that Mrs. Laushinsky had not put away, after emptying some flowers. It broke, and her aunt was just coming down stairs as Junette was picking up the pieces.

"How did you do that Junette," snapped her aunt in a rage, as she saw that her good vase was broken.

"I did not do it, auntie dear," said poor June trembling with fear. She always felt like hiding when she saw her aunt look at her like that.

"You did not do it, dare tell me a falsehood, will you? go up stairs, I will attend to you later."

She smilingly greeted Mr. Fausky saying how glad she was to see him, and telling him to make himself at home, "Robert will soon be her," she said, and then she excused herself and went up to Junette, saying to herself, "I will attend to her before Robert gets home, he always interferes when she needs to be punished."

When she entered the room, June feared what was coming, although she was not to blame.

"Mr. Fausky broke your vase, auntie dear, I did not do it, honest." But Mrs. Laushinsky took the strap that she had made to order and always kept hanging there, and without another word started to whip Junette unmercifully. When she was played out she said, "Now tell me how you broke my vase."

"I did not do it, honestly, auntie dear," pleaded little June.

But her aunt grabbed her again, saying, "I will whip you, till you tell me the truth, you have not got your uncle to encourage your falsehoods now. Everything you tell him he believes, but I am not a fool, I will have the truth from you. How did you break my vase?"

"Mr. Fausky did, auntie dear, please don't whip me anymore, I never, never told you a falsehood yet."

Her aunt did not hear her pleading little voice, but said she would keep on whipping her till she told the truth.

Then Junette called, "yes I did" and fell to the floor in a swoon.

"I knew I would get the truth from you," Mrs. Laushinsky said, and then without giving her another look, she went downstairs.

"I apologize" she said smilingly to Mr. Fausky, "for having left you alone so long, but do you know that child gets on my nerves, Robert spoils her so that it makes it hard for me to manage her."

Mr. Fausky had meant to tell that he had broken the vase, but having let his first chance slip, did not find it easy now to do the manly thing, so he consoled himself thinging, "I will make it up with Junnie, I will bring her a doll next time I come."

Mrs. Laushinsky pleasantly chatted on. She was a splendid entertainer, and it seemed no time before Mr. Laushinsky came home. She met him in the hall saying, "Dimmy is here," he was pleased and asked her if she could have him stay.

to dinner, as Mr. Lapolquie, was giving a lecture and they could all go to hear him. She assured him that it would please her, as she had never heard him. They stepped into the drawing room, and Mr. Laushinsky greeted his friend saying, "Old boy, I thought you were lost, where have you been keeping yourself," then not noticing June he asked, turning to his wife, "dear, where is Junnie?"

"Oh she told me a falsehood and I had to punish her."

"My dear Maggie, are you sure, I never knew Junnie to tell a falsehood."

"No you don't, because everything she does is right to you but I have known her to tell me falsehoods; really Robert, you must not interfere with Junette, you know nothing about children, and I do, and all the responsibilities rest with me, I will call her, but mind, I don't want you to pet her if she mentions it."

"Don't trouble, dear, I'll go," and in a moment he was in the upper hall, calling, "my little girl did not meet me today, and I have a surprise for her, she will have to guess what it——" but here he caught sight of her lying on the floor like a corpse, white and cold, and little Fisk licking her hands.

"He snatched her up in his arms, covering her face and arms with kisses saying over and over again, "My little June, my little pet, what did she do to you again." He laid her on his bed and bathed her little face, till at last she opened her eyes, seeing her uncle she put her arms around his neck and the tears ran down her pale cheeks, and between the sobs she said,

"Oh uncle dear, please don't leave me, and oh uncle dear, I want to go home," and she was off in another swoon.

Mr. Laushinsky rushed down and phoned for the doctor, then in his excitement he ran to the kitchen, telling Ewly to run and bring the doctor right with her, and tell him Junnie is dying; to come at once.

Mrs. Laushinsky hearing that, rushed upstairs, but he was up in a second, and would not let her touch the child.

"Go down," he ordered, "before I do or say something that I will be sorry for, if that child dies, I am done with you. At last I know your cruel nature, now go," and he was down on his knees beside June stroking her golden head, and calling her every pet name he knew.

At last, after what seemed to him endless waiting, the doctor came, but it took him a long time to get Junette out of the swoon, the first words she whispered were, "Uncle dear don't leave me," and he assured her with every loving word that he knew, that he would not leave her.

As the doctor was coming downstairs, Mrs. Laushinsky met him, and pretending to be worried she asked him how June was.

"Oh don't worry Mrs. Laushinsky, she is alright now, Junnie is a very delicate child, but nothing dangerous you know," he bade her good-night and was gone.

She turned to Mr. Fausky saying, "Oh Dimmy, I have had nothing but trouble, and worry ever since I brought that child in the house, Robert is a different man."

"But why did you bring her, I know you don't like children, and Junette seems such a restless child, always wants to be in some mischief."

"Yes you are right, I don't like children, but Robert you know, is just crazy about them, and the minute he saw Junette, he told me he would not leave the place, until he had done everything he could to get her, as you know she is my brother's child, but her looks are all she had from him, her stubborn bad nature she gets from my sister-in-law."

Just then Mr. Laushinsky came down and excused himself from going to the lecture, saying he had promised Junnie to stay with her. Would Dimmy take Mrs. Laushinsky if she cared to go; and he slowly walked back upstairs.

Mrs. Laushinsky was hurt at her husband's behavior and showed it, "My lady," she thought, I will make you pay for this, just wait till your uncle is away tomorrow, and I will attend to you."

Dinner was a quiet meal, as her husband did not come down. Then they drove to the hall where Mr. Lapolquie was to hold his lecture. Though he was a very interesting speaker, Mrs. Laushinsky heard scarcely a word, her mind was busy planning how she would act with her husband when she returned home.

After Junette heard them leave the house, her fear seemed to vanish.

"I, honestly, didn't break it, but I had to lie because auntie said she would whip me until I would tell her how I broke it," said June.

"What vase are you talking about, Junnie dear, tell me just what happened."

And she told him everything, he felt sorry for little June before, but now, that he found out how unjustly she had been punished, he could not keep the tears from rolling down his cheeks, when he thought of how he had found her lying there, whipped by his own wife into unconsciousness.

"Darling" he said, "I will watch over you more closely than I have done so far, I have been a blind fool, you just tell me everything, and I will talk to auntie and see that she does not punish you again."

"Oh uncle I dare not tell you, because she said she would whip me more if I ever told you anything."

"Alright dear, I will speak to your aunt about it." He paused, "now tell me what you want Ewly to make you for supper; come I will carry you down, and you and I will have a little picnic all by ourselves." So saying he stooped to pick her up, she put her little arms about his neck, but as he lifted her she cried, "oh uncle, let me lay here, I hurt all over."

"Where do you hurt dear?" he asked.

"Just all over, I don't want no picnic, I want to lie here," she said, "please let Ewly undress me and put me in my little bed."

After she was snugly in her bed, Ewly went down stairs and paused at the table saying, "Mr. Laushinsky, do you know that Miss Junette's back is all raw and bleeding, what shall I do for her," she paused, "I guess I have no right to talk, but I will just have my talk out and then I'd just as soon leave, Mrs. Laushinsky is always using that awful strap on Miss Junette, I expect her

"poor little back never gets healed from one whipping to the other, and a better child never was, for I know, I have always worked where there were children."

"I am sorry, Ewly, I will attend to it," and leaving the table he went back up stairs where he found June asleep.

He could not even get interested in the evening paper, as he sat by her little bed, his mind was on his wife.

"What has gotten into Maggie, I always knew her to be just, but she is certainly not just to that poor child." He was still sitting there in thought when his wife came home. The picture she seen when she entered the room made her discard the plans she had made in her mind. Instead, she softly asked, "Why are you sitting here with that dim light Robert; if you care to come down in the library I will tell you of the lecture."

"Yes," he said, "I do want to talk to you, Maggie."

How long they talked they did not know, but she felt a different woman, for his kindness and patience had made her see herself in a different light.

"If," she said, "you would not neglect me, Robert, and make such a fuss over June, I would feel much kinder towards her, but I will try, I will do my very best to carry out your wish."

The next time Mr. Laushinsky saw Mr. Fausky he said!

"Dimmy, I am sorry for what I have to tell you. Junnie is an honest child, and if I had a daughter of my own, I could not love her more, she

told me you were the cause of the trouble at my house that evening; you know best how it happened, and you are not the man and friend that I thought you were, and the fewer you make your visits to my house the more you will oblige me." So saying, he lifted his hat and left him.

Months passed by and Mrs. Laushinsky kept a rein on her jealous, selfish nature, but this was due to her husband's constant kindness. Junette and Fisk were companions, she would talk to him, telling him her sorrows when she was sad and her joys when she was happy as if he could understand.

"Oh Fisk, if you only knew how badly I want to go home, I want to see Fred so badly if I could only have a good play with Fred once more, Fisky, if we were only in the hay fields, how we would romp and run. Do you know Fisk that I haven't had a run since I have been here. In the house I must walk slowly, even on the street auntie says I must walk like a little lady, but, oh, I want to run so badly, my legs just ache for a run, Fisky some day when auntie is out we will just run round and round and round."

The time for her run came sooner than she expected. A few days after, it was Ewly's afternoon off, her auntie was out calling, having told her to stay and play with her dolls and not to leave the house. She ran up and kissed her auntie's hand, saying,

"I will be good auntie, I won't even open the door, and I won't go out, and she started to play with her dolls and Fisk. After playing a while the thought struck her about her run, and she cried out,

"Oh Fisky dear, now for our run, there is no one home but you and I, and we will just run till we can't run any more." She moved the table and for a while they ran around and around pretending they were in the hay field. After a moment she said.

"Oh Fisk let's pretend this polished floor is our pond behind the barn and we'll pretend it's frozen, and we'll slide on it," and slide they did. Fisky couldn't slide, but he could run and bark up and down the room. They were in the height of their glory, so she did not hear the front door open, as her uncle let himself in, and the minute she saw him she said,

"Oh uncle this is a real skating rink here, like the one you and auntie go to, watch me slide," and off she flew across the floor.

"But Junnie, Junnie, my dear, look at the floor, what will your auntie say?" For the first time she realized that she had done wrong.

"Oh uncle tell me what to do, what can I do, tell me, and I'll do it to take the scratches off."

"I don't know myself dear, how, but we must get them off before——" and before he finished his sentence a thought struck him, he went to the phone and ordered a man to be sent at once to polish a floor, "at once" he added.

The polisher had only been gone a few minutes, and the room looked just the same, when the door opened and Mrs. Laushinsky came in, she told them what a lovely afternoon she had had, and noticing nothing, she never knew anything of the exciting time they had had just before her return.

One day a telegram came, saying that Mrs. Shiloh was very ill, and that she would like to see Junette. Nothing was said to the child of her mother's illness, but Mr. Laushinsky arranged for the trip at once. June was all excited at the thought of going, "back to Fred" as she told her uncle.

"But won't you be glad to see your mother, Junnie," he asked.

"Oh yes, I'll be glad to see them all, but Fred, Fred most of all."

So once more the evening train pulled into that quiet little village but not as quiet as two years ago. There was a crowd at the station to meet them as the stately lady and gentleman stepped off the train, but this time with the sweetest little girl the village had ever seen.

June clung to her father saying, "Oh daddy I do love you, I do," then she greeted Fred and the other children. Lilly stood back, admiring her, till Junette put her arms around her saying, "Oh Lily I will never quarrel with you again, I don't care what you do to me."

Then she was off like a hare, she had certainly not forgotten how to use her feet, she raced ahead from the station, and was in by her mother hugging and kissing her as if she never meant to stop, saying over and over again, "Oh mamma I do love you so," and then the rest came in, Mr. and Mrs. Laushinsky had been told on the way that Mrs. Shiloh was much better, Jim Shiloh had also told them, that they had made plans to go to America, if Mrs. Shiloh gets better. But they were grieved to see that she had failed so much.

After tea, they talked of their trip, Mrs. Shiloh said they were sure they could do much better there.

"Why we had a letter from Blacks only last week again, saying how well they were getting on. They have only been there about a year, and they have money in the bank, and we all know what it takes to start up house-keeping, and they have only one boy working besides Black himself and she said in her letter that she takes in washing and makes from six to seven dollars a week herself, besides her own work, and you know she has three children going to school," said Mrs. Shiloh.

"But, oh, Lucy," replied Mrs. Laushinsky, "You would not take in washing, I always thought from the little I knew of Mrs. Black that she was very low."

"What do you mean by low, Maggie," asked Mrs. Shiloh.

Just then the minister called to see Mrs. Shiloh, and having met Mrs. and Mr. Laushinsky before, after a short visit invited Mr. Laushinsky and Jim Shiloh to walk back with him, saying, "We will try and persuade Jim to change his mind about that America trip people like Jim and his family, we can't spare."

"Oh, I'd stay gladly enough," said Jim. "It's Lucy that's set her heart on going," he paused "and it seems strange, too, because she was born and raised in this village, and now she is so eager to leave it," and so saying they went out.

"Yes, I too think you are foolish to go Lucy, you are so comfortable here and everything is getting along so well," said Mrs. Laushinsky.

"We ~~are~~ getting along well enough, but the returns don't seem enough for so many of us working; as I was telling you, the Blacks, in a year started up house-keeping and put money in the bank; we couldn't do that here; as for you thinking, Maggie, that Martha Black is common, and low, that is where you wrong her, you know its easy to be a lady when a person is lucky and marries well like you, you have lived in this village yourself and know how hard it is to save; the Blacks are a hard working and thrifty family, that's the worst anyone can say about them, and if Martha Black had a chance like you, she would be your equal."

"You always take me up wrong Lucy."

"No my dear, you always take my friends up wrong," said the gentle Mrs. Shiloh, "but let's say no more about it; I have made up my mind to go, for I know we can do better; you see, the three boys and Lily as well as Jim, can all be earning money, and I feel sure the children will have a better chance in that new land."

Junette romped and played for days, saying, "Oh, if we only had Fisk here, then there wouldn't be any more fun in the whole world."

Mrs. Shiloh recovered rapidly; the excitement of the trip seemed to help her along. The Shiloh's were well-liked in the village and the neighbors certainly showed it when she was ill. Mr. Lau-shinsky having left his business in a hurry, was anxious to get back. Talking to June one day he asked her if she was ready to go home.

"Oh uncle dear, I forgot about going back, do I have to go?"

"Why dear, don't you want to come back? don't you like your uncle?"

"Yes I do like you, I love you, but I don't want to go back," and that was all he could get from her. She loved him, but she did not want to go back.

He at once went to his wife and asked what was to be done about June as she did not want to go back.

"She doesn't want to come back; she prefers this dirty hole to our home," and she flew into a rage about the ungratefulness of the child. "Robert, I knew that child was no good from the very first; here I have done my best for her, and this is the thanks I get. I'm sure Lucy is at the bottom of that."

"No I don't think Lucy knows anything about it, but I will find out." Saying this, he went to his sister-in-law, as he neared the door he heard June's little voice sobbing and crying, "Oh mamma don't make me go back, I love uncle Robert, but I don't want to go back," he stood still, as if spell-bound.

"But my dear, I thought you liked being with aunt Maggie, so much, I don't think auntie will like that, I think she will be disappointed if you don't go back."

"No, no, mamma dear, aunt Maggie won't care, she don't like me and she don't want me, she told me lots of times that she was sorry she ever took me."

"Now Junnie, did your auntie really tell you that?"

"Yes mamma dear, she really honestly did."

"But what about your uncle Robert, I know he will miss you if you don't go back."

"Yes, he will miss me, and, oh, mamma I will miss him so much, I love him so much," and here she gave way to sobs again. "Yes, my dear uncle, I want him, but I don't want to go back."

She had just finished her last sentence when her uncle came softly in. "I heard, I heard all Lucy, and it grieves me; I don't know what to do, life will not be quite the same to me, if Junnie does not come back with us, but I don't want to force the child." By this time June was by his side, and her aunt walked in.

"Now Junnie what have you been telling your mother?"

"Auntie, please I don't want to go back with you, and I have just been telling mamma that."

"And why don't you want to come back?"

"Oh please, I just want to stay here," she sobbed.

"Now stop crying and run out and play Junnie," said her mother, "If you don't want to go back you don't need to," and with that June, still crying, left the room.

"Now Lucy," began Mrs. Laushinsky, "I just expected something like that from you; here I took your child and did my best for her, and I have spent a small fortune on her clothes, and the trouble I had getting her in to my ways, and just as the worst trouble seemed over, you played this trick on us and sent for her and coaxed her to stay at home."

"No, I did not send for her and coax her to stay at home," snapped Mrs. Shiloh, "I did not send for her, I was dilirious and called her name, and Jim, fearing the worst, at once sent you that message, I did not know you were coming till the day before your arrival, and Robert said he heard Junnie pleading to stay home."

"Yes, I did hear what passed between Lucy and June, and you have a right to keep your child Lucy, though as I told you life will be different without her."

"Then it's decided," said Mrs. Shiloh, "Junette stays home."

Mrs. Laushinsky in a rage at the world in general, and at Lucy and June in particular, left the next day with her husband.

CHAPTER III.

THE visitors having gone, and Mrs. Shiloh being as determined as ever to go to America, Jim arranged for an auction sale, first talking it over with his wife, who said "Don't let it take longer than two weeks Jim, I will have everything ready then and we have nothing to wait for, so in two weeks the auction sale came off, and everything sold much better than they had expected. At last they were ready to start on the long voyage, and amid tears and good-byes they left their native country and were starting for the new land of promise. All were glad to go, but at the parting time, the tears could not be kept back.

Their voyage was very pleasant, except the first few days, and at their journey's end they reached New York, that great, big, beautiful, wonderful city, where Mr. and Mrs. Black and a couple of other friends from the home village stood to greet them, as the great, big, monstrous steamer arrived.

After the greetings were over, Black took Mr. Shiloh with him and they arranged for their baggage, while Mrs. Black took the family and friends to her home, where a hearty meal awaited them.

"Have you rented us a house Martha," asked Mrs. Shiloh, "As I wrote and asked you to."

"Yes, Lucy but don't be in a hurry, I have everything prepared to have you stay with us a few days."

"You are too kind to us; I know we must have caused you a lot of trouble already, so after dinner, I would like to go and see the place if it's not too far, and I'll start right in to arrange for the children you know there are eight of us and I know what that means to you."

"Well I guess there is no use in arguing with you Lucy, I know you so well, you are always thinking of others, afraid to give them trouble, what will you say Lucy when I tell you I have rented four rooms in this very flat for you."

"Why you live up stairs, Martha, are our rooms up stairs too, then won't it be troublesome to run down stairs to the cellar for everything two flights of stairs."

"Oh you'll get used to that, there is no cellar."

"No cellar, well how in the world do you live without a cellar, where do you put all your vegetables and fruits?"

"Oh we don't live like that here in New York, you'll get used to that, we just buy things as we need them."

"Did you say you rented the place for a month; I suppose I should be grateful to you, but after the month is over I think I will try and find a house where there is a garden and a cellar. You know for the whole bunch of us we can't just buy things as we need them, it will cost too much."

"Oh, now you're worrying again; I want you to stay with us for a few days and Joe Black will find Jim and the boys work in the shops where he is working, and I will find places for Lily and even Junette could go as nurse-maid. Then when you

see the money coming in, you'll soon see how easy it is to manage the same as I do."

And sure enough in a few days Mr. Black had got the three boys and Jim Shiloh work and the women went out alone to buy the necessary furniture. A place was found for Lily in the millinery department of a store.

"Martha I can't think of letting Lily go as house maid as you suggested for I have had her seven months learning the trade, and it's cost me quite a penny, I don't want her to forget it," so it was thus arranged and Lily boarded home.

When Saturday came it was a wonderful day for the Shiloh's each one came home with money.

"Oh Mrs. Black, please find me a place too, I can nurse babies and you said I could be a nurse," cried June, "You know I always minded brother Bobby before I went to Moscow, and I was younger then, and now that he is dead and Iris is big enough to look after herself, I know that mother could easily spare me if you would get me a place."

"No, no, I won't hear of that," said Mrs. Shiloh, who had overheard June's remarks, "You will have to go to school?"

"You know she could go to night school, there are night schools here," said Mrs. Black.

"Yes, I'd like to earn money, I hate to go to school and study and get nothing for it."

Jim Shiloh, who had just stepped in, and overheard the conversation from the next room, spoke to Junette, saying, "Nothing doing Junnie, you're going to school for a good many years yet."

So school it was, and the following Monday, Junette started to school and Saturday come once

more, and every one came with their pay envelopes. After tea Lily gracefully sat in a rocking chair, feeling quite a lady, "run and get me the work basket Junette, my crochet work is in it."

"Run and get it yourself, I'm more tired than you are; think I didn't hear you tell mother that you do nothing but sit and trim hats."

"Now no arguing," said her mother, "run and get her crochet work June," and Junette poutingly went. So every evening it was the same, Lily got up from the supper table and picked up a bit of sewing while Junette cleared off the table and washed the dishes. Besides straightening up everything. When she got into the sitting room, it was always, "June get me this" or "June put that away for me," or "June do that," but if Fred happened to be there he would take June's part saying, "can't you leave her alone, go and wait on yourself, you are getting too darn lazy."

And the reply was generally, "well ain't she home all day doing nothing and ain't I out all day earning money."

"Well I'll bet she works more than you do."

"You bet I did work hard, I scrubbed all these floors," replied June, "'cause ma said she would not cover them yet, till we got into a house of our own, and when I was through I ached all over."

One day Junette came home from school and was very much excited, telling her mother that she had found a place, a place where she could work as well as go to school.

"How can you do that June," said her mother.

"Well you know Grace, a girl at school, she works there. You know it's a place where they

put stuff in cans, I forget what you call it, but they put all things in cans, peaches, green peas, and apples and everything like that and you go there, anybody, big or little and work as long as you like or as long as you can, and then you get a piece of round tin, I forget what she called it, and then on Saturday you take them all and you get real money, I'm going to call Mrs. Black, mamma, she knows." and away she flew across the hall to Mrs. Black's.

"Mrs. Black, I've got work, and please come and tell mamma about it, a place where you put strawberries in cans and then you can earn real money, and still go to school."

Mrs. Black smilingly said, "You mean a can-nery."

"Yes, that's the word, come and we will talk it over with mamma, come right away please, 'cause Grace is going to call for me."

"You are not going to start today surely."

"Yes today, because Grace always goes after school."

Then as they went back to Mrs. Shiloh's, Grace came up stairs saying, "Are you ready Junette."

"Yes, I'm coming," she answered and then turning to Mrs. Black said, "You go in and tell mamma about it, I'm going," and down she flew.

A little after six she marched in proudly holding up two tin checks saying, "Mamma show me some money and I'll tell you how much I got."

Mrs. Shiloh, not knowing the money very well herself yet, held out some change in her hand. Mrs. Black having heard Junette coming in was anxious to hear how she made out. Coming into

the room June was picking up a twenty-five cent piece out of her mother's hand and holding it up to Mrs. Black said, "How much is that, these two tins are one of them."

"Why that's twenty-five cents dear, that's pretty good, what did you do?"

"Oh, I peeled apples, the loveliest apples, not with a knife, you know, with a thing that went round and round, till the apple was all peeled, and oh how I did eat, I ate so many of them that I don't want any supper."

— She flew around to help her mother with the supper, setting the table and preparing for the return of her brothers and father.

"You know Lucy, I have never paid much attention to June, thinking her good looks was all there was to her, but since I have noticed her more I'm changing my mind fast. You know that's pretty smart for a child a little over ten to go to school and to be so anxious to earn money, besides I've watched her help you with the work; she is as smart as many big ones."

"Oh, yes she is alright, but I wish she was more like Lily, you know. Lily is quiet and more refined, Junnie is so wild and headstrong."

"I don't think so, I like to see a child full of life, and Junette just seems to be one bundle of happiness. Lily, yes Lily is a nice girl but I think you should watch her, she is inclined to be very much stuck on herself, I think, and selfish, I don't think she helps you nearly enough."

"Oh, Lily is not very strong." By this time the rest of them were home for supper and June told her wonderful news all over again.

Next morning she was up and had the table set, the fire lit and the kettle on and was off to her factory, as she called it, but was back again before very long, the rest being up by this time.

"Why what's the matter with you June," asked Fred. "What did you light the fire for."

"Well I just couldn't sleep, and Grace says she sometimes works before she goes to school, so I thought I would too, but the doors aren't open yet."

"Oh you are too anxious to work," laughingly said Fred, "You'll get over that when you get as old as me," he being twelve.

But Junette did not, she worked before school, during the noon hour she often took a lunch, so as not to go home for dinner and right from school till six, and often overtime if there was fruit that had to be put down, and on Saturdays she would proudly bring her money home which was always from two and a half to three and a half dollars per week.

So time went on 'mid study, play, and work till Junette was twelve. It was then decided by Jim Shiloh that she should be confirmed, so she started in with her lessons, but study was never a joy to June, and she thought those long Bible words would never get into her head.

One day after Junette had been attending the class a few months, the minister did not seem satisfied with her studying.

"I should like to speak to you after class today Junette," he said.

"Alright," was her reply.

So after class he said, "Junette how is it that you are so poor in class."

"I—I really don't know how it is."

"Well why don't you get your lesson up better?"

"Well you see bible words are so hard and the words are so long, they won't stay in my head."

"They would stay in your head alright if you would study long enough," he said, "you never seem to know anything I ask you."

"I do know some of the things, that I studied real well, but you don't ever ask me the ones I know; but I'll try and learn some more of them" and she told him some that she knew.

Another day after class she asked him if she could speak to him, and her face looked worried.

"Please Rev. Parr, there are one hundred and three girls in class, and you were telling us today that we would march up two by two, and I know I'm last in class, and will I have to march all alone, behind, away behind, you know if I was first I wouldn't mind walking in alone, but I don't like walking behind," and her big blue eyes filled with tears, "I really do study hard," she continued, "perhaps you don't believe me but I do, you know my school work takes me so long, I had to learn English and now I am up with other children of my own age, and I really have done my best, but I don't like marching alone."

"I didn't think of that, I'll see what can be done," and so saying he dismissed her.

Next time he told them that Gladys Parson should lead, and carry an armful of Easter lillies, "Gladys is the leading girl in this class," he ex-

plained, "and I will arrange to have her walk ahead alone, carrying an armful of lillies, and all the rest in pairs. You are all to wear plain white dresses, no jewelery, no silks, so your minds will not be envious of one another as some of you can afford everything and others very little and you will all meet in the basement in the Sunday school room, and from there march up in pairs, girls in one aisle and boys in another."

So the Easter day dawned bright and beautiful, and Junette was proud and happy. She forgot how near she had come to being without a partner, but all this was not bothering the care free child now, how she admired herself, turned and twisted before the glass. She with her parents, sisters, and brothers, left for the church. She felt that the gathering in the church was for her alone, all the lovely fixtures and decorations were for her alone, all the people just gazing at her, but at last they all marched up to their places in front of the church.

The questions did not bother her, for what she knew she loudly answered, and what she did not know she was just as bold in saying, "I don't know." June never realized that she had not done her part, had not answered her share of the questions, had not put her mind on it as she should have done, but having no one to bother much with her, it was over and that was all she cared about, no more studying.

So, buried in these happy thoughts she proudly marched from church, feeling that she had done her duty and done it well. So when the Easter holidays were over she again resumed her school work.

One day Mrs. Black came in, and after admiring the piece Junette was crocheting said,

"Mrs. Gorren down stairs, tried to tell your mother that she wanted to buy or get some crocheted pieces made, like those your mother had on the line."

"Why yes, I could easily make some, couldn't I, mamma; shall I run down and tell her I will, I'll take some of my pieces down to show her and see what she wants, can I mamma?"

And down stairs she went. When she came back she had more orders than she could do in a year. So time passed. One evening friends were in, and the conversation drifted to farms and land, and Jim Shiloh said he did not intend to work in the city always, nor his boys, the way they were doing now, "I'm going to get hold of some land myself; a person can't get ahead very much on wages."

"Yes, but land is such a price unless a person went way out west."

"Yes, I've been reading a bit, and I've talked to one or two that seem to have acquaintances out there, there's a fellow working right with Joe now, his people went out a couple of years ago around the Portage Plains, Manitoba, wherever that may be, and I told him to write his folks and tell them to send us what information they can about the country, and we may get a letter any day."

Sure enough the very next week a letter came from Portage, Manitoba, telling them they could get a homestead there, which meant one hundred and sixty acres for ten dollars.

"It don't seem possible that the land can be any good, but I'm going to inquire more about it," said Jim Shiloh, and inquire they certainly did. The Blacks were just as eager to get hold of land as the Shilohs, and they all decided to go.

A few months later Mr. Black lost his work and he said as they were going on a farm anyway, they might as well go now, and the Shilohs, not being ready, decided to wait till the others were settled and then they could get full information before they went.

The Blacks had decided to leave their furniture, so that if they did not like it they could return and the Shilohs were to either sell or send it, whichever they were told to do in their letters, and a few days later they left the city for farm life in Canada, a new Country.

The letters that came were so satisfactory that they decided to leave the following spring. The boys were very much pleased to hear that soon they would again be on a farm, and the time could not pass quickly enough for them. The girls, especially Lilly, were not so anxious to leave, as they had made quite a few friends and liked their work and the city very much. Lily even coaxed her people to let her stay, but they would not hear of this so at last the warm days of spring were coming on and they set off for their future home once more.

They were certainly a handsome family, grouped in that big waiting room, awaiting their train. Many were the eyes cast on Lily, tall and dark, her little traveling hat which matched her suit was closely fitted on her jet black hair, and the

few stray ringlets clung around her white soft skin, in a charming manner. Her graceful movements were watched and noticed by all and her smile which displayed her snow white pearly teeth, added much charm to her beauty. A more handsome girl was hard to find even in that big city. Junette was chatting gayly with her friends, who had come to bid her farewell. She was neatly clad in a little traveling suit, and her golden hair hung in several long curls down her back. She did not remain in the same position more than a minute, and her loud clear laughter was heard and noticed by many. Her dear little sister Iris, a sweet child of six, her father's favorite, did not leave him. Mrs. Shiloh, a gentle middle-aged lady was clad in a rich black traveling suit. She did not look like the mother of those three stalwart handsome boys, six foot and over, boys any mother's heart would be proud to own, and at last, but not at all least, Jim Shiloh himself, the father of that handsome happy group of children, like his boys tall and well built, with a smiling expression, which never left his face.

Once more after the good-byes were said, they boarded the train and started their long journey. This time it was a much more pleasant one. They could all, but Mrs. Shiloh, understand and speak the language, and the boys could and did chat with their fellow passengers. The girls could pick up paper or magazine if conversation lagged, and as they had decided to see more of the United States before they left it, they stopped off for a short time at several of the larger places; so it took them a couple of weeks before they reached Winnipeg.

Here, once more, kind-hearted Mrs. Black was waiting to meet them. Mr. Black had the team waiting at the far end of the platform and they all climbed into the big noisy wagon and drove out to Caledonia, on the little farm which they had rented for the present.

Jim Shiloh was very much pleased with the soil.

"Why Joe," he said, addressing Mr. Black, "This is a great country; that is as good soil as I've seen anywhere, and can we really get four homesteads like this for only ten dollars each. Why man, that's wonderful. Boys, if we can get working on soil like this we can be rich in no time."

A neighbor of Mr. Black's was there, and offered to take him around with his team, as they were fast, and show him some more of the country. "Yes," said Jim Shiloh, "I will be willing to pay a man his expenses to show me around the country, yes, all expenses. I would like him to take me out to where the homesteads are. You know I don't take these agents' word all together; these land agents may be alright but I want to make sure myself."

"Yes," replied Grand, the neighbor, "I have a notion to go with you myself, I know the soil, I've lived in this country all my life, and I think it's up to me."

Before many days passed, they were off for a trip to Plumas, Manitoba. Jim Shiloh secured four homesteads, with part timber and a river running through. They were certainly the best he could get. Cattle, and machinery were soon purchased.

"Now I do hope this will be my last move," said Mrs. Shiloh, when the moving time was again at hand, and sure enough it was.

"We should really hire out to some good farmer for a while and learn how to farm such a big stretch of land, but there is such a lot of breaking and clearing to be done that I think we will have to learn from the neighbors as we go along."

Of all the new countries and new ways this was certainly the newest of them all, they unloaded their car, and loaded up three wagons, which Mr. Shiloh had engaged while securing the land to help them to move. Fred and Junette were on horse back to drive the cattle. On one wagon they had the tent, etc. and they camped at nights.

At the end of five days of what the boys called picnicing, they reached their destination.

Other neighbors hearing of new settlers coming, gathered as they so often do in Manitoba, to help them put up their first shack and mid hard work, yet, what seemed to them play, they got their shack finished in a very short time. The neighbors nearly all being bachelors, seemed very willing to help after they saw how well they were treated by Mrs. Shiloh and the girls, Junette, though only fourteen, was treated like a lady among those bachelor neighbors; she was certainly the life of the whole crowd. Lily seemed so proud that the boys were afraid to venture a joke with her until they were quite well acquainted, but June was the opposite; she was everybody's favorite and seemed to be never without a smile. As time passed on, and as each barn was finished there was a barn dance, and, oh, the fun they did have.

Lily declared that she would not stay on the homestead any longer. She had been there two years and declared it hadn't done her a bit of good. She went to Winnipeg in Miss Meacock's millinery store which was more to her liking.

Jim Shiloh had guessed right when he said they would be rich soon, for they were certainly getting along well.

The following winter Junette and Fred went into the city. She told them that they could get along without her that winter, and she would earn more clothes, but promised faithfully to be back in the spring.

Lily having been told of their coming, met them at the station and took them to her boarding house.

"Mind you Lily," said June, "We are not only here for a visit. Fred and I are going to stay in the city all winter."

"It's alright for Fred to stay, he will be quite handy to take me out when I have no one else, but what in the world are you going to do in this place."

"Do? I'm going to do as you do, work of course, what do you suppose I'm going to do?"

"Why you can't work in a store, you haven't any experience like I have."


"No I don't need your old store experience, I heard father say the other day that it doesn't keep you in salt. He has always got to send you money. You bet they won't have to send me any money from home. I'm going to support myself and when I go back in the spring I'm going to take out some pretty things for mother and

Iris; they seem to have all kinds of things for men in that store, but not a pretty thing for ladies or girls and I think you have been very selfish, you've been here for two years now and haven't sent us a thing, I wrote and told you that I grew so tall that none of my clothes would fit me, I don't suppose it would be you if you would think of anyone else but yourself."

"Junette, you can't stay in this house if you are going to quarrel with me," turning to Fred she said, "Isn't she awful to call me down like that?"

"June is right, all the same," was the reply, "She would go to the station every week, when we were busy and couldn't go, often when we couldn't spare a horse she would walk the eight miles and back, hoping that you had sent the little things she had asked for, but nothing ever came, hardly a letter. Look at her now in her out grown clothes, and you dressed up fit to kill."

"Alright, I'm going to get dressed up too, when I get work, and work I'm going to get to-morrow."



CHAPTER IV.

JUNETTE was right, she got work the next day at Mrs. Cook's and Fred at the Post Office.

"Can you cook and do house work," asked Mrs. Cook, speaking to June.

"Yes, there's nothing in the line of common work that I can't do."

"What do you call common work."

"Oh, baking bread, washing, sewing and other things like that."

"Why you can't bake and cook and sew can you? How old are you?"

"I don't like to tell you how old I am because I have no reference. I have just come from the country and I'd like you to think I'm older than I really am because I want you to pay me as much wages as you would an older girl, for I know I can do all your work."

"Well age won't make any difference with me as long as you can do the work, are you fond of children? Because there are six here."

"Yes I like children if they are nice."

"Well I've always paid my girls about fifteen dollars a month and I would like to try you, if that's satisfactory, you can start tomorrow."

"Oh but I would like to start today please, right now, you see I have only my big sister in town that has a home here, and she's not like me, she's clever so she don't like to have me around there and Fred, he's my brother, came with me

from the country. He's outside, and can bring me my clothes."

"You have a brother have you, I'd like to meet him, will you ask him in, you know when I take a girl without reference I like to know as much about her as I can and I'm sure we will like you, so please ask your brother in."

"You will like Fred, I know you will. He got a job this noon in the Post Office, and he's going to start work tomorrow, and board at Lily's boarding house, because Lily likes him. She said he could take her out sometimes. You see he has a new suit he don't grow so fast any more and his clothes fit him longer. Father tried his best to get me a suit at the store, but they had nothing ready-made for ladies so I had to come in this and I know it's too short."

After Mrs. Cook had met Fred and talked a while she was sure that she was getting a good girl, although she had never taken a strange girl without reference into the family before.

Days passed into weeks and weeks into months and Mrs. Cook was more than delighted with Junette, but all the children called her June. She told her lady friends that she had a real treasure of a girl. "Why she is a wonder, wherever she learnt her work, she learnt it well. Besides all the work, she does all the children's mending and even started in to make their underclothes. I'm getting a women in to do the washing; she seems willing to do it but I don't think she is strong enough so she does all my plain sewing instead. Why in the evening she even helps Lorraine, and Genevieve with their homework and she takes all

the care of the little ones off my mind, as she keeps them around her."

Spring came and Mrs. Cook hated to let Junette go, Fred was going home and as Lily wanted to go home, June stayed. So a pleasant year passed. In the mean time Junette had made a few acquaintances at a dance. One girl in particular, June had taken a great liking to; Florence Turner, a very attractive looking girl. She was tall and slender, with beautiful dark wavy hair and lovely complexion, she was a sister of Mr. Turner, a prominent hotelkeeper there.

One day Miss Turner called on Junette.

"How lovely to be able to go out," said June as she greeted her friend, "Why, how in the world can you get out in the afternoon, I thought you told me that you were short of help and you helped them in the dinning-room."

"So I do, but we never work in the afternoon."

"You don't work in the afternoon," said June in surprise, "When in the world do you get your work done?"

"Well you see in a large place like ours we work at meal times and then we are done."

"Why Florence, that sounds like a fairy tale; work at meal times and then you are done; why who does the rest of the work?"

"Well you see everybody does their share, and the dining-room girls have the easiest time of all. That's the very thing I came to talk to you about; we are short of help and I have been talking about you to my sister-in-law for some time, and now I'm here to try and persuade you to

work for us. You seem to be working here all day and nearly all evening; I don't think it's fair to make you work so much."

"Oh I don't mind that," said June, "I bargained for that when I came here, you know I get fifteen dollars a month and you don't know how kind they are to me; I really am at home here and do exactly as I please."

"Yes if you call working like a slave doing as you please I guess you do."

"But Florence I have a lot of spare time, I do all my own sewing I could sew a little when I came here, and Mrs. Cook is so good she showed me how to use the patterns; you know she's clever, and can do anything, and she taught me quite a lot. You saw the dress I wore at the last dance, well I made it all myself, and I used her machine. Jack said the dress looked just beautiful. Of course I don't care what Jack says and I don't care for him, but, you know he was Fred's chum and ever since Fred went back to the farm, I've gone to those few dances with him, because I had no one else to go with; you know I don't care for his opinion, but I know the dress was nice."

"Yes the dress was nice and did you really make it yourself, June? You are too smart to stay in a house like this and be tied down with work all the time; you should come to our place and see how easy you'll have it and you get fifteen dollars a month too, and look at the lovely time you'd have. There are any amount of fellows that you could go out with, and you wouldn't have to go out with Jack, and we could room together, June. I know if you would come you'd have the loveliest time you ever had in your life."

"Well I don't know, Florence, I hate to go, I like it here awfully well."

"Yes, you do, because you don't know any better. Wait till you come to our place for a month and you won't dream of coming back to a place like this."

"Well if you think it is going to be so much better Florence, I'll go and speak to Mrs. Cook and see what she says."

"Oh of course she'd say you should stay here. Do you think she is fool enough to let you go. Fools like you who will do all the work for her are not so plentiful."

"Thank you dear, you are free with your compliments."

"Well I've got to speak plain to you June, you seem to be determined to stand in your own light, I know it's for your own good that I want you to come. Here I've been coaxing you for an hour," and she barely finished speaking when Mrs. Cook came into the dining-room.

Junette introduced her friend and after a little chat Mrs. Cook said,

"June I've got to go out to see a sick woman, I may not be back for tea, you'll see to things won't you dear," and she turned to go.

"Oh Mrs. Cook" said June, "Miss Turner just came over to ask me to work at their place and I don't think I will like it any better than here, but still I'd like to try the new work."

"Why Junnie, please don't think of that, I don't see how we ever got along without you before. Miss Turner, surely you can get some

one else to do your work, whereas if you take June, it will seem like taking one of the family. June, dear, please don't decide; I would like to have a good talk with you first, but now I must hurry, but don't promise till I've talked you you; promise me June, that you won't decide till I've talked to you again."

"Alright I won't then, and I hope that woman will soon be better, Mrs. Cook, is she one of the poor ones, shall I make some broth for her?"

"I hardly know dear, I'm all upset now, but I'll be back as soon as I can."

She bade Miss Turner good-bye and left the house.

"You see June, she piles the work on you and then she goes off, and I guess it's every day the same," said Florence.

"Yes, but I know she's got to go; those are duty calls. I know lots of times we are sewing or mending and a message comes for her and she simply feels that she has got to go, and the little ones cannot be left alone."

"Well, June, talking seems useless now, but I know if you come you'll never be sorry for it. I'm coming over tomorrow afternoon again, as I am determined to have you come over."

"No not tomorrow afternoon dear, I'm going to be very busy, I'll see if I can go out tomorrow evening and you can call, and we'll go out."

"Alright, I'll just take you over to our place tomorrow then, and show you the dining-room, that's all you'll have to do."

Miss Turner left, leaving June busy with both

her hands and her mind. Mrs. Cook was back in no time.

"June," she said, "I just couldn't stay. You are not surely thinking of going to a hotel, child, why you are no more fit to go and work in a hotel than my little Genevieve. What do you know about hotel life and men and the world. Why Jack is the only boy you know to my knowledge and he's as clean a boy as your brother Fred. Now how can you go and do dining-room work as she says they want you to, and just be among men all the time June," she paused a moment and then continued, "Men don't respect hotel girls and I'm talking to you as if you were my own child, for I've grown to like you so very much, what can I say to change your mind. I'll raise your wages to eighteen dollars a month and you can have an afternoon or two off. Miss Turner is just putting everything in a rose colored light for you, but June dear, I don't want you to go for your own sake and besides I cannot spare you, you are such a great help to me."

"You said men don't respect hotel girls Mrs. Cook, wouldn't Jack and Fred respect me if I went to a hotel?"

"Well yes they would because they know you so well."

"Well at a dance they all respect Miss Turner, and she lived in a hotel for years and years."

"That's partly because she's Mr. Turner's sister, and still she couldn't get into society with the best of people in Winnipeg; and June you are too young and innocent, please change your mind."

"Well, alright Mrs. Cook I never thought of"

going until Florence kind of coaxed me; if I can go out tomorrow night, I will tell her I can't come."

But that was easier said than done.

Next evening Florence called for her and took her over to the hotel and introduced her to her sister-in-law in their pleasant sitting room and there was an only daughter there besides Mrs. Turner and the four of them chatting and joking passed a pleasant time. Fruit and chocolates were passed frequently.

Then Florence took June down into the dining-room.

"See this is where you work, you have only these two tables to attend and when meals are over, forenoon, afternoon, or evening you are free. You go to your room or go out or anywhere you like and no one interferes."

"Oh Florence that's lovely, that don't seem real."

"It's real alright, now come and I'll show you our room."

And she took her into her beautiful bedroom with a little private sitting room leading from it.

"You know I've never roomed with any of the girls before, and I simply must have you come, so I'll share my room with you. You don't even have to wash your dining-room floor, and you can be dressed up in your best all the time, for there is no work to soil your dress; and there you had to scrub and wash dishes and every other kind of work that happened to come along, I tell you what to do June, try it for a month, and tell Mrs. Cook you'll be back at the end of that time."

"Oh Florence I just feel as if I should come, I just simply will that's all there is to it. You know girls are so plentiful, Mrs. Cook can get one in no time, and I'll be here as soon as she has a girl not before."

Next morning she told Mrs. Cook that she had decided to go and as no talking helped, she went.

When first Junette appeared in the dining-room many were the eyes that followed her graceful movements. She was certainly a girl worth looking at, tall, slender, with the most beautiful shade of golden hair and large dark blue eyes and soft, creamy skin, and lips that always smiled and displayed her lovely pearly teeth.

Florence, dark, but just as graceful in her movements, her dark brown eyes looked worldly wise, she was a girl of twenty-two where June was just sixteen.

"Oh this is not work, Florence," said June, "I've been here a month now and I call that all play, I'm going to stay here for ever and ever."

"You will dear," said Florence smiling, "Wait a while and I will ask you that same question, there are too many nice young men in that dining-room, one of them will be carrying you off before long if you are not careful, you are not such a fool Junette but that you know you are good looking."

"Oh my good looks don't bother me, nor the men don't bother me. You know I've been here over a month now and I haven't spoken to one, not one mind you, except their orders of course, I don't call that talk I call that my duty, I mean

stand and talk to them like you do and Lou and Bertha."

"Oh I thought you said Mr. Dicky asked you to go to a show the other night."

"Yes he did but I said 'No thank you' I don't call that talking to him, that was answering a question."

"What about Mr. Westly and his box of chocolates?" asked Florence.

"Well that's not talking he brought me a box of chocolates the evening he came late for supper, he said that was for the extra trouble of being late, and I said it was no trouble it was my duty to wait on him even though he was late, and that I would not accept the chocolates. You see that's only answering questions, when they speak to me like that. As I told you, different times, someone has asked me to go, but I only say 'No', that is not talking. I never enter into a conversation with them."

So time went on, what Junette thought the most pleasant time in her life, and one evening the girls were getting ready to go to a dance and Florence said, "June you've been here six months now and you're going to the dance tonight with Jack. I know you don't care for him and I also know that lots of the others have asked you to go with them, why do you still go with Jack?"

"Well you know Fred and he worked together in the Post Office and if Fred comes back I know he will go back there again and they've been such pals I don't like to hurt Jack's feelings and tell him that I don't want to go with him any more;

and you know he is really a swell fellow and a lovely dancer so I don't mind. I would rather go with him than one of these fellows. They are all such chatterboxes, it takes me all my time to keep them in their place."

"They love to tease you June, for the sake of hearing your saucy replies. I don't care, you are just missing a lot of fun by not going out with them just the same."

"Fun, why Florence, I've had six months of nothing but fun; you know I sure don't call this work that I'm doing here, and every week when I write home I tell them so. Father is afraid I'll never come back on the farm again, he says Winnipeg has certainly spoiled me, but I will go back one of these days because I love the farm and the horses. You know there isn't a horse around there that I couldn't break in and handle, or at least there wasn't." After hesitating for a moment, she continued, "say Florence let's both go out there some day and stay a month or so, there is the jolliest bunch of bachelors around there, and oh the fun we used to have at dances."

"The dances are so different there," she went on, "you go in the evening and we always have breakfast before we leave, for lots of them have a good many miles to drive and they never let them go home before daylight. Florence I'm going to write and tell the folks that we are coming out. When shall I say we're coming?"

"Oh June that would be lovely if we could take our holidays out there, I have never been on a farm for more than a day."

"You know I have three brothers out there

myself, I've seen no one since I came to Winnipeg that I think quite so swell looking."

"Yes, I know your brother Fred, and I sure think he is a fine boy he is nice and tall too."

"My other two brothers are tall too, all over six foot, I like tall men don't you?"

"Yes I sure do Junnie."

"By their letters lately I know they are doing awfully well, they said they sold two car loads of stock last month and their crop, they say, looks just swell; they have over five hundred acres in wheat."

"Why don't you stay at home Junette?"

"I guess it's just because I've put off going back again; I just came in for the winter and if I'd have stayed with Mrs. Cook maybe I'd have been back before now, because the work was a little heavy; but now that I'm here I'll never go back to stay, never. You have no idea of the hard work there is on the farm, and if I'm not there why Lily has got to stay. Lily is really clever, she's a swell girl, but she and I don't get along. Mother likes her so much better than me. Of course she is better, she is more of a lady, and cleverer, she don't laugh as much as I do, and acts more refined; but then it's easy to act a lady when you get fine clothes and all that. You know I always had to wear her old dresses, when she got new ones. Oh Florence I'm going to tell you a swell joke I once played on her."

"You know a lot of the boys out there got stuck on Lily," June went on, "because she is so pretty and she always dresses so well—she has good taste. One day the bachelors out there gave a

picnic; they were going to entertain the ladies. They built a large platform in what seemed to be the centre of the district. They were furnishing all the lunch and amusements. They had swings and everything you could think of, and there was to be dancing when it got cool enough."

"Oh Florence," June said after hesitating a moment, "Lily got the handsomest dress that any girl could possibly get, it was all pink, and soft, and fluffy, and white lace just everywhere, really it was dainty enough for a city ball-room. You know we used to live in New York, and mother and Lily have swell ideas about making clothes, and I guess when they were making that dress, they were in New York still. Out there Lily I guess thought she would make quite a hit among the bachelors. You know mother encourages her in anything she undertakes and everybody for miles and miles around there were to be at the picnic."

"There was one rancher in particular that took Lily's fancy for the time being, and I guess she was laying her bait with her finery and her airs. The day before the picnic, we worked to kill; the boys and all, trying to get the next day off, Lily had her dress all laid out on the couch, white petticoats and dainty white underwear, and white slippers with pink stockings, white hat and parasol. You know we had brought a lot of such things from New York and they were all done up and laid out as if she was a bride-to-be."

"Thinking to do me quite a favor she said, 'Mother, Junette could wear my white dress, her's is a little too short for her, don't you think, and if she takes good care of it I won't mind her

wearing it.' You know we were then about the same size, only my clothes were about a mile too short for me. 'Yes' mamma said 'that would be nice for her'. Now although I had been working, I heard and saw everything that was going on, and my mind was just in a rage at Lily and mother, and at the world in general, and at last I could stand it no longer, so I went out into the garden where Fred and Joe were working; they began to talk about the picnic and clothes, and I couldn't keep my tears back, and the boys wanted to know what was the matter; wasn't I feeling well, and I just burst out, 'feeling well, I guess I'm not, that's all I hear in the house is picnic and clothes and now I come out here and I hear the same thing, I don't ever want to hear that word picnic again. 'Why what's the matter,' both boys asked almost at once, 'What's gone wrong.' 'Everything has gone wrong,' and I told them everything; that I would have to go in an old dress and she was going dressed up like a queen, I was a favorite with my brothers and they at once started to plan what could be done, 'if Lily wouldn't wear her new dress, it wouldn't be quite so bad, if we would both wear our white dresses,' I told my brothers, 'and if I get a chance I'm going to tear that dress,' then a thought seemed to strike Fred."

"Don't tear it Junnie, why don't you wear it?' 'Yes joined' in Joe, 'we'll help you, we'll attract Lily and mother out here for some excuse and you slip in and get dressed and go.' 'Yes,' I said, 'but where am I to go to?' 'I know what I'll do, I'll go over and tell Lester to come over

an hour earlier for you and we'll keep them out here somehow until you have gone."

"And sure enough Florence, I did just as my brothers suggested; when I was all dressed I laid out the clothes that I was to wear and put my black shoes beside them, I also took her dainty perfumed handkerchief and left an old coarse one that I was to take, and away I went, and mind you, Florence, I didn't feel a bit guilty, I thought it would serve them right to feel how it felt to have to wear the clothes that I was to wear."

"Oh Junnie, what did your sister and your mother say to you when they got to the picnic?"

"Well you bet they never got there, Lily stayed at home and bawled all day, and mother, of course, had to stay home to comfort her, and they were sure good and ready for me when I got home, believe me, but my father and the boys came to the picnic, and when daddy came up to me there was a mischievous smile in his eyes."

"Oh Junnie!" he said, 'but you are going to get it when you get home.' 'I know daddy but the boys put the idea into my head and once it got there it took root so fast I couldn't pull it out any more,' I said. 'Well June you had better come home with me when I go and I'll see that they don't kill you when you get there, but fine feathers make fine birds Junnie, you're a different girl now than you were yesterday, when you helped us with the chores.' Then a friend came and took daddy away, and with him went a great weight off my mind."

"June you are just full of the old Nick, I would have just liked to have seen your sister's

face when she seen your lay-out for her," said Florence.

"Oh, she says she will never forgive me for that as long as I live, but Florence, look at the clock, I'm sure we will be keeping the boys waiting. Let's hurry," and that night, at that dance there came a change in Junette's life.

At the dance she was introduced to Rex Alderson, a tall dark, handsome stranger. Although he had been in Winnipeg for years, Junette hardly ever going out except to church and to a few dances had never seen him before, and it seemed to her as if her eyes would not stop following and watching his every movement, and when she looked at him he was looking at her, and she would have to drop her eyes.

He danced with her more than any one else; asked her how long she had been in the city, and always managed to turn the conversation to herself, so the little there was to know about her life she had soon told.

"Do you often go to dances," he asked.

"Oh no!" said June, "I've only been to three since Fred went back home, he used to take me out quite a bit."

"Strange that you have been in the city so long and I've never met you, for Winnipeg is not so large. Are you fond of shows?"

"I don't know, I have never been to any."

"What's never been to a show? where in the world do you spend your time?"

"Well the year that I was at Mrs. Cook's, I went to concerts and choir practise. Loraine, Genevieve and I were too young to sing, but Rev.

Cook always wanted us to go to the practices, and of course it was nice, and we liked to go, and on Wednesdays there was the prayer meeting, and oh I just can't tell you what we did do, but the time certainly did seem to fly."

"But you have been at the hotel quite a while, have you not?"

"Yes, but I keep up the meetings and now I am in the choir, and I seem to need so many more clothes here, and I seem to be forever sewing, and oh I can't keep track of all that I do, but I always do something, I guess."

"Why don't you go to more dances, you are such a lovely dancer."

"Yes our whole family is fond of dancing, we used to dance at home so much, but I don't think they would like to have me go out to big dances any oftener than I do."

"Would they object to you going to a show?"

"Oh I don't think so; I never really heard mother say that she cared what I did; daddy and the boys always say I can take care of myself, so I really have no one to ask; you know being away so long from home makes me feel rather independent," said June.

"I wonder, dare I ask you; would you allow me to call and take you to a show some evening."

"Oh you dare ask alright, but I won't go. You know there are so many men at the house, and someone is asking me nearly everyday to go somewhere with them, and I've just made up my mind to go with none of them, 'cause you know a hotel girl is not respected any too much they say, and Mrs. Cook is always warning me to be careful."

"But Miss Shiloh, you surely don't think anything wrong of me."

"No I don't; I don't think anything wrong of anybody, and I certainly don't want them to think anything wrong of me either; do you think it's right to ask a girl the first night you have met her, to go out with you?"

"Well," he said, "in some cases I do, in a case like mine I do. You have no parents or friends here in the city who I could ask permission to call on you Miss Shiloh, and I don't want our friendship to start and end this evening, so what else can I do but ask you if I may call and take you out."

"Well, I don't know if that is right, but when I find out I'll let you know."

Other partners claimed her and the conversation ended.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Florence and Junette got home they talked about the lovely time they had.

Florence said, "Oh June, I like that Mr. Alderson, I think he's just swell, I've met him once or twice before; I asked him to call."

"Is that the way they do Florence; when you meet a man you kind of like you ask him to call and see you? You see at home there were my three big brothers and, off and on, young men called, but I don't know if the boys asked them or if Lily or mother asked them, or if they came of their own accord, but the boys were there and they always had the excuse of coming to see my brothers, but in a city what do they do, does a young girl ask them to call?"

"Oh that all depends; sometimes they call and sometimes they are asked to call; but as I told you, Mr. Alderson is no stranger to me, I've met him at dances before and danced with him quite a lot, and here in my brother's house I am at home and it's perfectly alright for me to ask any one to call?"

Time went on but Mr. Alderson never called. Florence spoke of him very often.

"You talk so much about Mr. Alderson, Florence, I believe you must like him," said June.

"Yes I've never seen anyone that I've liked better, don't you think he's nice?"

"Yes I think he is very nice, but I hardly know him."

One evening Junette just came out of choir practise, and as she stood on the steps for a moment, looking out into the beautiful evening, on turning to go, she saw Mr. Alderson, who was waiting for her at the door. After a few words he said,

"I've waited for you here two evenings before but I hardly saw you before you vanished in the crowd. You see this is the third attempt; each time I tried and failed I made up my mind to try again, and now I have actually succeeded in getting to your side before you disappeared."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Junette, "I didn't know that you were out here waiting; why did you wait for me? I don't like anyone to be out here waiting or waiting for me anywhere, I don't even allow Jack to wait here."

"Why is Mr. Jack Dabney a particular friend of yours?"

"No he's a friend of my brothers."

"And about that call, Miss Shiloh, did you find out if I may call on you?"

"Oh——" said June, after a moments pause, "Miss Turner asked you to call on her did she not?"

"That's not answering my question, Miss Shiloh, may I call on you I asked?"

"No, not now, Mr. Alderson, I'm sorry, but not now. Miss Turner is a great friend of mine, the first and only real girl friend I had in my life and I know she has asked you to call on her, and

I won't receive any callers, thank you all the same."

As they were nearing the house he spoke rapidly,

"Don't leave me with an answer like this Miss Shiloh, I see you so very seldom, and I told you the first evening I met you that I did not want our friendship to end there; tell me please where I may see you again."

After thinking a moment June said,

"Tomorrow will be Saturday and Mrs. Cook has been without a maid for sometime, so I'm going over tomorrow night to bathe the three little ones and help her to get things ready for Sunday. They always go to church in the morning, regardless of whether she has a maid or not, and if we can get things ready on Saturday night it makes it so much easier for her Sunday luncheon, and I will tell her about you and if you like you can call there and that's the only way I know that you can see me now."

He was delighted and promised to call. So bidding him good-night, she went in. Saturday she was at Mrs. Cook's before eight o'clock. Mrs. Cook had a visitor, but the children crowded round her, and instead of sitting down she went right through to the kitchen although Mrs. Cook insisted that she should sit down; but knowing just what to do, she went ahead and did it. After Loraine and Genevieve and herself had done what they could downstairs, she bathed the little children and put them to bed and she was washing the girl's hair when Mrs. Cook came in.

"June how did you know that I was still without help, I'm just played out."

"Genevieve told me last night. Didn't she tell you I was coming?"

"No June, I meant that to be a surprise for mamma," said Genevieve.

"Mrs. Cook, when we are alone I have something to tell you," June said.

"That's right dear, you know that I am always ready to listen to anything you have to say."

So when they were quietly sitting alone, mending the children's stockings, Mrs. Cook declared she had not had a moment to do them before, June told her about Mr. Alderson, what he had said to her and how she liked him, but how Florence liked him too, and Mrs. Cook said.

"Junnie child I am so glad you asked him to come here, I will make a cup of tea. When I talk to a person I always seem to be able to read their character, and if you like him, Junette there is no reason why you should not let him call on you, I'll tell you what I think of him after I have seen him," and while they were still talking the door bell rang.

"June come down and we will sit in the parlor."

Mrs. Cook hurried down to open the door. Junette picked up the work-basket and slipped down into the parlor. Mr. Alderson certainly was pleased and surprised when Mrs. Cook took him into the parlor and he saw June sitting there as if she was at home.

June introduced them and they were soon chatting away as if they had known one another for years. When tea was ready Mrs. Cook peeped into the study where her husband was busy; she whispered something to him and later he joined

them in the parlor. That pleasant evening was the first of many that Mr. Alderson spent there. Soon after this he did not wait outside the door but was right in at the practices. It didn't take Rev. Cook long to find out that Mr. Alderson had a lovely tenor voice and he was invited to join the choir.

One day while the girls were in the dining-room Florence said, "June what are you going to wear to that Citizen's big ball?"

"I really don't think I'll be able to go Florence, everybody will be wearing such lovely dresses and I can't afford to get a new one and I don't want to go in my old one."

"Doesn't matter what you wear, you get all the best dancers anyway?"

"Why you've no kick coming, you never miss a dance."

"Yes, when you are engaged they come for me."

"And when you are engaged they come for me," June teased.

"But you must come to the dance Junnie, because it's going to be great; you haven't been to a ball yet have you?" Not waiting for an answer she chattered on, "What did Jack have to say in his note, why did he write?"

"Oh—— I have told him that I wouldn't go out with him again, and he still keeps on asking me to go somewhere and now it's this ball."

"Yes, but Junnie, if you don't go with Jack who will you go with?"

"I haven't decided about going yet, and if I do go I haven't decided who I will go with."

"Why Junnie, that sounds as if you have a dozen to choose from."

"No," replied Junette, "Only five."

"June! tell me who they are."

"Counting Jack, it makes six if you want to know them all, but I'll let you guess who they are."

"But without joking, tell me who you'll go with."

"If I go at all, I think I'll go with Mr. Alderson."

Then a jealous thought struck her that she would run Alderson down, because he had not cal ed on her. "I'll just turn June against him" she thought to herself, and aloud she sneared,

"Oh I don't think he is half as nice as I first thought he was. June I wouldn't bother with him, because there are much nicer boys in the house that you could go with if you wanted to."

"Yes, but I like him better than any of them, and I'm sorry you've changed your mind about him, because I think he is awfully nice."

"I don't think he is much of a man to try and get acquainted with a girl out on the street."

"Oh Florence but I explained that to you."

"Yes, I know you did, but you are such a child; I'm older, and know better, I wouldn't have anything to do with him if I were you."

"Well as soon as I find out that he is not a gentleman I won't have anything to do with him, but Mrs. Cook said he was nice and she wouldn't advise me to keep company with anyone that wasn't nice."

The guests were beginning to come into the dining-room and the conversation ceased. But no matter how Florence argued and talked against Rex Alderson, Junette did keep company with him, and was her bright happy self with all the rest.

One evening Mr. Alderson didn't call for June to go to choir practise, and after waiting as long as she could she went alone. In the meantime he had sent a note to the hotel to June, saying he was sorry but he could not go to practise that evening as he had a business deal that he was trying to put through. He was in the machine business, and it often took him hours to put a big deal through.

Florence got the note, opened it, read it, and burnt it, and when June got home Florence asked her if she had seen Mr. Alderson at the practise.

"No I think he must be busy; he told me the other day that it took him nearly all day to sell a threshing machine, but oh it is a beautiful evening. Florence I wish you could join our church, and then the choir as really we have the most enjoyable evenings."

"I don't care about hymns, and I'm going to tell you something, June I've often told you about Rex; I don't think he thinks much of you or he wouldn't disappoint you like he did tonight."

"He didn't disappoint me tonight, I know he has good reason for not coming and he'll explain when I see him."

"That's just where the trouble comes in with you, you don't mind this and you don't mind that, you are too easy with him; that's always the

way, when a girl thinks too much of a fellow he don't think anything of her."

"Don't say that Florence, I don't think any more of him than he thinks of me; why he thinks an awful lot of me."

"I guess he makes you believe he thinks a lot of you alright; but if a man would treat me like he treated you tonight, I would certainly show him that I could have other fellows besides him."

"Oh you know that I can have other fellows besides him, but I don't want them."

"Well do as you like, but that is not the way I would do it."

"I want to do what is right Florence, what would you do?"

"The next time he comes, I wouldn't see him, I'd pretend to be angry for a few days, that will make him realize that you are not so easy."

"Don't fool yourself, I'm not easy by any means, if you think that is the way I should act, alright, I will."

"Now your talking sense June, the next time he comes, let me talk to him and I'll tell him that you are out, or busy, whichever you like."

"No you don't have to lie about it, just tell him I don't want to see him."

Florence had to turn away to hide the joy in her eyes. That suited her so much better. She would make it her business to see him when he called, for she knew that he would call tomorrow night. Junette hummed a song and got ready for the night but her mind was by no means easy; usually her head would not more than touch the

pillow before she was off in happy dreamland, but tonight, sleep would not come. "I wonder if Rex doesn't care for me, as Florence said," she thought. "She should know, she is older than I am, and after all I must be what Florence calls easy for I thought nothing of him not calling for me tonight. The other day Florence hinted about him having another girl; I wonder if he has, and I wonder if she knows anything about it."

Poor innocent June, had she only known what a friend Florence was to her, she could have saved herself many tears. At last, after tossing on her pillow for hours she decided that she did not care for him. "If I was to cry my eyes out I would not let on to him, or to anybody; let him have other girls, I don't care. I'll show him that I can have other fellows too," she thought.

Next morning June said to Florence, "If Rex calls be sure and tell him that I don't want to see him, that's all."

Now of all the fellows that were in the dining room there was one a Mr. Kelly, he was what they called fast. If a lady thought anything of her reputation, she was careful not to be seen with him. He sat at Florence's table. That noon Florence made it her business to talk to him. Her mind was very busy scheming. Junette was busy at the other end of the dinning room, and Florence said,

"Have you noticed how pale June is getting, Mr. Kelly?"

"No, I haven't Miss Turner, I think June looks ripping, I think she is a peach of a girl, I sure wish I had a girl like her."

"Well, I'm sure you could certainly have her if you want her."

"I don't know about that, she won't even speak to me civilly."

"That's just her way, she's like that to every one of the boys, she doesn't mean anything. You know I like her awfully well and I hate to see her looking pale, I know she is a lot paler than usual; I wish one of you boys would ask her to go for a drive, the country air would do her good."

"I'd be pleased to take her out if she would only come."

"Would you really, Mr. Kelly? I think that is kind of you."

"Yes, I'd be delighted to. Will I go over and ask her?"

"I think not, she never speaks to any one in the dining-room. Come to our sitting-room this evening and you can see her."

"Alright, thank you Miss Turner, I certainly will."

When the girls were alone Florence said, "Oh, June, I had an invitation from Mr. Kelly to go for a drive."

"Did you, that's nice. Is that what you were in conversation with him at noon for? You know he's about the only man that comes in the dining-room that I can't bear. I can't bear to answer him civilly, he is what my brothers would call too much of a flip."

"Well, June, that shows that your judgement is not to be depended on. I think he is just lovely; a perfect gentleman; don't you know what he is?"

"Oh yes I know the position he holds if that is what you mean, I simply don't like him but, of course, my opinion don't amount to anything so it doesn't matter."

"Say Junnie, a thought just struck me, how would it be to tease Rex with Mr. Kelly."

"What do you mean by teasing Rex; I don't want to have anything to do with him, I'm not going to see him when he calls."

"Well that's just what I mean, entertain Mr. Kelly once or twice you know he's a banker and such a swell. It will just teach Rex not to disappoint you again."

"If you think I should entertain someone to tease him, I would rather have someone from my table that I know and like far better, I couldn't sit and talk to that pup, for that's all he is, a stuck-up pup, and fresh at that."

"Where do you get all that knowledge June, I thought you hardly knew him."

"You are right, I don't, and don't want to either, but I've been around this dining-room long enough to see how he acts with the other girls; if he would ever dare to touch my chin like I saw him touch Bertha the other day, I'd break a dish over his head; that would teach him to keep his hands off girls; but of course as I said, my opinion don't amount to anything. The girls can do as they like, and I do as I like, but you bet no one dares to touch me."

"Now June you just take my advice, if you want Rex to think anything of you, show him that you can go with bankers if you want to; I told you Mr. Kelly asked me to go for a drive. He will

call for me, so when he is in the sitting-room this evening, be nice to him for my sake, 'cause I'm always nice to your friends and you can surely do as much for me."

"Certainly Florence, I won't snub him in your sitting-room. I didn't know you thought that much of him; if I said anything about him to hurt your feelings, I apologize dear," and she went over to Florence and put her arms around her, and said,

"My dear, I wouldn't hurt your feelings, I apologize."

By this time Florence had managed to get a tear in her eyes.

"Yes June you did hurt my feelings for I think a lot of Mr. Kelly, but if you promise you'll not say anything nasty about him in the future I'll forgive you. I don't know what I should do if you and I were to break up our friendship."

"Florence, you are the first and only friend and chum I've had, and I haven't words enough to tell you how much I appreciate your friendship, I couldn't stay angry with you, dear."

"Alright, I like you too, so be nice to Mr. Kelly for my sake because I like him so much."

Rex Alderson had put one of his biggest business deals through last night. In his mind he was happily planning about his future home where June would reign his queen. He pictured her a bride by his side at the altar, he drew other pictures of her fussing over his meals, he thought of her greeting him when he was coming home, how she would put her loving arms around him,

or how she would tease and hide from him, his mind was just full of pictures of her.

"June, my own darling June," he thought, "I haven't much to offer you, but love, oceans of love, but then my darling don't expect great things I know, our love will make up for whatever else we lack, because I know she loves me, just as much as I love her, I can feel it in every word and look she gives me, I wonder dare I ask her, or would I make her still more shy? yes I think I will this very night, I'll tell her about my great love and let her judge for herself. If she is satisfied with what I have to offer. The crops are so good I should do well this fall; I don't see why we should wait longer than Christmas. I hate to have her working at that hotel, and I hate still more to have her go home, there, I'm afraid I would lose her."

It seemed to him that the day would never end, and evening never come, till he could get to her, but at last he was there and Florence met him at the head of the stairs.

"Good evening Mr. Alderson," she smiled, "Will you come into the parlor, there is something I would like to show you," and he followed her into her sister-in-law's parlor.

"I apologize, Mr. Alderson, for having said I had something to show you, I saw someone coming up stairs and didn't want to tell you there what I have to say, so I asked you here, June told me to tell you that she does not want to see you."

"June told you that," he gasped amazed, and the color seemed to leave his face. "She does not want to see me, did she say why?"

"No she did not say, but can't you guess; she's entertaining another gentleman in the sitting room that's why I brought you in here; she told me to tell you that she did not want to see you tonight, that is all she told me to tell you."

"May I ask who Junette is entertaining, Miss Turner."

"I think it's Mr. Kelly."

"You don't mean Percy Kelly from the Bank?"

"Yes I think it's Mr. Kelly tonight, you know June is so young and foolish and the boys make a fuss over her of course, as they always do over a pretty face; and she thinks that they are all stuck on her. I like June awfully well myself; but she won't listen to me, and she thinks that you are one of the one's that is awfully struck on her."

He sat motionless, as if stunned, then he said,

"She is right, I do think a lot of her." Then rising he bid her good night.

Florence, well satisfied with her work, returned to her sitting room, she had told Mr. Kelly what she had told June, and he assured her that anything she did was alright as long as he could take Junette out for a drive.

"June, I just came from Mrs. Turner's room, I'm that mad I don't know what to do, she has had words with my brother and now she is making a fuss and pretending to faint. I will have to stay with her for a while anyway. Mr. Kelly, I won't be able to go out for that drive tonight. I'm so sorry, for there is nothing I enjoy more than driving, but it would seem so heartless of me if I would leave her alone there and go out, will you

excuse me this once? I'll be glad to go another time."

"I'll tell you what Miss Turner, I had made up my mind to ask you and Miss Shiloh to go out with me for a drive tomorrow afternoon, and now to punish you I have a good mind to ask Miss Shiloh only, would you help me to punish her Miss Shiloh and go for a drive with me tomorrow afternoon?"

"Oh tomorrow will be Sunday and I have a class in Sunday school."

"June" said Florence, "just be a sport and let Sunday school go for once, and accept Mr. Kelly's invitation; I deserve to be punished for disappointing him."

"No, I'm sorry, I can't, it always upsets things if a teacher is short."

"If you will come, Miss Shiloh, we could drive out to Silver Heights and be back in time for tea."

"No thanks, I won't go tomorrow."

On saying this she arose and excusing herself, left the room.

"Never fear Mr. Kelly, get your horse and rig ready tomorrow and I'll see that she goes with you."

"Do you really think so, I'd be delighted."

When Junette returned he had gone. June went over to the window and looking out said, "Florence just come to the window and look at that beautiful sky."

"Skies don't interest me, you are always so fanciful about skies and sunrises and the sunsets,

and it seems to me a waste of time watching them like you do."

"Don't say that Florence, I've seen the most beautiful sights on the farm, evenings when the moon would be out shining down on that busy little river flowing on and on all day and all night forever and ever with the trees and the woods the pure cool air it's all so wonderful. I think it's glorious to sit outside and watch the sun set or the moon rise, I just love nature, I can get on a horse and go miles and miles through bush and prairie all by myself and feel that I am having the most glorious time."

"If you are as fond of nature as all that, strange that you didn't go with Mr. Kelly when he offered to take you out for a drive."

"Don't be cross Florence, but I simply couldn't go out with him, I was in here entertaining him till you came and the more I see him the less I like him, and besides I don't think Rex would like it if I went out with him."

"You bother your head more about Rex than he bothers about you, I don't think he cares who you go out with or what you do, he was here just before I came in, I met him and told him what you told me to tell him."

"And what did he say," gasped June.

"He said, 'Oh she doesn't, eh alright then,' and he turned around and walked off."

"Didn't he ask to see me?"


"No he didn't, don't you think I'd tell you if he did; men are all the same, if they think a girl likes them they don't think anything about her,

but if they see that others are crazy about her, why they go crazy about her too, you should have accepted Mr. Kelly's invitation."

"And he really never asked to see me, I kind of hoped that he would."

"Oh June, I feel like shaking you; you make me tired. That fellow isn't worthy of you and yet you pine for him, and another anxious to have you, you almost insult."

Junette picked up some needle work and said no more.



CHAPTER VI.

NEXT day there was a bouquet of roses on Junette's table. As she entered the dining room she cried,

"Oh girls aren't they beautiful?" and she picked them up burying her face in them, and never questioned who put them there, hoping that they were from Rex she picked one of them, which she thought prettier than the rest and pinned it to her plain black dress.

When dinner was over Mr. Kelly went over to her and said he was pleased to see that she was wearing his flowers.

"Did you put them there" all hope dying out of June.

"Yes I hoped it would make you feel kinder towards me; I have seen and heard you refuse chocolates and gifts, but I didn't think you would be unkind to my poor little flowers."

"Thank you Mr. Kelly," she quietly said, "If I have been rude or unkind to you forgive me, I did not mean to be rude to anybody."

"Will you prove it by coming out with me, if I get a horse now?"

"Yes, I will."

"I'm delighted; what time will you be ready, Miss Shiloh?"

"In about an hour."

"Miss Shiloh, could I trouble you to come to the corner, I'll be waiting for you there."

"Come to the corner," her big blue eyes flashed at him.

"Let me explain, my horse is very spirited, and he will never stand in front of this hotel; something must have frightened him, and I always have to turn him the other way while he is standing."

June was sorry that she had promised, but she said,

"Alright, I'll be there."

When she got there he was waiting in the loveliest outfit she had ever seen. The horse certainly did prance around when he helped her to get in, and he just had to jump to get in, and the animal fairly flew down the street for a while before he got him under control. The weather was beautiful and June for the time being forgot her disappointment.

"Where shall we drive Miss Shiloh, may I call you June? they certainly couldn't have chosen a more suitable name for you, I think you're the loveliest girl I've ever seen."

"Yes you may call me June; in fact I prefer it, and I would like to go out in the country a little way, there is one particular road I like that I usually go when I am out driving, but any road will do as long as it is out where it is green."

"I am delighted to go any road you like or any road you suggest you dear girl."

"Mr. Kelly please don't talk to me like that, I don't allow any one to talk to me like that, so far I've been fortunate to always be in gentlemen's company, and I hope you are one."

"Oh you are flying too high, my dear, of course I'm a gentleman, and you'll say so yourself when you know me better."

June was silent for she was properly worried now. "What am I to do, I don't like to be here," she thought. "Is the man going crazy, I've heard of cases where a spell suddenly comes on them; my heavens he's so big and strong, what will I do."

"Who will pay for this drive Junnie my darling you or I."

They were a good way out in the country by now.

"I didn't know that I was to pay, I have no money with me but please turn around and I will get you the money, and after today I don't want you ever to look at me, to say nothing of speaking to me."

"Now, now, you are getting your Irish up, I didn't mean for you to pay for this drive with money, I just wanted you to love me, that's what I call paying."

"Oh heaven help me," thought Junette, "he is going crazy," for no one had ever talked to her like that before, "and he dared try to put his arm around me. What little I've heard of crazy people, usually they humor them, so I must pretend to fall into his ways and humor him till I get home. Oh it serves me right, why in the world did I go with him, I knew there was something wrong with the man from the very first time I saw him."

"Junnie, dear," he was saying, "let us get out and walk around for a while, the horse seems

to be so warm, I just love walking on the grass."

Junette's heart almost stopped beating when she heard that; she was getting that frightened of him, but her mind was busy, what could she do.

"Alone out here with a crazy man," she thought, "why he'll kill me and nobody would hear me scream and he's too strong, I couldn't fight him," but suddenly a thought struck her what to do.

"Alright" she smiled, "we can walk, but drive a while yet," and she started to pull off her long white gloves, "I'm so warm," she said for an excuse, but in reality she shivered.

Now her mind was made up she seemed brave, and when he tried to hold her hand again she playfully hit him with the gloves and she willfully dropped them out.

"Now look what you made me do," she laughingly said, "If those gloves get dirty you will have to pay for them, because they are my very best ones."

"Why darling I would pay for anything you like, we might just as well get out now."

"Alright" she said, "but hurry and stop we are getting too far away from the gloves."

"Where will we tie the horse," she said as he was getting out to get the gloves, "or have you a weight."

"Yes there is a weight in the buggy, just hold him, I'll be back in a second."

The moment he was out, Junette took the whip and lashed the horse and the already spirited animal reared high in the air, and then was off.

like the wind, and it was many minutes before she ventured to look back, where she saw him running after the rig; she didn't slacken the horse, but let him go until they got home.

"Oh God I thank Thee," she whispered over and over as the horse raced down the street.

When she drew the reins in front of the hotel. There were willing hands to help her. The white dress that she wore was no whiter than her face.

"What has happened" more than one voice asked.

"Mr. Kelly has suddenly gone crazy," and she told them what happened, "please take the horse and go right after him before he gets away, he might do harm to himself or someone else, and she told them where she had left him.

She could scarcely keep up, she staggered up stairs to her room, when she got into the sitting-room there were Florence and Rex, she bowed and would have passed had not Mr. Alderson jumped up and stopped her.

"Junnie" he cried, "you look like a corpse, what has happened."

"Nothing, don't let me interrupt your tete-a-tete."

"No you are not interrupting us, what has happened Junnie dear."

When she heard his kind loving words she burst into tears.

"Please let me go to my room," she said, "I don't feel well."

Florence seemed all attention, "what's the matter June, can't you speak and tell us? You

went for a drive with Mr. Kelly didn't you; now your back and crying, what's the matter?"

"Nothing to make me cry, I'm just foolish I guess, I'll tell you," she said taking off her hat. "After I get quietened down, I'm all trembling."

"Can't you tell us what is the matter," flashed Florence, "something has gone wrong, can't you tell us what it is?"

"Mr. Kelly went suddenly crazy while we were out."

"Your joking June," said Florence.

"Well I'm certainly not in the humor of joking and he's such a friend of yours you had better see that they get him."

"Oh June Mr. Kelly is no friend of mine, I have never accepted flowers from him and worn them like you have."

At this June burst out crying and went to her room, she lay across the bed and wished herself dead.

"The worst of it is" she thought, "it does look as if he is a friend of mine, I wore his flowers, but I didn't know they were his, and going out for a drive with him looks as if he is a friend of mine, but Florence had no business to say that in front of Rex." It was well for June that she did not know what else Florence had said to Rex before she got home. But whether joys or sorrows they must be put aside when duty calls, so later when Florence came in and said that it was time to get ready for supper, June got up and got ready.

"What makes you act so stupid June," said

Florence, "why don't you talk and be like yourself?"

"Please don't pay any attention to me, I don't feel right."

When her duties were done she got ready for church, and to her surprise Rex was waiting for her, seeing him she was going to step back but he said,

"Miss Shiloh, I must speak to you a minute."

"Alright, but make it short please, for I am in a hurry."

"Junnie, why do you treat me like this, what have I done to offend you, you are not surely cross because I couldn't go to choir practise Friday evening, I explained in my note why I could not come and it's not like your own dear self to get offended at what I couldn't help, I feel that something is wrong somewhere; I don't know where or how, but I just feel that there is, and I made up my mind that we should have a talk for I don't like the messages you sent me through Florence; you know they always sound different when they are repeated."

"When did you write me a note?"

"Friday evening, as soon as I found out that I could not come, you should have had it about six, you are surely not cross at that are you June?"

"No I'm not, but I must go now or I'll be late."

"May I go with you as you know I'm going to the same place."

"Yes I was going to ask you, we can talk as we walk, come or we will be late."

As soon as they got on the street June said,

"Rex, I didn't get your note, but I'm not angry about that nor am I offended at anything in particular for I knew that you had good reason for not coming, I'm just a fool, a simple fool that's all. If you could see me now as I see myself, you'd see a poor simple fool but you wouldn't despise me any more than I despise myself right now, it seems as if I am just waking up but awake or asleep, I fully realize how foolish I acted, but please let's say no more about it."

"No June that's where you are wrong, now that we are talking let's talk it out, you know that I was coming last night, why did you entertain Kelly?"

"You see Rex that's just the thing, I realize how silly I've been."

"June will you please let me be the judge of this? I think we should talk it over, what made you entertain Kelly, why I never heard you mention him before."

"Well, I didn't entertain him, when I wanted to go to my room he was in the sitting-room waiting for Florence, she was going out for a drive with him. I offended Florence before about being rude to him and I had promised her that I would be as nice to him as I could and of course when he was there, instead of passing through like I would have another time, I remembered what I had told Florence and knowing that she would be there any moment, I sat down and talked to him—no, I didn't even sit down I stood up looking over some books."

"Florence went with him for a drive last night, did you say?"

"No, she was going to but then Mrs. Turner wasn't well and she stayed with her."

"There is something wrong June, and what about today dear, why did you go with him today I wouldn't question you like that, dear, and I don't mean to be your judge, but I feel that Florence or somebody is trying to come between us, do you really like Florence June?"

"Yes I do, I think she is lovely, you know it's the grandest thing to have a real friend, and she's the only friend I ever had, so last night when she told me that you didn't care whether I saw you or not, I just thought I wouldn't care either, that's why I went with Mr. Kelly, that's all."

As they were nearing the church now he said, "Junie, I have lots more to say, lets be on our old standing please."

So after church they certainly had a lot more to say to one another. Rex made up his mind not to let Florence have such influence over Junette again. So when they got home he told her all his future hopes and asked her if she would be satisfied to be his wife with the little he had to offer.

"Oh Rex I don't deserve to be your wife after the way I've acted, how do you know that I won't take those foolish streaks again?"

"My darling if you'll consent to be my wife I'll have a right to protect you, you know that my business is growing every year."

"Oh stop Rex, to hear you talk you'd think it was your business or money that I want to marry, but darling I want no one but you, just

you as you are, I love you so," and with that she put her arms around him. "Rex darling," she whispered as he fondly kissed her, "I'm so glad that you told me that, I don't deserve such happiness."

"Why Junie, my dear you deserve the best this world holds and if you get offended at me again, don't tell Florence, write and tell me about it."

And she promised, she was so happy she would have promised anything, so a few moments later when Florence came home, Rex bid June good night, Junette couldn't hide her happiness.

"What's the matter with you June, did you and Rex make up?"

"Yes Florence, and I'm engaged, isn't that what you call it?"

"June!" gasped Florence, but checked herself in time; she kissed June and wished her all kinds of happiness.

"Isn't it wonderful, Lily and I are engaged at the same time."

"Yes, you are lucky, I think Lily is awful lucky."

"Yes, but Florence you have never met Lily, she is a beautiful girl and clever, only she and I can't get along, Florence wouldn't it be lovely if you could come out to the wedding too, you know it's next month, make up your mind to come and I'll promise you that we will have a lovely time. You know, Mr. McKory is Maitland's manager, and, oh, he acts so swell and Lily, you know, she's more proud even than he is, she wouldn't get married till the new house was finished that's

why they put it off till next month, and Joe, my oldest brother, is going to be married at the same time because the work is too heavy for mother and Iris alone and I will not stay home anymore. My brother's house is just across the road so she can take the threshers and board the men. Florence, now that we've talked about it please let's go out."

"Yes I'd like to go, I told you that before, only we just keep putting it off and we never decide when we are going."

Kelly didn't feel as happy as June when he entered the hotel that night. Allen the bartender was the first to see him.

"Well Mr. Kelly, we called the livery stable up and asked them to take your horse around, he was covered with foam when June got here."

By this time there were others listening.

"Yes," Kelly said, "that fool girl dropped her gloves, and when I got out to get them the horse ran away with her." So saying he walked up stairs.

But it was weeks before the boys stopped teasing him about the runaway horse and the walk home, and shortly after he changed his boarding place.

The time for the wedding drew near, Florence and June were eager to be going. Now that they had made up their minds to go the time would not go quickly enough. The evening before their journey Rex came over.

"Oh I wish you were going too," cried Florence.

"Yes, do come, couldn't you?" said June.

"No, we've talked it over so often and it seems I can't get off now, but you'll be back in a couple of weeks, won't you?"

"If we are back in a couple of weeks then you will know they didn't treat us well, but if we stay longer, that will show you we are having a good time. There are three or four bachelors there to every girl; so imagine how we'll be invited to go out."

After the pleasant evening was over Rex gave June a letter and said to her,

"Give that to your father; it explains what I want him to know, and if you are not back at the end of two weeks, I'm certainly coming out, my darling, to bring you back. Oh Junnie I hate to see you go, these will certainly be two long weeks for me," and telling her he would be at the station in the morning he bade her good-night.

There was little sleep that night, there seemed a dozen and one things that needed attention the last minute.

"Why Florence you are taking clothes enough to change four times every day."

"Go on, never mind me dearie, where did you put those brown gloves, Junette, I dare not forget them they go with my other suit."

"Oh kiddo, I'm so glad to be going; it seems I can't get there fast enough now, but won't we make a hit; isn't that what you call it. I can just picture those country girls looking at us in all our finery," and their laughing voices mingled.

"Don't worry," said Florence, "it's not the

girls I'm going to dress up for, it's those bachelor boys you have been talking about."

At last after a hasty breakfast they were off. There were different parcels brought up to June the last moment, from some of the boys at her table, and some of them were at the station to see them off, Rex among them.

"Oh boys, you're too jolly good to us," cried June when she got to them, "you'd think we were queens the way you treat us, look at my arms. I'm loaded down now, so don't give us any more chocolate boxes, these came after we had everything packed and strapped, see my arms are full now."

They were certainly a merry group and the girls looked their best. Both wore navy blue suits with dainty blue blouses and little hats to match. Both were tall and slender. Florence was dark and had a stately look; but June was the picture that caught every eye, in her fair sparkling loveliness, her beautiful golden hair peeping out here and there in ringlets, and a face that always wore a happy smile. The boys used to say she had laughing eyes, so mid good-bye and good wishes the train slowly left the station, when they were comfortably settled in the train, June started to chatter again about what her mind was full of, her home folks.

CHAPTER VII.

IT seemed to June that the train was just crawling along, but the old train was not crawling for it got them there on time, and looking through the window, June shouted,

"Florence I see daddy, and oh there is Fred and Iris, Florence come to the window, do, hurry and get your things on," and before the train was stopped, Joe and Fred had jumped on, greeted the girls and hustled them out.

"What a lot of wraps you girls have, you'd think it was winter."

"That's just our coats and our rain coats, we did not know how the weather would be for the drive," said June.

"And these parcels," said Joe reaching up to get a lot of small parcels down, "are these yours too."

"Yes, some of the boys brought them the last minute and we couldn't pack them."

"Hurry," called Fred, "the train doesn't stop very long."

"Oh they wouldn't dare to take us along, they know that we want to get off here so badly," said June.

On the platform waited Mr. Shiloh.

"Oh daddy, I believe you've grown bigger and fatter," cried June, as she kissed and hugged her father, "and this is my friend Florence," with a mocking bow she said, "I beg your pardon, Miss

Turner, and Iris, you dear little Iris, my you've grown to be a big girl," kissing her she whispered, "you darling, wait till you see what I have in my trunk for you. And this town has grown, my, but I think this town has grown."

"Yes," said Mr. Shiloh, "wait till you see the country, you'll say the country has grown."

"The country daddy?"

"Well I don't mean to say the land has stretched bigger, but houses have grown on top of it."

"We'll put your trunk in the wagon," called Fred, "will that be alright, father had a hundred and one things to buy so he came in with the team."

"Well the team would have been good enough for us, but I suppose you wanted to show off your new surrey that you have been writting so much about."

"That's it, how did you guess it, little sister," said Fred.

"Well, will we ever get out of this town," cried Iris, "I want to get home and see what is in June's trunk."

"Yes dear we are just ready," said Jim Shiloh.

"How are we going to sit?" said Junette, "Iris can sit on my knee."

"No," said Mr. Shiloh, "Iris can come with me in the wagon."

"Yes, I want to be beside the parcels and the trunk."

"Alright then daddy, but keep close to the rig so that we can shout back and forth."

"What's the matter with you June, do you suppose father could keep up with us with those heavy plugs?" said Fred laughing.

"I wouldn't call them plugs Mr. Shiloh," said Florence, "I think they are beauties."

"Now who's going to drive?" asked June. "You Joe, alright, I'll sit beside you, because you are going to be married, and you won't be interesting for Miss Turner. I'll give you Fred, Florence, in the back seat, see that you entertain her well. Oh Fred, I have about a million things to say."

"Wait till we get home Junie, don't explode, we'll stand you in the centre of the room and we'll be your audience and you can have the floor," he said.

"Fred, if there were not so many people around I'd slap you, but I'm saving all this up and I'll get even with you when I get home. Now we're off, doesn't this seem lovely. Florence what makes you so quiet dear, you are not getting homesick already?"

"No indeed not, I don't seem to be able to get a word in."

Indeed it was not homesickness that was keeping Florence quiet, she was amazed at what she saw. Of course Junette had told her a lot about her home folks, but she was not prepared to see fine looking men like these and the outfit, why I'd be proud to be seen in the city with this outfit, and here I was in doubt of whether to take my best clothes or not, thinking they were just homesteaders, and perhaps ruin them, and Mr. Shiloh, my, but he is a handsome looking man, and jolly oh but they are a jolly bunch, now I do know that

I am going to have a good time, and the rest chattered as they drove, the boys pointed out new settlers and new buildings that had gone up, and the country seemed to be dotted with large stacks of grain every where, and threshing machines were seen and heard..

"Say boys, you haven't done the threshing yet have you?" asked June.

"I wish we could stay and help them thresh," said Florence.

"Oh threshing time is fun, we used to drive out and take them lunch and everybody would eat out in the field, gee, I think it is glorious to be on a farm."

"Well Junie, we would be glad to have you stay on that glorious farm if you only will, and we'd buy you all the clothes you want and doll you up if that will help to keep you, times have changed since you were home, you don't have to go and earn some clothes." Turning to Florence he said, "you have no idea Miss Turner when a farmer has a few good crops like we have had, what a difference it makes to him."

"Yes there are such a lot of you," said Florence;

"There are, and we always work together. When first we came out here father thought that we should hire out somewhere and learn to farm. now I'm not bragging, but I think a few of the neighbors could learn a little from us."

"Whose big barn is that?" June said pointing to one, "that wasn't there when I was here last."

"That's Jim Wilson's, you remember Jim?"

"I sure do, has Jim got buildings like that now,

where in the world did he get the money?" said Junette.

"He sold grain, where do you suppose farmers get their money silly?"

A happy thought struck June, "Oh boys let's stop there. Florence do you mind, and we'll let him make us a cup of tea."

"Yes let's," said Florence, "anything that suits you suits me, I am a little stiff from driving."

And Joe swung the horses off the main road. Jim sure was surprised when they bounced in on him and after the greetings were over June said,

"Now let's see some of your cooking, tea and cake and home made preserves isn't that what bachelors generally serve their guests? Jim you get the tea and I'll get the table ready," called Junette.

"I think you will have a hard time to find cups enough," Jim said.

"Why Jim, when I saw that barn of yours I thought you were a millionaire and had china and linen for your guests."

So chattering on the tea was soon ready.

"Let's wait for daddy," said June, "let's climb on your old barn and wave to him," cried June full of excitement.

"He will see you without waving," said one of the others.

"But let's wave anyway, come Florence," said June and she grabbed two towels and up the old barn they climbed, and wave they certainly did, till Mr. Shiloh was up to them and June called,

"Drive close up here and we will jump on your wagon, but I guess it is no nearer than to jump on the ground," so coming down they all went into the house to enjoy a fresh cup of tea.

"Jim," said Junette, "Get into dad's wagon and come with us and we will have a dance to-night, how will that be boys?"

"Anything you say goes Junie, you have been away so long that anything you have in mind to do now, no one would dare dispute you," said one of the boys.

"But I think the young ladies will be too tired tonight after their trip; how would it be if I came over tomorrow night?" said Jim.

"Well we may be tired by night, but I am not tired now."

"Yes, I think tomorrow night would be more suitable," said Florence.

When tea was finished and they were rising to go June said,

"Now Jim, we will leave you the dishes to wash for a remembrance and be sure and come tomorrow night. I think you have grown so big and tall Jim."

"How about yourself, you are a proper young lady now and you were just a child when you left us."

"Yes, Jim, when I think of that suit I had to wear to Winnipeg I have to laugh."

"But Junette you are just the same, in looks you have changed, but you are your own self, and I am glad the city has not spoilt you."

In a moment or two they were off, and after they had driven on for some miles their own barns loomed up in the distance.

"Now girls you can see home," said Joe, and he pointed it out to them.

"Oh I want to see mother so badly."

"Well June hold on, you soon will," said Joe.

"Why this is a village we are coming to, this is surely not what you call your homestead?" said Florence in surprise.

"This is the old homestead sure enough Miss Turner, you see we built so many shacks and log buildings and as we can afford it we built larger and better ones, and we need more graneries. The house Lily insisted on, and would not give father any peace until he started to build the new house, and instead of pulling some of the old ones down we kind of hate to, you see; the four corners of our homesteads are joining, but by-and-by I guess we will be alright. We are each trying to get the quarter next to ours and we have the four homesteads under cultivation and father thinks it wise to keep cattle in case the crops should fail, and we would have them to fall back on. See there is our herd, that's some of the cattle we don't bother with, we just get the milk cows in. I suppose this farm talk don't interest you Miss Turner?"

"You are much mistaken, I do, I take an interest in everything on a farm," said Florence.

As they neared the big gate, John was there to open it for them, and the whole family came out to meet them, even neighbors were there. June certainly did not need any one to assist her to

alight, and before John was up to her she ran to him and said,

"My, it seems good to see you John; it seems good to see you all," and she ran to her mother and Lily.

"This is surely not June?" said Mrs. Bell, a neighbor. "I would never recognize her except by her hair and I would recognize that gold anywhere."

"It's me alright Mrs. Bell and I recognized you the minute you came out of the house, and it is good to see you, and you look swell," June went on talking.

"Oh mamma, I am starving, how long before we can have supper?"

"Anytime you like, Mrs. Bell is cook today, she insists on doing it."

"Florence dear," went on June, "come on in," and she put her arm around her, "How do you like my folks?"

Before Florence could answer Lily called to the girls.

"Come and I will show you your room."

"Florence they would not have to show us our room in the old shack, we could have found it ourselves," and Florence was astonished when they entered.

"Oh Lily," said June, "I love the house and the furniture and, say, but it's good to be home." Just then the boys brought the trunk in and the girls changed their suits as they chatted with Lily and when they were ready for supper Junette cried.

"O I smell chicken, I bet I smell roast chicken."

And they stepped into the dining-room, and June said,

"Sure enough I knew it was chicken."

"Yes," said Mr. Shiloh, "We run over about a dozen of them every day, the yard is just littered with them, the horses go over them and so I am glad they have started to kill them off."

"Now dad you know you would not let the horses step on a chicken you would be the first to pick it up and nurse it."

As the meal went on Florence said "Junie if we get meals like this we will stay here forever."

"Oh don't worry," said John, "They are just putting on airs tonight, tomorrow we may have to suffer for it."

"I would like to see you suffer for something to eat," said Lily, "Why Miss Turner these brothers of mine are more fussy about their food than anyone I have ever seen before."

"Yes" laughed Mr. Shiloh "but look at the work those boys do; if we did not feed them well, how could they work?"

With pleasant chatter, the meal came to an end.

"Now we will be maids tonight," said Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Black, "just leave the work and we will tend to things."

"And I should offer to do the chores tonight and let you entertain the girls," said Mr. Shiloh.

"No, no" said Fred, "I will help you and we will be done in no time."

June started to unpack her trunk, there were presents for everybody, no one was forgotten,

even Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Black were remembered and several other neighbors who had been good to June before she went away. Florence declared that evening would stand out in her memory as long as she lived, as one of the most enjoyable times she had ever spent.

"This is Tuesday, and Thursday is the wedding, Lily, and then you will be Mrs. McKory," then a thought flashed through Junette's mind, "Oh Lily, I'm engaged too, yes mother, yes everybody, I am engaged."

Mrs. Shiloh was amaxed and looked at June saying, "Why Junie you never wrote and told us a thing about it."

"I didn't know anything about it until I was engaged, and then I hated too say anything, but I have a letter for daddy and see my ring. Lily let me see yours, isn't it pretty, it's beautiful, mine's not as good as yours but oh Lily I love my ring, if anything should happen that I should break my engagement I think I should die."

These words gave Florence a pang and she was sorry for what she had done to June before, and vowed in her mind she would never try to come between Rex and her again.

"But I love Rex," Florence thought, "better than anyone I have ever seen before, and it's not fair that he should love her when she could have so many others."

Junette flew out to her father with the letter, "Daddy here's a letter for you but let me open it please and read it first."

"Now Junie, you're not a bit selfish are you; let you read it first and then I get it."

"Yes, but I think I know something about what is in it; well come, then, stop working and we will read it together," and she tore it open.

"So my little girl is engaged," he said after he had finished reading, and he put his arm around her," and by this letter he seems a good man. June I won't want you to get married yet, I want you to come and live with your old daddy for a few years yet."

"Oh I am not going to get married yet not until I am eighteen, daddy."

"But my dear you will soon be eighteen, I am going to see this Alderson before long and talk things over with him."

"Careful, June here come the horses," called Fred, and then the girls called her from the house and they went out to inspect the garden.

"Girls," said Junette, "I just can't wait for the wedding day to come. Lily I bet you are going to look grand, but, sister mine, I have a swell dress, too, that I am going to wear."

Florence and June and four other girl chums were bride's maids.

"I wish you would tell me more about your fiance," said Lily to June when she got her alone for a little while.

"Lily, I just can't tell you, I can't put it in words, if this is love, the way I feel for him, why I just love him so much. Lily, don't get me started talking about him because if you do I just can't stop, he is the loveliest, grandest man that ever was born, yes he is just the noblest man that ever lived and mind you he is getting a bungalow built on a couple of lots of his."

"Oh but June you should not think of getting married, mother needs you at home."

"Don't tell me that; I can't stay away from him, and if I should not see him again I should like to die; and now that Joe is getting married Jennie can help mother."

The boys came out and the conversation ended.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT last the wedding morning dawned, fair and beautiful, there could not be a more perfect day and Lily was all excited.

"Girls it seems as if I can't do a thing this morning," she said.

"Well don't do anything dear," said Junette, "We will dress you and we'll be your maids, won't we Florence?"

As they each cast their last glances in the glass, each one was fully satisfied with herself; each felt that she looked her best and they drove off to the church.

"I wish daddy would not have insisted on having that heavy satin for Lily's dress. I like our soft fluffy dresses better, but dad is so old fashioned, he said his daughter must be dressed in satin and it's so stiff and old-fashioned, I like Jennie's dress the best."

"But each dress suits each bride I think," said Florence, "Lily is prouder and more sedate, just like her dress, and Jennie is softer like her soft creamy dress."

"I wish we were on our way home, I am as bad as Lily, I am getting nervous myself, I tried to keep cool while we were helping her dress, but now that the rush is over I feel so queer."

When they entered the church it was decorated beautifully and it seemed no time before they were in their rigs driving home again as June hoped it

would be. Everybody thought it was the grandest thing that happened in that part of the country so far.

Mr. McKory, the bridgroom, presented each of the bride's maids with a lovely bracelet and Jim with a little pearl pin. When they reached the house, willing neighbors had the table laid, and the house ready to receive the guests, and after the wedding breakfast was over, June and Florence assisted Lily to slip into a dark wine colored travelling suit, and the happy couple drove to the station where they started on their honeymoon.

Joe and Jennie decided to have no honeymoon, but to stay at home, declaring they were happier there, and Jennie laughingly said,

"The folks here can't spare us, can they Joe?"

The two girls danced and played and visited, and when the time was up and the two weeks were over Florence was by no means ready to go back, she got to think a lot of John, and one day June said to her,

"Florence I believe if you stayed here you would marry my brother and I don't know of any one who I would rather see him marry."

When the time came for June to leave, Mr. Shiloh would not let her go.

"Junnie," he said to her, "you simply can't go, the place will seem dead without you, what can I do to make you stay."

"Daddy I can't stay, please don't ask me to stay, I can't."

"Is it that Alderson that you want to get back to so badly June? please tell me."

"Well partly, I guess it is, but I just feel as if I must go back," and she went.

When they got to town Florence talked about the weddings and the trip. It seemed she was never tired of talking about it. Mrs. Turner said, "why you should have stayed there Florence if you like it as well as all that."

"Well between you and me, Katie, they would not have had to coax much to make me stay, and I don't mean to let this be my last trip out there by any means," said Florence.

The boarders were glad to see Junette back, she seemed brighter and happier than before, her work seemed to be play to her. "Oh but it's good to be living" she said over and over again, "and oh how beautiful Rex looked at the station, how his face lit up when he saw me get off the train. I am sure he loves me, I just wish and hope and pray that he does, I don't know what I would do if he didn't; I think I would go home and cry until I died, because I would want to be buried there, I don't know why my mind goes that way but there is always the fear that he does not like me well enough," she thought, "Dear God, make him love me as I love him."

Poor little June, she had no cause to worry about Rex for he was always thinking of her, he thought that she was the only girl in the world that could make him happy, he worked and planned for her future and his thoughts were always of her.

If we were only married, he thought over and over again, I don't like to have her in that hotel, and still she has been there two years now

and she is just like the simple, innocent sweet country girl that she was when first I met her, but it seems she is growing more beautiful every day. My darling June, you're just like a June rose, my precious one, I will devote my life to making you happy.

When Mr. and Mrs. McKory came back their home was ready, and furnished. "I picked all the furniture just as you told me to Lily, darling," said her husband, as he kissed her and welcomed her in her new home.

It was easy to make Lily happy as long as there was lots of money it was not love she craved like June, it was money, for what it could buy, for she loved beauty and splendor.

"We must have a few friends in," said Lily, "we must try and persuade June to stop working at that hotel, and have her come and live with us."

"Yes dear, that would be lovely, Rex Alderson you have not met yet, but he is a splendid fellow."

So she sent invitations out for a party. One evening when June and Rex were out walking, June said, "Lillian is forever coaxing me to go and live with them Rex, especially Cecil, but you see Lily and I don't get along. No it would not do, I know I would quarrel with her, the first day, we are so entirely different, and she said yesterday, 'what in the world will I say to my friends about you working in a hotel,' and I told her to say what she darn pleased, I didn't care."

"Never mind darling, you will soon have a home of your own, and you won't have to care what Lily says."

So the evening of the party came. June was hurrying to get done with her work. "They always come in late, when I want to get off early," she said to Florence.

But at last they were at the party. June was surprised at the swell crowd that was there. "Some class to that brother-in-law of mine," she thought. Just then that same brother-in-law came to her and said,

"Junnie this is Mr. Maitland—Miss Shiloh, my sister-in-law."

June bowed, somewhat awkwardly, for Cecil had taken her by surprise. She did not expect to meet any one as swell as Mr. Maitland; she felt that she did not know how to talk to him, but fortunately for June she did not have to do any talking. Mr. Maitland told her how pleased he was to have met her, and that her brother-in-law Mr. McKory was a great friend of his, had been for years.

~~"No one would take you and Mrs. McKory for sisters, I never saw sisters look so little alike."~~

June had found her speech by now, and chatted in her usual way. Later in the evening Mr. Maitland had made himself useful to her in many different ways and she said, "you are so different from what I thought you would be, you almost frightened me, when my brother-in-law introduced you to me."

"Then I am glad you find me different, for I do not want to frighten you, I want to be friends. I feel as if we are going to meet often at your brother-in-law's house, as I said, he is a great

friend of mine. What a lovely crowd your sister has here."

And as he was still talking Rex came and joined the conversation, and Maitland soon made himself useful elsewhere. He was born to entertain others he was shorter and somewhat stouter than Alderson, and fair; a man of about thirty-two, with charming manner, that made you forget his irregular features, and being a man of means—his father and older brother and himself owned one of the largest business places in Winnipeg—Mr. McKory was their manager, and liked by every one, yet had splendid business qualities. He had been with Maitland & Sons for some years and Harold Maitland and himself were fast friends from the very first. As time went on their friendship seemed to deepen. Tom, the other Maitland brother, was married and of the ten children that Harold's mother had he was the only single one, and his mother's favorite.

Rex Alderson said turning to Junette, "are you having a good time dear? I think everybody is, I don't know when I had such a good time, your sister certainly knows how to entertain her guests."

"Oh yes leave it to Lily, anything that is classy, if I may call it that, she is right in it, that's why she is such a favorite with mother. Rex dear I think before I get married I will have to be more like Lily don't you think," she paused, "now, I use slang and I don't know how to act like a lady but I am going to learn."

"No my darling, I don't want you to change one bit, not one hair on your head, you just suit me, and I just love you the way you are."

Junette smiling continued, "but say Rex, I am somewhat surprised at Mr. Maitland being here. My I was nervous when Cecil first introduced me, I think it was the first time in my life that speech left me Rex."

"My darling June, you have no reason to be nervous at anytime, you are equal to anyone. Junie, this little gathering here, makes me think of our future little home, when we will be entertaining our guests, and you will be queen among the women as you always are."

"Rex you always talk so foolishly, stop your nonsense," teasingly added June.

"That is right dear, tonight as many other nights I've noticed that there is no one that can compare with you in any way."

"No, I guess not dear, because I am the only working girl among them Rex, how is it I can't go with the class I belong, I guess I belong to the working girls, but I simply can't fall into their ways. Poor Mrs. Cook was so afraid when I started to work at the hotel that I would get into what she called bad company, but I have not, do you think I have Rex?"

"Well my darling I should say you have not."

But June continued, "I told her then that no girl has to get into bad company if she wishes not to, it's up to a girl to pick her company, don't you think?"

Just then Lily came up, said something to June that Rex could not catch, June excused herself and followed Lily into her bedroom.

"Now June, the guests are starting to go home, do you think they had a good time," and before

June could reply she went on, "you have simply got to stop working at that hotel June, you see the kind of people Cecil is in with and I will not have my sister called a common hotel girl, they would shun me, you have simply got to come and live with us or go home, one of the two you have to do, and if you decide to live with us instead of going home, I want you to kind of slight that Rex you rave so much about, and try to be nice to Mr. Maitland; I have eyes, I am not like you, and I know how to use them and I have seen the way Mr. Maitland watched you tonight and tried to be near you, would it not be lovely if you would try and keep company with him, so think it over but give your notice at once, for you have got to stop there, and either come and live with me or go home, now I will go, for my guests need me."

"No you won't go yet, your sister needs you first, you have had your say and now I am going to have mine. Remember this, that I will not be bossed by you, or by anyone else, that hotel as you call it suits me first-rate I will stay there as long as I please, as for Mr. Maitland, I wouldn't give Rex's little finger for him and all his money, and you sure have some principle about you, you knew that Rex and I are engaged to be married and what is more, you know we are extremely fond of each other, then you dare step up and tell me to drop him and pick up another one that you have chosen for me. You forget that I am grown-up and have a mind of my own; you seem to think I am still the kid that you used to order around. Now I will leave your house this minute and won't enter it again, mind you, until you apologize for your unlady-like speech," and she haughtily turned

around and left the room, and smilingly told Rex that she had such a lovely time and as it was getting late he had better take her home, and after bidding them goodnight, they left.

"Why were you in such a hurry to leave, dear, after you talked to your sister?"

"Oh she wanted to know if the guests were having a good time. As you know this is the first time she has really entertained and I think she was a little worried about things not going right. Don't you think her husband is lovely Rex?"

"Yes he is a splendid fellow, I have known him ever since I have been in Winnipeg," and in this manner they pleasantly chatted on till they came to the house, where he left her.

Weeks passed and Junette was as good as her word, she did not go near Lily. Mr. McKory went to her place at different times and invited her to come over. One evening he said.

"June what is the matter, why don't you come to the house? Lily is getting worried about you. If I can't persuade you to come with me this evening, promise that you will come tomorrow night. Harold will be over he has been there ever so often and I know he is always disappointed when you are not there, so to day he asked me as a special favor, to have you over."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, I know Mr. Maitland is a great friend of yours but I don't want him to go anywhere particularly because I am there, for I don't want to bother about anybody, you know that I am engaged to Rex."

"I know that June, I don't mean it that way,

but a girl can be engaged and still be pleasant to others."

"Yes but——" there she stopped, not finding any suitable words to express herself.

"All right June, I will tell Lily to expect you over tomorrow, as I told you she has got quite worried about you."

"Lily worried over me, Cecil? that shows you don't know her as well as I do and if Lily wants me to come over, she knows what she has got to do. Oh Cecil, I do wish I could change my nature, and get along with Lily, what do you think is the matter with me?"

Cecil knew by this time that there was nothing the matter with Junette, that it was Lily's high and mighty commanding ways that June would not stand, because she was a girl soft and tender hearted, kind words would make her do anything, but she could not be driven one inch, after he got to know her better he often said, she has not only golden hair but a golden heart.

"You know Lily dear," he said one day to his wife, "June is one of the finest girls I have ever met, there is not one bit of deceit in her nature, she is just as you see her, kind, loving and——"

"Oh stop that talk about June, you make me tired," she snapped, "Why didn't you marry her, if she is such a grand creature."

"Why you know sweetheart, I was not acquainted with her until just before we were married," he teasingly said.

Cecil loved his wife, but he was not blind to her selfish nature. Next day Harold said to Cecil,

"By the way, who is Mrs. McKory having in tonight?"

"Oh just a few friends I think."

"Did you get Miss Shiloh to promise to be over Cecil? She is one swell girl and I want to see her often if I can."

"She is Harold, girls like June don't grow on bushes, she is one in a thousand. I think she will be over tonight. Mrs. McKory said at noon that she would go over after dinner and persuade her to come but I warn you Harold not to see too much of her, for she is what she calls an engaged girl, and she seems very proud of her engagement, and I think Rex and she are very much wrapped up in each other. Alderson is a fine fellow too."

"Oh yes Cecil, engaged is not married, and I assure you that I am certainly going to make a try for that fair sister-in-law of yours, you know everything is fair in love and war," replied Harold.

So that evening to Harold's delight, June was there when he arrived. Lily had arranged that Harold and June were partners that evening and if he thought he fancied her the first time he met her, he was certain that he loved her now.

"I am so glad winter is coming at last and the dances are starting. It seems about a hundred years since I have been to a dance in the city and I am so glad Cecil is fond of dancing," said Lily.

"Don't anyone go near the piano and start a dance tune or I will not be able to stay at these cards a moment longer," said June.

"Why are you so fond of dancing?" asked Mr. Maitland.

"Oh yes, I dearly love to dance, I don't remember a time when I couldn't dance, I used to dance out in the yard in our home village, when I was a little kid, I used to hear the music in the house and when we lived in New York, Fred and Joe used to take me to a dancing school and I have had ever so many lessons, I don't say I am a good dancer though, by any means, I am simply saying that I love to dance."

"I will be your judge Miss Shiloh. I know we are all going to meet at Mrs. Donaldson's ball next week," he said.

"Will you be going there," Junette asked in surprise, "Why Mr. Maitland I thought you belonged to the four hundred, in fact, I know you do, won't this be lowering your lordship," she jokingly asked.

"Now Miss Shiloh, you are poking fun at me and I don't think that it is a bit fair."

"Oh, I humbly apologize," she mockingly said, "You know you owe me something as I have been such a good partner tonight, you have made a couple of mistakes and I never called you down, and I know we lost that last game because you bid so high and I played so foolishly," she laughed.

So the evening passed and Mr. Maitland asked to take Junette home as Rex was not there. Lily had seen to that.

"I am so glad you are going to that ball Miss Shiloh," he said on their way home. "I'm fond of dancing also, may I ask if you have promised to go with anyone?"

"Oh yes I always go with Rex you know."

It was well that it was dark and she could not see the disappointed look in his face.

"Then may I ask for the second dance?"

"Won't you wait till you see the program?" she teased, "or are you taking pity on me for fear I will not get my program filled?"

"Oh no, I know better than that, but promise me the second dance. Miss Shiloh will you promise?"

"Yes, sure I will promise and I will make a bargain with you Mr. Maitland; if you are not a good dancer I will tell you right after the dance is over and I won't dance with you again, and if I am not a good dancer you tell me the same, and then we will never never dance together again, is that a bargain?"

"Now Miss Shiloh, I wonder if you mean to be unjust, I don't like to promise because after the first dance is over you might say, 'you're not a good dancer, I won't dance with you again.'"

"No, no," said Junette, "I always play fair, seeing that you are in doubt about me, shows that you do not know me."

The bargain was made as they neared home. Next day Junette had at once started to make plans for a new dress for the coming affair.

"Florence," she said, "I simply must have a new dress. Lily will be wild if I don't look just so, I think I will get some flesh colored chiffon and some of the pearl trimming we saw in Robinson's, and I have nearly a week to make it and I know I could make it in less time than that, but my slippers worry me. Florence, if I clean them real well once more do you think they'll do?"

"Why of course they'll do a dozen times yet, you are so fussy about your clothes June."

"Don't snap at me like that Florence dear, don't you feel well?"

"No I don't, my head aches."

"Lie down, dear, and I'll bathe it for you, you have fully an hour before dinner."

"No it will wear off before long I guess."

"Florence what are you going to wear to the ball, your pale green dress, I just love it on you."

"Yes you would like me to wear my old green one and you talk about getting a new pink or flesh colored one."

"Oh Florence you are not fair, you know that I have nothing except my summer dresses, that little blue evening dress I had last winter I wore to death. I should not have given the little dress to Jennie, that I made for Lily's wedding; that would have done me fine all winter, but poor Jennie wanted it so badly and they have quite a lot of dances out in the country in the winter and she only has her wedding dress for occasions like that. Believe me, I know how it goes on the farm. Joe might have promised her a whole lot but when it comes to buying her a little evening dress he will say, 'Oh you don't need that out here my dear, buy something that will wear longer.' Jennie is a darling, I just love her, she is just my age and when we first went out on that homestead the fun we used to have and just think, now she is married to my own brother. I don't begrudge her the dress, but I do wish I had another one like it. Let me see Florence, you have five evening dresses haven't you?"

"Yes I have but they are all old and no good."

"But we could fix them all over like new, you know; you know my little blue dress, I had to alter and fix it over nearly every time I wore it last winter, to make it hang together, and it still looks nice."

"Oh that is just because you are so fussy with your clothes, you wouldn't wear it looking the same twice."

"Well Florence I will help you fix your evening dresses over, you seem to think I am so good at it, no one would know they are fixed over dresses, I will guarantee that, with a little new trimming."

"No I don't want to fix them over, if I go at all I will have a new dress."

"Good for you Florence, I wish I could buy new ones whenever I liked, but it is one thing to buy what you like and another to make your money stretch over what you want."

"Well you don't need to now, didn't you say Lily offered to buy you a dress for this ball?"

"Yes she did but what do you take me for, do you think I live on other people's charity, I would not accept a thing from Lily or dad or anyone else."

"If you weren't so high strung June, you could have a couple of these dresses of mine and fix them over for yourself."

"No thank you, my lady, the days are past when I used to wear somebody else's cast-off clothes. I have had too much of that already. Clothes that my sister didn't want any more, mother

always thought they were just lovely for me, unfortunately for me we were very much the same size and build, and Lily declared her clothes fitted me to a T, although in some of the things I just looked as if they were thrown on me."

CHAPTER IX.

"I will never forget," June went on, "One time how mean I felt at a dance out on the home-stand. Lily got a lovely little maize colored dress, and her cast-off came to me of course. My brothers were taking us this time, and she got all swelled up and really looked like a doll, and I in a rage dressed in her cast-off dress. I was wild, but couldn't say much or else I would have had to stay at home, and so I had to smile and pretend I was pleased. The dance happened to be at Mrs. Black's and she always had such a big crowd because her house was big. Well when we got there a big crowd was there already, and some of them came out to help us get out of the rig, and when Lily took her things off they went into raptures over her. 'Oh Lily Shiloh how beautiful your dress is, how swell you do look, why Lily you out-shine us all,' and more guests were coming as they turned and twisted her, for she was a dainty looking creature. Well of course I had my girl friends and we were still in the room and I was fussing over my hair and I knew that I, too, would be a surprise for of all the old dresses I ever wore, this one fitted me the worst, so I went out, there was quite a crowd in the big room by now, and they were just going to start the dance," Junette paused a moment and then continued.

"I walked right in the middle of the floor and mockingly bowed in all directions then laughed and merrily said, 'I too have a new dress will you

please admire it as you all recognize it's Lily's old one, and it is too big for me but it's the newest, grandest and swellest thing I have got" of course they all took it for a joke just as I had planned they should, for I was really afraid to venture in the room without some explanation, you know I was only fifteen, but I was tall enough to be eighteen, and you remember Jim Wilson, where we had tea when we drove out to the wedding?"

"Yes I remember Mr. Wilson," said Florence.

"Well he came and grabbed me off the floor and said, 'So this is your newest, swellest gown is it Junnie, well we are going to honor it by starting the dance with the queen of the ball' you know Jim was so well liked by everybody out there and we certainly did open the dance, or the ball as he called it, and Florence, I forgot my dress and everything else, I just had a good time, I had a ripping good time, but I wish you could have heard the lecture I got from mother the next day when Lily told her what I had said; but of course they couldn't spoil that evening because it was past and gone and as for the lecture it didn't hurt either because they were always lecturing me."

"Oh June, you really must have been a case, I can imagine you and Mrs. McKory trying to get along in the same house, it was good for you that your brothers were on your side."

"Yes my brothers always called me their pal. Fred especially because there were only two years difference between us. Now Florence dear shall we go out this afternoon and try and buy some material for our dresses."

They decided they would hurry with their work and go out to do their shopping and the days that followed were certainly busy ones for Junette. Florence bought material and took it to her swell dressmaker and had a beautiful evening dress made.

June manufactured her own, and when Rex called evenings she would put him to work pulling out basting threads or counting out the pearls to see how many she could put in each place.

The night of the grand ball came at last and June looked beautiful in her little dress. She had dyed her slippers to match her flesh colored stockings. Rex told her that she looked like his fairy queen.

"I am glad you like it Rex, I don't care about anyone else."

When they were waltzing around she asked him.

"Tell me truly Rex, am I dressed as well as the rest or do I look like a working girl. Lily says I do."

"My darling," he assured her, "you look better than any one here in this hall tonight. Junette don't make me tell you again how perfect you look, you are perfect in every way."

"I am so glad Rex, you know everybody says you are the handsomest man in Winnipeg."

"Now Junnie none of your taffy talk."

"Oh I have heard them, and they can't understand why such a swell looking man with such a good start in business as you have should pick up with a poor working girl when you could pick and choose among the best of girls in Winnipeg."

"Who says that Junnie dear?"

"Oh never mind I just know it, but if it eases you to know and to make you feel sure they said it, Mrs. Turner and her friend Mrs. Wallace were talking and this was their pleasant conversation that I couldn't help hearing."

"Not very flattering for me was it, don't pay any attention to them dear, while they are pulling us to pieces they are leaving someone else alone."

When the first dance was over Mr. Maitland came to claim Junette for the promised dance.

"I'm so glad I had the promise of this dance beforehand," he said, "may I look at your program now, Oh Miss Shiloh your program is just about filled."

"No I don't think so there are two more left."

"May I have those two please?"

"Oh that wouldn't be fair that would give you three, you know I'm not thinking about myself, the pleasure would be all mine to have them. I'm thinking of the other young ladies, who would be honored by a dance with you."

"I certainly must be a joke to you Miss Shiloh, for you are always poking fun at me."

"No, no, you are wrong, I would get down in sackcloth and ashes and humbly apologize."

"Alright I'll accept your apology but may I have the dances?"

"You may have one more, because I just saw Jack come in, and I must keep one for him."

"You are very considerate of others; would you be considerate of me; would you save a dance on your program for me if I was not here?"

"Are you ready to listen to a lecture?" she teased on.

"Yes, I'm willing to listen to anything."

"Well then, when I have known you as long as I have known Jack I promise to save you a dance, yes, even two."

Then the band started and they glided off.

"Now for our bargain," she said "you may not get the other dance at that."

They chatted till the dance was over.

"Oh, we only just started, why did they make this one so short?" said Mr. Maitland. "Why Miss Shiloh, you're a lovely dancer, I don't remember when I've had a partner like you before."

"Now, it's you that's poking fun at me, to punish you I won't say a word about your dancing, only that you may have the other dance that you marked on my program."

As all good things come to an end, so did this ball, and they found themselves in a carriage homeward bound.

"Junnie dear, I don't need to ask you, I know you've had a glorious time."

"I did Rex. Oh, I did. But what about you dear, you were more quiet than usual, you didn't dance very much; why didn't you?" she waited for a reply.

"I didn't feel like dancing tonight," he said.

"Why Rex that's not like you, dear."

"June, don't you think Mr. Maitland took too much of your time this evening?"

"Yes, really Rex, I think he did. What should I have done? You know any time Lily

was anywhere near me she warned me to be sure and be nice to him. I wish he wouldn't come among our set, he doesn't belong among us."

"Well he certainly spoilt my evening."

"Rex, I'm sorry dear, why didn't you tell me that earlier in the evening. I'm so selfish and had such a good time that I did not notice anything else. I noticed that you were rather quiet this evening and asked you why, but you said nothing. But, Rex, I don't want Mr. Maitland or any one else to spoil your evenings. Tell me what I should have done, or what should I do in the future, if he should happen to be at one of the dances?"

"Forget that I mentioned it darling. It was selfish of me to say anything, I want you to have a good time, and never mind me."

"You don't think for a moment that I could have a good time if you were not?"

"June, my darling, tell me do you really love me better than anyone else, that's all that matters?"

She certainly assured him with every loving word she knew that he was the dearest thing in the world to her, and he was satisfied.

Time went on. The time for the wedding was near at hand. Their bungalow was finished and partly furnished, and the pleasure they both had planning their new home cannot be described in words. Their wedding was to be at Mrs. McKorey's house, and the Shiloh family were coming in for it.

In the meantime Lily had many little entertainments at her house, and June met Mr. Mait-

land oftener than she wished. One day the conversation turned to horses, and June went into raptures telling how she loved horses.

"When I think of the many good times and rides I had on the farm I wish I was back there; that's about the only thing I miss in the city."

"Why Miss Shiloh, I didn't know you were fond of riding. You know Dad and my brother and I are a little dippy about horses. As Cecil knows we always have some very nice horses in the stable; it would give me great pleasure if I could take you out. Do you really prefer horse-back riding to driving?"

"Oh yes by far," then glancing at Rex she said, "of course I wouldn't go out in the city; you know farm horses are the only ones I am used to," trying to back out of the conversation she had let herself into.

No matter what they said, she said she was afraid of city horses.

"Junette, I never knew you to be afraid of a horse in your life, what is getting into you; city horses are not any different than country horses," said Lily.

But not knowing what to say she stuck to it, and repeatedly told them that she was afraid of city horses and would not go on one, although she knew that there was not a horse that she would not ride, and Rex admired her holding her own, and he did not forget to tell her so when they were alone.

"I am glad the wedding is coming off next month," he thought. Junette insisted on staying at the hotel until the week before the wedding.

It was exactly two weeks before the wedding when they received a telegram for Lily and June to come home at once. Mrs. Shiloh was dying, and Lily was sick in bed at the time, but said she would be out just as soon as the doctor would allow her, but June left for the farm at once. When she got there Mrs. Shiloh was very low; she didn't recognize June, and if she spoke at all she only whispered "Lily."

For days she hovered between life and death. June never left her side. At last the doctor told them the crisis was over, and she was out of danger but for days as she lay, she scarcely knew whether she was breathing or not.

Poor June was only the shadow of herself from anxious watching at the bedside of her mother. When the morning of her proposed wedding day dawned bright and beautiful.

"This was to be my wedding day," June said over and over again to herself. When her father came softly into the room he took her in his arms and covered her with kisses.

"June, my little girl, this was to have been your wedding day; you look more like a corpse than a bride, you must lie down dear. Mrs. Black and Mrs. Bell can look after your mother, for today, anyway you must have some rest."

June hoped to the very last that something would happen and her wedding would not have to be postponed but now all hope was gone.

"Let me go out daddy, I can't lie down, I must go out," she said softly crying, and when she got to the dining-room Mrs. Black just came in with a dainty breakfast tray for her."

"Dear Mrs. Black take it away, I can't touch food; I must get out into the air or I will choke," and she went out and sat in the garden. How long she sat there she did not know, till suddenly Fred had her in his arms saying, "now don't cry any more little sister, I'll hitch up and take you for a drive, will you go?"

"Yes Fred, but I will be a poor companion for you today." So they drove for miles in silence. Fred at first tried conversation, but seeing that it annoyed her he fell into her mood.

"I'll tell you what we'll do Junnie," he suddenly said, "we'll drive to Mrs. Jenkins and have lunch there and bring Gracy back with us."

"No Fred, I don't want to go anywhere; I don't want to get out of the sleigh, I never like a wedding postponed, something is always sure to happen, and if anything were going to happen between Rex and me I would rather die right now."

"You've had too much of that sick room dear, nothing is going to happen, you're just fanciful. They had no business leaving you in there so much, why you've hardly had your clothes off in all the two weeks you've been here."

"Yes and the worst of it is that I don't seem to do any good, mother lays there like a corpse, she never moves unless we move her and she never speaks unless she whispers, 'Lily,' and I wrote and told Lily that, and I know she could be here if she wanted to, she is not as sick as all that."

"No," Fred said, "Lily would be here if there was a party going on but a sick room is not much

to her liking. I suppose she'll be out when mother is up and able to wait on her."

"How is it, Fred, that neither you nor I are extra fond of Lily and everybody else is?"

"No, everybody is not so fond of her as you think."

"Oh Fred, I know why you want to go to Mrs. Jenkins, I forgot dear about Grace, yes she is a nice girl, and I admire your taste, I've changed my mind."

And Fred always being glad to go to Jenkin's for Grace's sake, was grateful to June. The dogs barked when they saw who drove up to the house and the whole family came out to greet them, for the Shiloh's were always welcome guests; they took June in the house, but Fred called Mrs. Jenkins pretending to ask her where to put the horse.

"Mrs. Jenkins, do cheer June up if you possibly can, and insist on her staying the rest of the day, will you please? If we don't get her mind cheered up we'll have her sick as well."

Mrs. Jenkins, too glad to do so, went in, and they had a pleasant day. When they were getting ready to go home, Mrs. Jenkins herself suggested that Grace should go with them, and Grace blushed when she looked at Fred, but seemed delighted, then she said to June.

"But won't I annoy you June?"

"I should say not, I would enjoy your company, we need someone lively like you in our house now, even the boys have learnt to talk in a whisper."

On the way home Junette had scarcely a word to say, but Grace and Fred chatted on, and June

was glad to be left alone. It had snowed a little during the day and as they neared home Fred said,

"The doctor must be there I see tracks of his cutter and no return tracks."

"I wonder if we should change doctors," said Junette, "I mentioned it to daddy, but he thinks such a lot of Dr. Fost. He said if he couldn't do anything for mother no one could; still I don't like the way she is getting along."

"Well you know June, he was fighting death four days and four nights, he never left the house."

As they neared the house there was a cutter alright but it certainly wasn't Dr. Fost's old cutter, it was a swell livery rig.

"Who in the world is here, I wonder if Lily came," said June.

But they weren't left in doubt very long, the cutter hadn't stopped when Rex stepped up to it, Mr. Shiloh and Iris after him. June couldn't speak. He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again, at last he whispered, "Are you glad to see me?" She could not answer but just clung to him. Fred knew who it was though he had never met Mr. Alderson; he jumped out of the cutter and Mr. Shiloh helped Gracie out and also took the reins from Fred, then Fred said,

"I know who you are, you're Rex, and I'm Fred and I'm glad you came. Rex that's one of the best things for my little sister that you could possibly have done."

"Yes, to look at June it seems as if it were time I came; what have you done, she has not been ill herself has she?" Rex asked.

Junette found her voice and said, "no I haven't been ill Rex, I'm alright, but why did you not tell me you were coming?"

"I meant this for a surprise darling," he replied, "but I had no idea that the surprise would be on me. Why Junie you don't look fit to stand up," and he lead her into the house.

When they got into the sitting room, Mrs. Black couldn't realize that it was June, she told her that she was glad she was looking so bright and cheerful.

"How's mamma," was the first thing June said to her.

"She's just as you left her this morning, she hasn't moved. The doctor was here and he said that she was doing as well as could be expected and with care she would pull through."

Rex thought the Shiloh's were great, and he was so glad that he had come out there and got acquainted with them all, he admired every thing about the place, their cattle and horses, and being in the machine business himself he took particular notice of the machinery and was surprised to see the large outfit they had.

"Boys you are certainly great managers. It would be well for the farmers if more of them would have sheds for their machinery like your dad has, I notice that more particular of course, but I've driven out in the country and seen the farmers leave their mower in the field just where they used it last or else scattered around the yard where they are destroyed in no time."

"Yes," said Fred, "Dad always says that it pays to build a proper shed for the machinery."

June flew around the house, she was an excellent cook and certainly showed it. Mrs. Shiloh was very slowly getting better, so after a week had passed, Rex went back to the city.

"It will be many weeks," June told him at the station, "before I can come in. Mother is getting better, I am glad to say, but the neighbors have done their very best for us so far, and we must not expect too much of them; they have each neglected their own house I know, and we have only done the most necessary things ourselves. I will stay until mother is her own self again, and have the work done up ahead for her."

"Now that I have seen you dear I don't mind so much how long you stay," said Rex.

"You don't know how glad I was that you came out."

"Yes darling, and I would have come sooner had I known you were so worried, and when you come back dear, we'll make our plans all over again," and she smiled.

"Call and tell Lily exactly how mother is."

CHAPTER X.

AFTER a couple of weeks passed, Jones a neighbor came over one evening, and told Jim Shiloh that he had sold some of his stock.

"There is a fool of a cattle buyer here from town and he pays prices that I never heard of before. I knew you had an awful lot and I sent him over here, in fact he inquired about you."

"Yes I could sell a lot but you know last fall the prices were so low that we decided to keep them till spring, but if he pays my price he can have them, if not he can't."

Next day he talked it over with the boys and they were glad to get rid of them.

"It means a lot of work to feed twenty or twenty-five head that we do not need," said the boys.

That very afternoon the new cattle buyer drove over, the men folks met him in the yard and he at once went to the point, Fred and John could not help looking at each other at the prices he offered, and instead of selling twenty-five head like they were going to they sold thirty-five head, after the bargain was made Jim Shiloh in his usual hospitality way asked him to stay for supper and he said that he would be pleased to.

"In fact I meant to ask you to put me up while I'm around the neighborhood, I know both of your daughters and son-in-law very well."

"Yes," Jim Shiloh beamed "my son-in-law knows so many business people in Winnipeg, he is well acquainted, and you know June too," he asked in surprise.

"Yes I have met her at Mrs. McKory's house quite often, you know Mr. McKory is our manager, and a friend of mine."

"Your manager, well has he left Maitlands," Jim Shiloh asked surprised.

"No I am one of the Maitlands."

"You're a Maitland, well how in the world does it happen that you are a cattle buyer," and Jim in his blunt honest way had to know all particulars, "have you gone into the cattle business as well?"

"Oh no, I just saw a chance to do this on the side. No, really Mr. Shiloh I'll tell you what I'm doing, I'm stocking a ranch away out west, and I had heard that this district was going into wheat more than cattle and I thought I would run out here and buy some of the cattle up."

• When they got to the house, as usual they went in the back door. Mrs. Black and Junette were washing, when she saw Maitland she could have dropped through the floor and before ever she greeted him she said,

"Oh daddy, why didn't you go around to the front door, you knew we were washing. What in the world brings you here," she asked turning to Mr. Maitland.

"That's not a very welcome greeting," he smilingly said to June, "are you cross because I interrupted you in your work, if so I'll turn right

in and help you. I'm a dandy at the washing machine."

"No thanks, we are just finished with the washing, but oh I'm so ashamed that you should find us in this condition; but just come into the parlor," and she lead the way, "and the men folks can entertain you while I finish up," and she hurried back to the kitchen. "Oh Mrs. Black, this is terrible that he should find us in such a condition he is such a swell. Why he is Cecil's boss."

"Well Junnie, don't worry, you look alright, just slip off your big apron and put on a little white one and you look fit to entertain anybody, and the house is just as clean as it possibly can be; you go in and talk to him for a little while. I'll finish up."

"No, no, Mrs. Black, I can't go in, I wouldn't know what to say, let the boys and dad entertain him, and I'm sure we'll have to ask him to stay for supper and Mrs. Black, what in the world could we get for supper."

"Child, I don't know what is the matter with you, it's easy enough to get supper in this house for a dozen extra ones, with a cellar full of all kinds of preserves imaginable and vegetables and eggs and quantities of butter and cream in your milk house, I don't know of anyone who has the quantity of meat and fowls hanging up like you folks have every winter."

"Yes it's the meat I'm thinking of, it's all frozen and the roast we had for dinner, there is not enough of it left for supper" and she ran into the pantry to inspect, "and besides cold roast beef isn't much of a supper for a swell like him."

"Yes it's just fine," said Mrs. Black, "your mother has all kinds of homemade pickles in the cellar with vegetables and preserves and cake, it's good enough for anybody."

Junette looked in the cake box and saw that there was cake enough, just then Fred came in.

"Fred were you in to see mother?" June asked.

"Yes, she's asleep, Mrs. Wells said she would come out to the kitchen and help you in a minute."

"Fred, will we have to have Mr. Maitland for supper; don't you think I could make a little lunch now and that would save us having him for supper."

"Why little sister since when have you gotten to be so stingy as to send anyone away without a good hearty meal."

"It's not that Fred, but I don't know what to make."

"You're always so crazy about fried chicken, why don't you fry some chicken."

"Yes I know but they are all frozen, all the meat is frozen, we usually get enough in in the evening for the next day and for ourselves we have enough in for supper."

Fred knew what she meant but he jokingly said, "well he surely isn't such a big eater, that there won't be enough for him, I won't take any meat and he can have my share," he laughed.

"Fred stop teasing me, I'm serious, what can we do?"

"Well June seeing that you are really worried you might as well have your worries over all at once, Mr. Maitland is going to stay here, at this

house, with us, while he is in the neighborhood, so if you worry that much over one meal, what are your worries going to be like for a few days."

"Fred don't tease me please," she said, as she flew around straightening up the kitchen.

"No honest June I cross my heart, I'm not teasing you this time, and you can put me right to work, I'll kill a calf or a sheep or an ox or a chicken," he laughed as he rolled up his sleeves.

"Dad made an awful good deal with him, and I guess he thinks Maitland is just the stuff, I guess he thinks he'll throw in his grub for a few days in the bargain."

Junette realized that Fred was not joking, but that Maitland was really going to stay there a few days, and for a while her mind worked rapidly.

"I guess it won't be as bad as it seemed at first," she said, "if he is buying cattle he will be away nearly all the time, so we are back to the supper again, supper is the worst, oh I know what I'll do, I'll make a cup of tea now and then that will give us time to make a decent supper."

"Now Junie, you're normal again," Fred said, "I never saw you in a situation that you could not handle."

And Mrs. Black said "yes June that is a good idea, and by far the best."

"But I'll see first," June said leaving the room, "He may drive out and not have time for tea."

But Maitland had no intentions of driving out again. When she came in the sitting room and asked him if he would join them in a cup of tea as they would not have supper till late, he gladly accepted saying that he was starved, it was either

being out in the air so much or else he had a poor dinner, he did not know which made him so hungry.

"Where did you have dinner?" said June not because she was curious, but for the sake of having something to say."

"At Martin's, Tom Martin I believe," he said.

"That's the poorest place in the neighborhood to have a meal," said Jim Shiloh, "wait till you see our little June cook a meal," but he couldn't say any more for Junette was up to him and put her hand over his mouth and said, "will you stop using my name in vain bragging," and then turning to Mr. Maitland she said, "have you your evening clothes with you, you know we dress for dinner here," she joked. Mr. Maitland said he hadn't, but would borrow one from her brothers.

"Yes," said June, "I know that they have two or three spare ones each, but all joking aside Mr. Maitland, this is the poorest place in the neighborhood that you could have come to stay right now, we're just common rough farmers at anytime, and especially now that mother is sick we try to keep the house quiet; usually we are continually laughing and joking, but there hasn't been much laughing lately."

"Don't look so serious little woman, you'll drive Mr. Maitland out and he'll think that we do not want him to stay with us," her father chipped in.

But Mr. Maitland said that they should not fuss about him; that he had stayed at farms before and enjoyed them.

When Junette got back to the kitchen she

found that Fred had the clothes out on the line, and Mrs. Black had the kitchen in tip-top order.

"Oh you darling Mrs. Black," she said when she saw the kettle boiling, "yes they will have tea, and now I know exactly what to have for supper."

"What have you decided on, dear?"

"We'll get John or Fred to kill some of those late chickens, they will be quicker cleaned than the others, and we'll fry them in butter with cream gravy, and I'll get Fred to milk a cow early and we can use the fresh milk for cream tomato soup, we shouldn't put all the milk through the separator, we should leave a pitcherfull out for occasions like this, I don't think skimmed milk is good enough for soup do you Mrs. Black? When I was home last fall, I put up a lot of peas and beans they were ripening so fast and I wonder if there are any left?" and she at once went down to see, and found a number of sealers of them; she brought up the beans and peas, homemade pickles and a sealer of strawberry jam.

"Now surely this will be alright," she said to Mrs. Black, "and there is an apple pie still in the pantry from dinner we'll warm that up and if I haven't time to make another I'll just whip a lot of cream and have preserves with cream and cake for desert, don't you think that will do Mrs. Black?"

"Yes, and cooked the way you cook it dear, it will be fit for a king."

"Well he's not a king by any means," she rattled on as she was getting the tea things out, "but believe me, they cut quite a figure in Winnipeg, I guess they can't climb any higher, there,

than they are, there are only the old folks and him at home, but his mother keeps three or four maids besides a man or two around the house, whatever they do I don't know."

"He's not such a swell looking man himself," said Mrs. Black, "you can't compare him with Mr. Alderson," and June put her arms around Mrs. Black and said,

"Oh don't you think I'm lucky to have a man like Rex stuck on me? in love with me I should say, I am very rude to use such slang," she mocked, "but when I'm married and you come to Winnipeg, Rex and I will take you to see everything that is to be seen in that town. Isn't it strange, Mrs. Black, that you have known me ever since I was born and now you have met the man that I'm going to marry, it's a blessing that we came out here or I would never have met Rex," not waiting for an answer she flew back and forth between the kitchen and dining-room.

I don't know if flew is the proper name for it, but when June was in a hurry you could not hear her walk, you could just see her here and there. When they were all waited on she said she would have her tea with her mother, but Mrs. Black wouldn't hear of it and said to June,

"You stay here and I'll go and have tea with your mother."

"I'm sorry to put you to this extra work Miss Shiloh," said Harold Maitland.

"Oh it's all over now, when first you came I didn't know what to do, but now I guess it won't turn out so bad, we will make your stay as pleasant as we possible can. Mrs. Black has already

suggested that tomorrow night, we go over to her house for a game of cards, that's the beauty of our neighborhood, every body here is everybody's friend, in the day time I suppose you will be quite busy."

"Yes," he said, "your brother John has kindly offered to take me around, he knows the people that have cattle to sell."

So days passed. Mr. Maitland was no trouble to entertain, in fact he entertained the rest. Gracie Jenkins helped June with the work and Mrs. Black stayed with Mrs. Shiloh.

"I'll take the worry off your mind about your mother," she said to June, "Gracie and you are better with that city cooking than I am," and the boys saw that there were always some young folks in for cards in the evenings. So five days passed. June said to her father one morning,

"Daddy surely there can't be any more cattle around this neighborhood, when is Maitland going back to town?"

"Why Junnie, I thought you and Gracie enjoyed his company, and now you talk as if you are ready to turn him out."

"Oh I didn't mind having him for a little while, but I don't want him to hang around here forever, and daddy when he leaves, I want you to charge him regular hotel prices, he has had the best of everything and now he can pay the same as if he was at a hotel."

"June, I didn't think of charging him a cent, there isn't a fellow in the world that would pay me the prices that he did. John and Fred were

willing to help drive the cattle in, but he won't hear of it without pay."

"Well so he should pay them, he can well afford it, and daddy if you are not going to charge him when he goes away, I'm going to make out a bill myself and give it to him when he goes. The money you got for that stock now, I bet every dollar bill has a place and you know just where to put it, and there will be mother's doctor bill and a hundred other things and he's had our spare room all the time to himself, and the rooms in the city are not any better, they are certainly not any cleaner and the meals he gets here are better than the ones he gets at a hotel. I should know, I've served them long enough, so remember dad, that if you don't make him pay I will and you can't fool me if he is gone and I find out that he hasn't paid, I'll send him in the bill."

Jim Shiloh knew very well that he was not going to charge him anything, but Junette would not have had to worry, when the time came for Mr. Maitland to leave he gave Mr. Shiloh a cheque that very much surprised Jim, but argue as he would Mr. Maitland insisted on him keeping it while they were still talking Fred brought the sleigh to the door and Mr. Maitland was off for the day. When they got home that afternoon, Fred said that they are having a dance at Anderson's and he had promised to bring the girls, and Mr. Maitland was delighted to think that he would be able to go to one of their dances.

"Now I'll be able to judge for myself, whether your dances are as good as you say they are," he said turning to June and Grace.

"They are good," staunchly defended June, "but you won't enjoy them as we do."

"There would certainly be something wrong with me if I couldn't enjoy things that you folks enjoy."

She hesitated, swift thought passed through her mind, should she persuade Fred to stay at home, what would he think of their country dances. "Mother is alright," she thought, "but Anderson's house above all the rest is so small, I wonder what he will think of us," then she said aloud,

"I don't think we had better go, for I know Mr. Maitland would not enjoy it and we could have cards at home."

"What's getting into you Junie, not go to a dance, what would Anderson's think of us," said Fred, "you know Mr. Maitland, in this neighborhood, when anybody gives anything, everybody turns out, that's a rule we made long ago."

"Yes and a very good one, please Miss Shiloh, don't think of backing out as I would be so disappointed if I could not go to just one of your dances."

"Well it's you I'm thinking about, if you'll enjoy it we certainly will. Alright then," she smiled, "it's decided, we're going, and since Fred told you one of the rules that we made long ago, I'm going to tell you another that we made long ago."

"I'll be pleased to hear any of your rules."

"When there is a dance on, we all have to join in the work as we have to leave here early and everybody helps one another, visitors included," she laughed, "and if the boys are done with the

chores first they come and help us in the kitchen, if we're done in the house first we go out and help them with the chores."

"What a splendid rule," Mr. Maitland said, "I think I'm going to turn right in, in the house. I think I can cook supper and set the table easier than I could do chores."

"Alright," she challenged, "and I'll go out and help Fred with the chores."

So joking back and forth she started to set the supper table, John came into the room and said,

"We'll all get into the big sleigh, I'll put lots of hay in the bottom and plenty of blankets, because it's bitterly cold out."

Junette was just about to reply, "Oh no we won't do nothing of the kind," but cast a mischievous glance at Mr. Maitland and said,

"Now you see what you are up against, you'll have to drive with the common folks, in the same sleigh."

"Oh that will be glorious," he said.

"Yes," said John, "and when we pass Black's place, they are usually ready just to jump into their own sleigh and then the noise does start properly, we shout back and forth and always keep close enough together so that we can sing snatches of the same song."

"Boys it seems that we are not hurrying very much if there is a dance tonight," said Junette.

"That's a gentle hint for us to get out," laughed Fred.

"Well," she saucely answered, "You know the rules."

When the boys had gone June turned to Grace saying, "I don't care if he won't have a good time, he has no business to come, and we'll have a good time won't we dear, I just love these country dances."

Gracie said she did, for she knew no others.

Everybody certainly had a good time, and Mr. Maitland assured them that he had a better time at this dance than any he had ever been to in the city. June was a good electioneer and she gave one of her best recitations that night, and when Maitland was sitting alone with her he complimented her on her reciting.

"Miss Shiloh, how many more hidden charms have you? I'm always finding out something new and wonderful about you. You are certainly a wonderful girl, you grace not only a drawing room but——"

Here she stopped him, "now none of your flattering, I allow none of my friends to flatter me, because I think it's such bad form, if there is any praise coming to a person, I don't think it should come to their face, from a friend any way," Then at a loss for words she hesitated. "Oh I can't explain myself, I know what I mean but I can't put it into words, you know at the hotel," she went on, "I come in contact with so many men and I've strongly made up my mind to pay no attention to any of them, or their speeches."

"But Miss Shiloh, do you think that is fair," he pleaded, "I have tried to be one of your best friends, and you always keep me at a distance."

"Well that's right, you don't belong to our class. It's my duty to keep you at a distance, and

what's more than that, you seem to want plain speech, and I'll just give it to you. You know your station is away above ours and I don't think you are a gentleman to try and mix in with us; harm can only come by mixing in like that, not to me mind you," she added, "for I know my mind, and besides I am engaged to Rex and will soon be married; but there are other girls with perhaps not such a strong mind, but lovely girls just the same, well you mix with us and flatter them just as you tried to flatter me, and what else can they think but that you care for them, especially these country girls, they are less experienced with your flattering city manners and they might get foolish thoughts in their heads, and I don't think it's fair to them, because they have been happy in the company of the young men of their own class."

When she saw that he was going to interrupt her she said, "please wait, I'm not finished, you think I don't know what I'm speaking about, but I do; take Grace Jenkins for instance, she's been at the house ever since you've been here and she is very much in love with my brother Fred; that I know, and though she is one of the very best girls in the world, I know it wouldn't take much of your flattering to turn her head and you of course would laugh and say what a fool she had been to take you up seriously, and would go on your way. It would be broken off between Fred and herself, or any other couple and both of them would be very unhappy, whereas if you'd had left them alone with your idle flattering words, they would have gone on their way, happy and content. Now if I hurt your feelings, Mr. Maitland, I'm sorry, but you said you tried to be my real friend; well

then that's the way I talk to my real friends and that's the way I want them to talk to me. If they see me do anything they don't approve of that's the way I want them to talk to me and call me down, then I will see my mistakes and try and do better, but if they are only these fair weather friends and come around with fair flattering words all the time, you see I would never be told of my mistakes."

"Miss Shiloh, when you started you said you were at a loss for words to express what you had in mind, and I've listened till you've explained yourself, and I thank you for that speech, I've only just discovered another hidden charm in your brave noble nature; now will you do as much for me and listen to what I have to say."

She nodded assent, "I am ready to listen," and as her partner came up to carry her away she excused herself from that dance.

"Now the very first time that I met you at your sisters," he said, "I thought you were a lovely girl."

"No flattering," she warned.

"No it will be plain speech; and as you noticed I was in your company a good part of that evening and when I was walking home I could not help thinking of you, my mind was just full of you; I made up my mind to win your love and marry you," pausing a moment, then he said,

"A few days after I told Cecil as much; he then told me to my surprise, that you were engaged the blow hurt, because I did not expect that, you are so young and full of life and happiness, and I felt, I don't know why, but I felt that you were

free. But after I got over the first shock, I told Cecil that I would try and win you just the same, that engaged was not married, and everything is fair when a man loves a girl like I love you."

Junette rose, "I will not listen to you, for you are no gentleman to speak to me like that, and to try and come between me and the man I love, I don't know whether it is proper for me to say it or not but I will say it anyway, that I would rather give up my life anytime than Rex."

"Please stay Miss Shiloh. Yes, you must stay for you have to listen to what I have to say, sooner or later, I have got to say it and we might as well have it over tonight, I would also rather give up my life than you. You accuse me of forcing myself into what you call your class, there are no classes for a love like mine, everything is bridged over, no matter what it is, I do seek for invitations to places where you go, I didn't come out here to buy cattle, that was an excuse, I came out here to be near you. As I told you everything is fair and I will not give up trying, I know they call me the fool cattle buyer, when I squander my money, and don't know what I'm buying, perhaps not, but I know what I'm doing, now Miss Shiloh can you forgive me and can you be friends with me?"

"No I couldn't under those circumstances, you are an enemy to Rex and his enemies cannot be my friends. I'm sorry that you told me that, still I prefer plain speech, and if I treat you cooler after this, you will know that I can't do otherwise."

Just then Fred came up, "For heavens sake June, what are you doing, are you teaching Mr.

Maitland that recitation, why not dance tonight and start your lessons tomorrow?"

"No Fred, your sister has been calling me down."

"That's June," said Fred laughing, putting one arm on her shoulder for she was still standing, "that's one of the things we all have to take from her isn't that right, little sister? When she was a child Mr. Maitland mother and Lily lectured her so much that I think she must have saved all those lectures up and as soon as ever she was near grown up, she let them out on others," then someone shouted "two more couple for this set," and Fred said.

"If you two don't dance this the folks will think that you are too good for them, you know that they are very touchy here, that's why I came to you now, someone had asked me if you were not enjoying yourselves."

"I would be pleased to dance this. May I have this one with you Miss Shiloh?"

June hesitated, debating in mind, but finally accepted his arm.

CHAPTER XI.

AS the dance went on Mr. Maitland pleaded for June's friendship.

"Please let's be friends Miss Shiloh, for we will meet at so many places and that will make it so awkward for us, please let's be friends," he said.

Finally she consented, but in her mind she said, "I know how to treat him, sneak that he is, trying to get in between a couple that like one another, and he could pick and choose any of the swell girls in Winnipeg, I don't think it's me he likes so much, I think he must have an old spite against Rex that he is trying to even out, maybe Rex once took a girl away from him and Rex could do it in a minute, because he is a hundred times better looking than this gink, and every inch a gentleman, I guess he thinks just because he has a little money he can push himself in anywhere, well I'll just show him that money makes no difference with me, if he was a millionaire, and Rex a beggar, I'd marry Rex and go begging with him, until we could get a start."

Mr. Maitland was glad that he had won her consent, and the dance went on till morning dawned. As was the rule, breakfast was served and the guests began to depart. John brought an extra shawl from Mrs. Anderson's.

Gracie and June we'll wrap this around you," he said, "when you are in the sleigh, for it's bitterly cold," snow had fallen through the night,

it was biting cold, "and we have a fifteen mile drive ahead of us."

"Oh don't bother about any more wraps, we have oceans of them in the sleigh and after they were comfortable the bays, as if anxious to get them home, out of that cold, speeded down the road.

"I hope you will enjoy this drive the same as I do, I will take my turn driving," said Mr. Maitland.

"We don't drive," said John, "We used to go to dances two and three nights a week in fact every winter all winter long, and we just give them the reins, see I'm covered as snug as the rest of you, don't you suppose we have taught these horses how to take us home in that time, but we haven't gone since mother is sick.

And those horses sure knew how to take them home. Mr. Shiloh had the chores done when they got home and it didn't take Grace and Junette long to have a tempting breakfast on the table. Mr. Shiloh was the last to come in to breakfast.

"I don't think we can drive the cattle in to-day Mr. Maitland," he said, "it looks to me as if we are going to have a regular blizzard. I wouldn't chance driving them in if they were mine, but what do you think about it."

"Well we'll wait and see, I don't know the country, in fact I would be pleased if you would undertake to handle them, hire what men you need and have them loaded as if they were your own, as I told you this is my first experience with cattle, and I don't know the country, whereas you do."

"We can plainly see that there is a blizzard coming and it's not wise for anyone to be out on the prairie if they can help it, we are comfortable here, then why should we risk going out, and perhaps losing some of the cattle, and it's only a matter of a day or two." Maitland was glad that Shiloh had promised to undertake to load the cattle, for he was right when he said he knew nothing about managing cattle. Junette was a perfect hostess, and no one suspected what the conversation between she and Maitland had been, she treating him as her father's honored guest. So two days after the evening of the dance Maitland took his leave, himself, John, Fred and Joe were all on horse back, they took their cattle and gathered others as they went along.

June was as pleasant as ever when she bade him good-bye, and wished him success in his new business.

"I hope before long you'll be the cattle king of the west," she teased.

"And I hope we'll soon see you back in town, if not I'll come and get you," he laughingly teased back.

"You daren't," she said, "there are no more cattle around here."

"But remember where there's a will there's a way."

Then she hurriedly said good-bye, for Iris said, "Junette's mamma is calling you and she hurried into her mother's room.

"Now I can breath free and easy," June said, "Mamma I thought that fellow was never going to leave," and Iris said,

"I'm sorry he's gone, look what he gave me," and she showed June a ten dollar bill. "He said I was to send away for a great big doll, he said mine were too small, he had seen some lovely ones in Winnipeg and that if he thought of it he would send me one and if not I should send for one myself."

"Why you have lots of dolls, and you have no business taking that money," June was displeased, "I hate to have him flash his old money around here," she thought, "we can get along very well without his money, and Iris can get along without his doll," then she said aloud,

"Where is the doll and dishes that Rex bought you?"

"Oh I have them, and showed them to him, and he said that he had seen bigger dolls than that, and he wants me to have one of them."

"Dirty sneak," she thought, "he wants to out-shine Rex in everything, even with a doll."

Mrs. Shiloh was very much better, she could sit up a few minutes at a time.

"Mamma dear, I'm just going to sit here in this room and not move all day, I'm all played out, I've no meals to get, the men are all gone and I have enough chicken broth for you and Iris, and I will just visit the pantry when we're hungry, won't we dear?" but her plan was interrupted, shortly after Mrs. Black came in, "I'm glad you're sitting up Lucy," she greeted her, "I knew you folks were all alone, and I just thought I'd drive over and spend the day with you."

When June went to the door Mrs. Black said,

"I know what you are going to do, but I put the horse in myself."

"Why did you dear, you were so cold, I could easily have done that."

"I'm used to that and besides Junie, I didn't come here to give you any trouble," and Junette arranged the most comfortable chair for her, "this is really just the day to gossip, I feel as if I have bushels to say."

"Oh I pity the poor neighbors today," laughed June, "They are sure going to catch it."

"It's not the neighbors I want to gossip about, it's ourselves, you know we sold fifteen head of young stock to Mr. Maitland, now I'm sorry we sold those in the fall, but there you see my greedy nature, now that we did so well with these I want to do still better."

"Yes, Jim made an awfully good deal with him too," said Mrs. Shiloh.

Junette seated herself with her fancy work in her mother's room, she was embroidering a pair of pillow slips.

"I don't want to join in their conversation," she thought, "they'll be praising that Maitland up to the skies, I guess all I'll hear while I'm here is everybody just singing his praise, I don't care though, let them, I'm not going to listen to them, I'm going to hurry and finish these pillow slips. I have the sheets all embroidered and this is the last pair of pillow slips, won't Rex be surprised when he sees all the fancy work I did for our little home, he just seems to be as crazy about it as I am myself," and she was so wrapped up in her thoughts planning for her future happiness that sure enough she did not hear their conversation.

Then she busied herself getting lunch and so the day passed, the men did not get back till next day, then life went on in its usual way. Mrs. Shiloh was getting better the boys and Junette joked and laughed as usual, they stopped their whispering and their merry voices would ring out in mirth. Next mail brought a letter saying to meet Lily on the following Thursday with plenty of wraps.

"Oh I knew Lily would be out as soon as mother was well," said Fred, "Now, mother mine, you must hurry and get up and wait on your lady daughter when she arrives."

"Fred, how can you talk like that, don't you know she has been ill herself," said Mrs. Shiloh.

"Oh yes, that's why I want you to get up and wait on her when she comes. I know she must have had a serious headache, to keep her away until you'd be up, I know my lady sister and her serious spells of sickness," and Mr. Shiloh said to June,

"Now June I'm going to lay down some laws in this house, and I want them obeyed. When Lily comes home, I want you to take it easy, you've been a slave now for weeks, not only mother's sickness, but the company we've had. Don't wait on Lily as if she is company, for she is no more company here than you are, and I don't want you to wait on her, do you hear me?"

"Well if you think it is going to hurt June to do a few little things for her, I'll just do it myself," angrily snapped Mrs. Shiloh.

"There now, my dear, you are taking me up

wrong, that's why I'm speaking in front of you. June has been, as I said, a slave, that's the proper word, and you, my dear, have a habit of saying when Lily is around, 'Now June do this' or 'June do that,' and Lucy you have always been unjust to June; you have always made her Lily's maid instead of her sister, and this is the first time she has come home since her marriage, and I know that she will be more of a lady in your sight than ever, but Junette shall be her maid no longer; both girls are equally dear to me, but they have not been to you and Junette is just the shadow of herself right now, and we must nurse the roses back to her cheeks before we can let her go back to the city. Now that I know Alderson and know what a fine fellow he is, I will not hear of her going back to be married in Winnipeg, the wedding must be here at home, whenever they decide; how would that suit you Junie?"

"Oh daddy that would be lovely, that would be glorious to have the wedding here at home, among you all, for I hate to have a grand swell affair like Lily wants at her house. Oh daddy, you're a darling," she said, and she put her arms about him and kissed him again and again. "You always know just what I want," and everybody seemed pleased but Mrs. Shiloh, she pouted about her husband's speech.

"Lily knows better about such things," she said, "if she thinks that it will help her standing in society, by having a grand wedding at her own house she should have it."

"Lucy," said Jim Shiloh sternly, "why are you women so unjust to one another, you would

sacrifice another's happiness to satisfy your own selfish whims?"

Then seeing his wife's reproachful glance he hastened to say, "I'm always expressing myself wrongly I guess; I know what I mean and if it's against June's wish she don't need to be married at Lily's house to help her in any society, she can please herself."

One by one they strolled out of the room, leaving their mother and father alone.

After Lily had been home a couple of weeks and Mrs. Shiloh had been up and around, June said that she could easily be spared now.

"You know I left my clothes scattered around everywhere; when I got your telegram I just dressed and took my suitcase and came."

"But you're coming right back?" asked her father and the boys.

"As soon as I possibly can, I haven't much to do in town."

The bays were once more hitched up and Fred took her to the station. Lily had made up her mind that the wedding should be at her place, she said nothing about it to her father, but she told her mother so.

"You know mother, I'm in with quite a few of the ladies that amount to something and they all can be at the wedding and you know how lovely you can describe a wedding in the paper. I will write it up myself and send it in, and Junie will have to see that it is best all around, and I won't make my stay very long this time. June might be back soon."

Of course Mrs. Shiloh agreed to everything. She said that she knew Lily was right in all she said, "And I'll see that she comes and stays with us as soon as ever I get in there and I'll make her realize that it's best not to have the wedding till spring, then I can put it as if my sister had lived with me before her marriage. Junette certainly has disgraced me, in fact disgraced us all; whatever did you let her come to the city at all for mother? Oh I wish I could tell you my schemes, I have great plans in my head, if they would only come true."

"Tell me your plans dear," and perhaps I can help you."

"No I don't think you can mother, if it can be managed at all it is only me that can do it. If Junette wasn't so stubborn, it would be easy but there is no use my talking, you know her yourself."

"Yes she is a stubborn determined child, but what's your plan dear?"

"Well you know Harold Maitland is just stuck on that little fool. Whatever he sees in her I don't know, but it's true all the same. You know this cattle buying was all just a plan of his own to come out and see more of her, if I get her to come and live with me and put the wedding off till spring, say till June, by that time I can arrange to break it off between her and Rex, I'm sure; and once I have it broken off between them I could easily talk her into marrying Maitland. Oh mother, I dream of it day and night, it's never out of my mind. Wouldn't it be grand and glorious if June would marry him, then I would see that Cecil got into the firm and oh, my happiness

would be complete. Look where I would stand then?"

"Why Lily, you talk as if all Junette has got to do is to accept Mr. Maitland, don't let your fancies carry you too far, dear."

"No, no, mother, I'm not, he'd marry her any day, I have it right from Cecil, and in fact he told me so himself, not in so many words, but you know I'm no fool. Evenings when I had people in and she was not there why he was not the same man, he'd just watch the clock and the door, and when she is there he's hardly ever out of her company."

"Yes indeed Lily, it would be a good thing for all of us if she could marry him."

"Could is not the word mother, if she 'would' marry him, but leave it to me and I'll manage it yet."

So she told them that she would have to get back next week; she couldn't leave the maid in the house so long; she hadn't arranged for it; and no one but her mother, was sorry when she left.

When Cecil met her at the station, almost before she greeted him she asked him where Junette was.

"She is still at Turner's."

"Well we'll just drive there and take her home with us, I won't stand for her nonsense any longer," and her dark eyes flashed.

"When she got to the hotel she rushed up to June's sitting room where Florence and Junette sat busily embroidering.

"Oh Lily my dear," said June as she jumped up and kissed her, "You back already; did you leave mother alone out there. I'm sorry now that I didn't stay longer."

would be complete. Look where I would stand then?"

"Why Lily, you talk as if all Junette has got to do is to accept Mr. Maitland, don't let your fancies carry you too far, dear."

"No, no, mother, I'm not, he'd marry her any day, I have it right from Cecil, and in fact he told me so himself, not in so many words, but you know I'm no fool. Evenings when I had people in and she was not there why he was not the same man, he'd just watch the clock and the door, and when she is there he's hardly ever out of her company."

"Yes indeed Lily, it would be a good thing for all of us if she could marry him."

"Could is not the word mother, if she 'would' marry him, but leave it to me and I'll manage it yet."

So she told them that she would have to get back next week; she couldn't leave the maid in the house so long; she hadn't arranged for it; and no one but her mother, was sorry when she left.

When Cecil met her at the station, almost before she greeted him she asked him where Junette was.

"She is still at Turner's."

"Well we'll just drive there and take her home with us, I won't stand for her nonsense any longer," and her dark eyes flashed.

"When she got to the hotel she rushed up to June's sitting room where Florence and Junette sat busily embroidering.

"Oh Lily my dear," said June as she jumped up and kissed her, "You back already; did you leave mother alone out there. I'm sorry now that I didn't stay longer."

"Not now, you see it's nearly supper time, and I would no more than get there before I would have to hurry back, but I'll be over this evening."

And with that Lily had to be satisfied. Florence also, went down, and June was left alone with her thoughts.

"I wouldn't mind staying with Lily," she mused, "but I know, I just feel it, that she does not like Rex, and it would not be pleasant for him if he came there in the evenings, and I'm only going to be in the city three weeks longer, I think I should try and make it as pleasant for him as I can; and then Harold Maitland is always there and I don't care for his company, and I know Lily will have him in for tea in the afternoons too, and besides I don't care much for her swell callers and her fancy teas. If I stay here I can finish up all the little things I have to do and I wouldn't have a minute to myself there; and if I stay here the evenings are always pleasant for Rex, we can stay here or we can go out awhile, there, I would have to do exactly as Lily wants me to do, and I wouldn't have one minute off, we would always be getting ready to entertain somebody or some nonsense like that. No! I just won't stay with her, and besides I promised Mrs. Turner that I would stay till Bertha came back."

Once June made up her mind what to do, and she thought it was for the best, she rarely changed her mind, so when Rex called and they went over to Lily's no matter how Lily argued Junette refused to leave the hotel, and on their way home Rex said,

"My darling you don't know how pleased I am that you are not going to stay at Lily's;

it seems selfish of me perhaps, but I am glad that you decided as you did; but sweetheart, can't you stop working there and——"

"No, no, I decided that I would obey you in everything after we are married, but I'm the boss yet and you know, in books that I've read the lady of his choice," she mockingly laughed, "has her own way in everything, so I'll just follow up what I've read and insist on what I want, three weeks I'll stay there, and then I'll go home."

"And I darling will count the days, the hours, till I can follow you."

So another week passed. One afternoon June had been out shopping and she called on Lily to tell her that she would not be over that evening and wanted her to see what she had purchased.

Before she could ring, Lily had the door open, "I saw you coming dear, you're just in time for tea, go right in."

When she stepped into the parlor she saw two ladies that she had met before, and Mr. Maitland having tea. He at once made himself useful pouring Junette a cup of tea, and after he had served her he seated himself beside her. The conversation before June came in had been about Mrs. Gray's ball, and after Mrs. McKory was seated they continued the conversation, and a few minutes later the ladies left.

"How I wish you were going to that ball June," Lily said, "We have invitations."

"I won't be able to go. You know Rex is not in with the Gray's."

After Lily had talked and teased June to come

with them Mr. Maitland said, "Surely Mr. Alderson would not be selfish enough to keep you from going to that ball."

"Oh, no, he is not selfish," June defended.

"Then do please come, Miss Shiloh. What can I say to make you come; it will be the last dance that you will be among us, you are going away so soon."

"If Rex wasn't so selfish she would come alright. I know she is so fond of dancing, but he is so selfishly jealous that she is afraid to do anything for fear of offending him," Lily sneered.

"Oh Lily, how can you," said June reproachfully, "I can go wherever I please; he never interfere with any of my pleasures. I've half a mind to accept just to show you that he don't care."

"You wouldn't dare," Lily sneered at her, "For fear he'd get sulky like he did one evening here when he couldn't play at your table."

"Oh Lily you're mean, he wasn't feeling well that night."

"Well, let me take you to the ball, just to convince Mrs. McKory that she is wrong."

"Yes I will go, I'll tell Rex tonight, I know he won't care."

"And if he don't care, may I take you Miss Shiloh?" eagerly asked Mr. Maitland.

"Yes, I think so; I know he won't care. I'll ask him tonight."

"Oh don't depend on her, don't you suppose I know Rex, he'll make a fuss."

But if they heard they payed no attention to Lily, and June quietly said, "Yes you may call for me."

That evening almost the first thing June said to Rex after they were seated,

"Rex, I promised to go to Mrs. Gray's ball with Mr. Maitland do you care dear?"

"You've promised Maitland without asking my consent," he snapped and all color left his face.

"Yes, I promised, and I didn't know I had to ask anyone's consent." June's pride was aroused.

Rex had never spoken to her in that tone before, "You are not my master yet, remember. Lily had you sized up right after all."

"I don't want to be your master at any time."

"Well, then, why do I have to ask your consent if I feel like pleasing myself?"

"Because it's proper that you should, you're engaged to me."

"It's proper is it, well I always do what I call proper, and in this case I think it is proper for me to go with Mr. Maitland to the ball and I'm going," she was standing by this time and she bowed her queenly head and said, "Allow me to bid you goodnight Mr. Alderson."

Rex was dumb-founded and speech seemed to leave him and when he roused himself, she was gone. He sat there stunned for some minutes then left the house.

June in her own room walked the floor, "I've done wrong, I'm sure I have done wrong," she said over and over. "But he had no right to snap at me like that; I only accepted Maitland's invitation to defend him. I guess they know of his bad temper. I wonder if he will speak to me like that after we are married. Oh, I guess he would. Well I'll just let him get over his temper;

when I have a home of my own I'm not going to be bossed around in it, he could have asked me not to go and I would gladly not have gone, but now I will go. I don't care what he says, I will go."

"Soon after Florence came in. Tears would not come to Junette, she was too angry for tears, and she said, "Florence has a girl the right to go with another fellow when she is engaged; tell me just what you would do if you were engaged?"

Florence could have been just and told her that it was not right to go with any one else but it suited her own purpose to answer June as she did.

"Why of course it's alright for a girl to go with another man, why do you ask. Unless he is a bully, and too selfish to see her have a good time, in that case he might object, but you don't need to worry about that, there is no danger of you ever going with anyone else, I never saw a girl like you before June, you make me tired, you never think of yourself, you put yourself out to please others for fear you offend them or hurt their feelings."

"The reason I asked you is this, I think I have done wrong, but I'm glad you say I didn't, Lily don't think I did, but mind you, I myself think I'm doing wrong, I've promised to go to Mrs. Gray's ball with Mr. Maitland."

"And what did Rex say," she asked quietly, joy gleaming in her eyes.

"Oh he got cross with me and thought I had no business to go."

"Cross at you, well the nerve of him, if he acts like that before you're married, I guess after

you are married you won't be able to look at a man."

"Well it's done now, and I know it's wrong, but I'm going to the ball; that settles it."

"Oh he'll be here tomorrow and you'll make it up again, so don't plan on going to the ball."

"Well I'm going alright, you'll see."

CHAPTER XII.

FLORENCE did not pray often, but she certainly did pray that night, that Rex and Junette would not make friends. She would have a chance to get Rex perhaps, after all; she knew June's kind and loving nature, she also knew her proud nature.

Rex walked the streets like a drunken man; down Main Street towards Caledonian and how far he walked he did not know, nor did he care, though the night was beautiful, he saw none of it, his mind refused to work. "What made me quarrel with June?" he murmured over and over and then he gathered his scattered senses, "It was not her fault, poor darling, she does not know how Maitland has hurt me time and again with the attention he has paid her, I should have told her about it long ago, he accused himself. "I can plainly see he wants her to think I was jealous, but I wasn't. I have a good idea Mrs. McKory forced her into accepting. I'll go over and apologize tomorrow, my darling I will never snap at you like that again, I was a brute and just to show them all I trust her, and want her to do what she pleases, and what gives her pleasure, I'll just write an apologizing letter so as not to keep her waiting till evening," and he went home and wrote her the kindest letter, accusing himself of everything, and humbly begging her pardon and saying that he would be over in the evening and personally apologize for his hasty words.

He sent the letter over the following forenoon, when the messenger brought the letter in the dining-room, Florence seeing her receive it walked over to June.

"Now I guess he has his speech nicely framed up in that letter June," she sneered, "Say good-bye to the ball now."

"No I'm going to the ball alright," June quietly answered as she started to tear the envelope open.

"If you read that now, it will only upset you, I'd make him come in person and apologize."

"Yes I intend that he should," and turning to the messenger who was still standing near by said, "Take that letter back to the sender," and leaving the astonished boy, with the unopened letter in his hand she went on with her work.

That evening she went out for a walk, "I don't want to go down to Lily's" she thought, "Yet I don't want to stay in for fear he comes and I say the wrong thing again. Oh how I do wish Mrs. Cook was here, really ever since they have left the city I am partly lost, when I am in trouble; I certainly would enjoy a chat with her." June would not have needed to go out, Rex did not come, he was offended now, and in his mind he wondered what was really at the bottom of it.

"I wonder if she really cares for Maitland," he thought, "She must or I don't think she would have accepted him, if she did not care for him. I guess my little business looks mighty small to her, against his, and girls, I guess, really are all the same; the one that has the most money is the one that seems to count. If she cares for me she will surely write, now that she has seen how she

has offended me, I don't think she will go. I'll just wait till the night of the dance and see."

The night of the dance drew near, and he felt very uneasy, for no word from Junette had he heard. "Oh I can't stand it, I must go over," he almost said aloud. "I must find out for myself, if she is really going, and if she does then I will know she does not care for me."

June was very much excited, she hurried to her room and rushed to dress. "If he wants to stay and sulk he just can," she mused, she had expected and hoped every evening that he would come. "If he would have come and asked me not to go," she told herself, "I would not have gone but now I will go if I die for it."

Florence helped her to dress, and she was almost finished dressing when a rap on her sitting room door, was heard and Florence at once jumped to answer it, and finding Rex at the door she said, "Be seated Mr. Alderson, June will be here in a minute," and started a conversation with him, then not being sure of June she went back to the room, and thought she would rouse her pride before she seen him.

"Well he is a nice one June, the last minute he is here, commanding you not to go, I guess," said Florence.

"Oh don't worry Florence, I'm going so don't worry about that, just put your mind at ease," she took another look in the glass, and said, "Help me fasten these flowers on," Mr. Maitland had sent her some lovely roses and she was going to wear them. "Florence don't come in the sitting room dear while I am there," she took her time

and put all the finishing touches on and then stepped out into the sitting room.

She proudly bowed her stately head, "What can I do for you Mr. Alderson," she asked. Rex gazed at her in wonderment, he thought she was the most beautiful picture he had ever seen, her plain little evening dress of black chiffon showed her perfect figure, the roses were nestled in the masses of her wavy bright-gold hair.

In the loveliness of her face and in the grace of her figure, there was not one marring line. Pink roses were also pillowed upon her breast and they matched her flaming cheeks both in softness and in color, her large blue eyes held a cold questioning stare, she stood for a moment like a queen.

"Junnie, I see you have not changed your mind, you are going to the ball," he asked, "I had hoped you would change your mind, for my sake, you must know it will be humbling me if you go with Maitland, and we are to be married so soon; or perhaps you prefer going with him?" he asked, but his voice was cold, and he continued, "I suppose you are like the rest of the girls letting money weigh in his favor?"

That beautiful lovely girl would have been down on her knees at his side in a moment had he but spoken kind to her when she entered, but she could not bend her proud head to cold words.

"Yes I do prefer Maitland to you, and I am like the rest of the girls, I do let money weigh in his favor. Is there anything else you would like to ask, for I am in a hurry?"

"Yes there is something else, if you go to this ball with Maitland it is all off between us."

"Very well," she said, slipping off her ring, "I will bid you good night then as I told you I am in a hurry." Handing him his ring she left the room, and went to Mrs. Turner's room, "I mustn't be alone for a moment she thought or I can't keep up and I must go to the ball because if I don't he will always expect me to give in to him, by this time she was in Mrs. Turner's room and smilingly said "I came to ask your advice about these flowers, do you think I have them up too high?" Mrs. Turner assured her that she looked just as she did, beautiful and perfect.

After a little chat she went back to her room coming through the sitting room. Rex was still there, she was sure he had gone.

"Junnie, I could not go, don't let this quarrel come between us," he pleaded, "Don't go, dear, stay with me tonight, I'll apologize for everything I said, I let my hasty temper run away with me."

"You're too late, I'm Miss Shiloh to you in the future," was all that she could manage to say, and she proudly passed through to her room.

Mr. Alderson left the house, and June walked the floor in her room for nearly an hour, she had dressed too early.

"What in the world is making you so nervous? June, for goodness sake sit down," said Florence.

"Florence, please leave me alone, I just couldn't be still."

"Well you'll be all tired out when you get there, and you won't be able to dance."

"O don't worry, I'll dance every dance even though I have to ask the men myself, because tonight above all nights I won't miss a dance."

When Mr. Maitland called for June she was all smiles, "I'll have plenty of time to cry after this, but tonight I must smile," she thought, and Mr. Maitland bore her off after telling her how well she looked.

The carriage wheels did not go any faster than June's chatter and it seemed no time before he was helping her out. Quite a crowd was there when they entered the ball room. Lily soon found her way to June, she was all smiles, she could afford to smile now for things seemed to be coming her way although June had not been near her since that fatal afternoon when she had promised to go to the dance.

The moment she saw June she knew that all was not well, but she never questioned June about Rex, for she knew better, and the time went merrily on. June certainly danced and laughed and chattered but I doubt if there was any one more miserable. Shortly before eleven Rex came to her in a traveling suit instead of in evening dress.

"I'm leaving town on the eleven-thirty train Miss Shiloh." He emphasized the Miss Shiloh, "And I came to say good-bye."

"Your going away," she breathed in a whisper, and the roses left her cheeks, "I hope you will have a pleasant trip wherever you are going Mr. Alderson, good-bye."

"Is that all you have to say to me June, I had hoped that you would say something else."

"What else would you expect me to say, did you not come to say good-bye?"

"Alright good-bye then," and he held out his hand, and for a second she laid her hand in his then he was gone.

Maitland saw it and came up to her.

"Will you come and have an ice?" he asked her.

She refused to go, for she knew that she could not walk steadily across the floor.

"Mr. Alderson was dressed for a journey," he said seating himself beside her, "Was he not?"

"Yes he is leaving on the eleven-thirty," and he noticed how she trembled. He also glanced at her hand and saw her finger bare.

"This is our dance I believe or would you rather sit it out Miss Shiloh?" he said.

"Oh no, I didn't come here to sit," and they fell in step with the orchestra.

Junette seemed even brighter now than before and kept it up till she got home, there she sat down and when Florence got up and dressed and was ready to go down to breakfast June still sat there, dressed as she was from the ball, she just sat staring ahead and when Florence came into the room she did not notice her.

"June you here, what's the matter," and she went up and shook her.

She put her hand to her head "I don't know, just leave me alone Florence, I'm alright."

No matter what Florence said she could get no answer out of June as she sat there, her head bowed on her hand, and so she left her.

Florence told the other girls that Junette was not well and between them they would wait on her tables for breakfast, when breakfast was over she went upstairs and took some toast and coffee to June. "She may be asleep," she thought,

"But if she is awake I'll make her drink this coffee," and upon entering the room she saw June sitting exactly as she had left her, eyes staring in front of her and seeing nothing, she put the tray down on the table, now feeling thoroughly sorry for June she knelt down and took her hand away from her face.

"Come let me undress you, and lie down a while, you will feel better."

"No, no, don't touch me, I'll be alright in a minute," she said.

But Florence would not listen, she undressed her, slipped on her kimona, and insisted on her swallowing some of the coffee. Then looking at the clock June said,

"Has our clock stopped?"

"No it's right," said Florence.

"Then what is this, night or morning?"

"It's ten o'clock in the morning dear, you can lie down for an hour before dinner, and if you don't feel well, don't come down, we can manage your tables between us."

"Have I missed breakfast?" she asked. "Oh, I'm sorry, I don't want to act so foolish, I'm going right down now and fix my tables."

"No June, keep your kimona on, your tables are fixed, I fixed them myself, you have an hour to rest."

But June did not lie down, she started to walk till she dressed for dinner.

Two days later June received a telegram, opening it she read,

'Was married at four P.M. Rex.'

The telegram fluttered to the floor and she held on to a chair for support, and the next thing she knew, she was on her own bed.

"Florence, did I get a telegram," she faintly asked hoping she had been having a bad dream.

"Yes dear you did, but don't bother about it now."

"It's all true then, Rex is married?"

"Don't talk about it now, time enough for that later on."

"No don't put me off, I must talk it out, and decide what to do, if he is married he will be back before long, and I must be married before he gets back. He must not know that I care, Florence, that's the only thing I must hide. You are the only friend that I've got now that Mrs. Cook is away, help me to keep up, help me to laugh and be jolly when there is anyone around. Oh if I could only cry Florence I could think clearer what to do," and she got up and got ready and no one in the dining-room that evening noticed anything wrong with June; she was if anything brighter than usual.

That evening Harold Maitland came over, and when Florence told her she said, "What will I do, I can't stay here and talk to him, I think I'll walk. Yes I think I'll say I want to go out for a walk, my head aches," and they went out.

If no one saw any change in June, Maitland certainly did; loving her as he did, he could see through the mask that others could not.

"I will not be a very pleasant companion this evening, my head aches so and I don't seem to have a thing to say."

"Well don't bother trying to converse, let me talk and you listen, but let us decide where you would like to go, would you like to go and see a play? we are not too late to get seats, or would you care to go to Mrs. McKory's?"

"No, no, please, I must just walk," and he talked on, and by the answers she gave him he knew that she did not hear him.

"Miss Shiloh, something is troubling you tonight, can't you tell me what it is?"

"Oh my troubles don't interest anyone," she answered quietly.

"They interest me, and you know they do, everything about you interests me and you know it."

"Well I'll tell you what is making me quiet, I'm wondering if I did wrong by going to that ball, I got a telegram from Rex," she went on, "Saying he was married this afternoon, that ball is the cause of it; if he cares for the girl he married, there is no harm done, but if he doesn't I feel that I'm very much to blame."

"Oh Miss Shiloh, June, if I may call you so, if anyone is to blame for that I am, and if you are suffering, I am sorry but if you are not, I am glad. Do you remember the conversation we had on the farm? I told you then I would never stop trying to win you for my own, until I saw you married to someone else. I'm still trying June, this is perhaps not the proper time or place to ask you, but tell me, is there any hope for me at all, could you ever learn to love me, well enough to marry me?"

"Please don't talk Mr. Maitland, my mind is all scattered and I don't know what to say, if

you don't mind, I would like to go home now."

"Junette may I come to see you tomorrow evening, please, think over what I said to you on the farm and what I would like to say now if I dared, may I come please?"

"Not tomorrow; let me think things over a little, I don't seem to know what to say, I feel so stupid."

When they reached the house she quietly bid him goodnight, and went in.

"Yes I must get married before Rex gets home," she thought. "He could not have cared for me or he would not have treated me like that, and I must hide from him above all others that I let him think that I do care for Maitland."

Maitland did not wait till next morning; but called around with his horse and cutter in the afternoon. He said the sleighing would soon be gone. "Do come, June, and let's enjoy the winter before it's gone."

It did not matter to Junette what she did now, so she dressed and went out.

"Is your headache no better?" he kindly asked. "You seem so quiet; let me call at the drug store and get you something, may I?"

"Oh, no, thank you, my head is alright, I feel so stupid, I don't seem to be able to shake it off; but I guess the air will make me feel alright again," and they drove on in silence, each busy with their own thoughts.

"June, have you thought over what I said to you last night; could you marry me. I don't ask for your love just now; I know how you feel, but I also know, and feel sure that I can make you love me, and that I will win your heart. You may

not think so now, dear, but if you will trust yourself to me I will make you happy."

She still sat there motionless, not seeming to hear him; at last she said,

"Yes, I think I should get married; I seem so tired, even work that used to seem like play seems like real hard work to me now," then hope shone in his eyes and he took her hand in his.

"Yes, June darling, you are tired, you've been working too steadily and too hard, there will be no work for you after you're married, you can have as many maids as you like. I don't want to seem to brag, but I promise you that you can have what you like, and do what you like, and spend what you like, without asking permission from anyone. I know your nature," he said, "better than you know it yourself; you crave for the finer things in life, and you shall have them. I wish you would let me take you to Mrs. McKory's right now, there stay and rest, and allow me to send you what I think you want."

"Alright then," she said quietly. He felt like taking her in his arms right there, he felt so happy, but he knew better. "I have won, thank God, I've won," he thought, "I can wait for all the rest, but we must get married at once, I shall not feel thoroughly sure till she is my own dear wife."

As they were driving towards home she said, "O no, not to Lily's, Mr. Maitland. I cannot leave Mrs. Turner like that, we are very busy now and it will only take her a few days to get a girl so I'll stay until she gets one."

"June, dear, don't call me Mr. Maitland, won't you call me Harold, please."

"Oh I can't, I'm not used to it, you seem so far above me, and Mr. Maitland seems to suit you better; I have always thought of you by that name."

"And never Harold, have you never thought of me as Harold?"

"No I never have."

"Well won't you now, won't you think of me as your own Harold and never call me Mr. Maitland again dear, it makes me feel such a stranger, and I don't want to be a stranger to you, I have always from the very first thought of you as June, you have always been June in my thoughts, and quite often I came very near calling you that but would just check myself in time, what would you have said, sweetheart, had I called you June?"

"I would have thought you were fresh and most likely called you down and put you in your place."

"But I have a right to it now, haven't I?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"After I have driven you home, I will drive to Mrs. McKory, or have you time to come with me, and I will tell her of our engagement. Yes if I drive fast you will have time won't you, dear?"

"No I don't want to go, if you don't mind, I want to get used to it myself first," and in answer to his request she said, "Yes you can come when you like."

"And I'll see that you won't have to be there long dear, I'm coming in to see Mr. Turner myself, and I'm sure they'll have a girl tomorrow, then I'll come and take you over to Mrs. McKory's" he said as he bid her good-bye.

Junette quietly went about her work, preparing for supper. "Yes I must be married before Rex comes back," she thought over and over, in fact, think what she liked, that would always flash back through her brain. Before she was ready to go down to the dining-room Mrs. Turner came rushing into her room.

"June you lucky girl," she said, "You lucky little witch, why didn't you tell me about it June. Don't stand there with such a solemn face, I know all about it, Mr. Turner was just up and he told me Mr. Maitland was in and told him all about it, and he wants me to leave you at once. Oh, June, you lucky girl, how did you do it?"

Then Florence entered with a pitcher of hot water, and Mrs. Turner burst out,

"Florence did you know June is engaged to Mr. Maitland?"

Florence could not believe her ears, "June" was all she could manage to say.

"I wish you much happiness," said Mrs. Turner, putting her arms around June and she kissed her fondly. "I hope you will let me come to see you Junie, oh how I would love to have the wedding here, you really should June you have been here so long, you are really one of us, Florence and you are just like sisters."

Then Florence seemed to shake her stupor off, she kissed June and congratulated her, "Yes let's have the wedding here June, oh let's have the wedding here Junnie."

Then June spoke for the first time since Mrs. Turner had entered.

"Yes I think I would prefer to have it here, I seem to belong here more than I seem to belong at Lily's; this has been the only real home that I have ever known, where everybody has been good to me; my own home did not seem so complete, there was always Lily and mother nagging at me and finding fault with me, but I won't do a thing about the wedding. Mrs. Turner, Mr. Maitland is so anxious to get married. I'll just let him arrange things and then I don't suppose I would have a word to say about it if Lily has anything to do with it."

And she told them it was time for her to go down to the dining-room, and she went, leaving Florence and Mrs. Turner alone.

The moment she was gone Mrs. Turner sat down. "Now what do you think of that Florence, what kind of luck has that girl got-any way, to be engaged to Maitland."

"Well engaged is not married," snapped Florence, "She was engaged to Alderson, and you thought she was so lucky, but you see she's not married to Alderson and she's not married to Maitland yet, either."

"But your brother told me that the men were talking about how crazy Maitland has been about her for some time. What in the world is the matter with you Florence, why couldn't you have gotten Maitland or Alderson, do you realize that you will soon be twenty-five?"

"Yes, indeed, I do realize it, but what can I do against luck like June's and everything going against me; why even my own brother holds her up to me as a model. Only the other day at the table, I said something about a book

I had finished last night and Ed. said 'I guess it's a French novel' and right before them all he said, 'Florence I wish you were more like June, I bet she has never read a novel in her life,' and one of the boys asked what does she read, and he said, 'I don't know, but I've heard Florence tease her about some history books she had up there, that she picks up every chance she has.'"

"That's the part I can't understand, Florence, why men will stick up for her and praise her, why even after that drive with Kelly I saw her going, and I had half a notion to tell her what the people would think of her if she went and then I thought, 'Oh let her find out for herself,' and to my surprise they seemed to think more of her than ever."

"But what I'm thinking, Katie, is what old Mrs. Maitland will say and Mrs. Tom Maitland, I know they'll kick up a row. You know where they live, out at Fourt Rouge; there are three villas just the same when old Maitland had his built; he had the other two built, saying at the time, when his boys got married he would give them each one, and when Tom was married of course he furnished it and made them a wedding present of it, and the other one Mrs. Maitland had blinds and curtains put up and that is to be furnished and is to be Harold's wedding present, now do you suppose that he will do it, do you suppose they will have her for such a close neighbor?"

"Well, you seem to know more about these things than I do, Florence, but old Mrs. Maitland's proud head will certainly have to come down some when her son brings her a hotel girl for a daughter-in-law.

And so these two women who pretended to be Junette's friends pulled her to pieces. Before the meal was over, everybody in the house knew that June was engaged to Maitland; he also called and told Mrs. McKory.

CHAPTER XIII.

LATER in the evening, when the Maitlands were sitting down to their own dinner, and after the servants had waited on them, and left them, Harold said,

"I have something that I want to tell you, mother, you are going to have a next door neighbor pretty soon, and father, you can have the deed made out for that house; I'm going to be married."

"Oh Harold, isn't that lovely," cried his mother, "I'm so glad, who to, Harold, Euna or Alice?"

"No mother, it's a girl you don't know, and that's the part, mother dear, that makes it hard for me to tell you, because you look at society and things so differently from me. This little girl that I love is the equal of any society girl in Winnipeg, and though a working girl she is a lady in every way, mother; she's a girl that you will love and be proud of once you get to know her well."

But his mother wouldn't listen to anything more, "You dare tell me you are going to marry a working girl and bring her her among us; where is she from, can it be hushed up."

"What do you mean hushed up?"

"Well, I mean this, that if I cannot make you see things as others see them, and if you insist on marrying this low girl, could we keep it out of the papers, where in the world have you met her, and where does she live?"

"I want nothing kept out of the papers, and nothing hushed up, she is a Winnipeg girl, and a girl brave enough and honest enough to work for a living. I know many of your friends, mother, and I know their financial standing; it would be more to their credit if they would see that their daughters would learn to support themselves, instead of almost driving their fathers crazy trying to make ends meet," but Mrs. Maitland would listen to none of it.

"You shall not marry her, you dare not marry her, if she is a Winnipeg girl," she stormed, "How can I keep my head up; I will never be able to meet any one again if you disgrace us like that; how can you be so selfish, what will Tom and his wife and your sisters say. Harold have you gone completely mad?"

His father listened to it all and never said a word.

"Now listen mother, I don't care what Tom or Virginia say, I don't care what my sisters say, and I don't care what society says, in fact, I don't care what the whole world says; she's good enough for anybody, she's as good as Tom's wife or my sister or you or anybody. I have at last won her consent to marry me, and I'm the happiest and luckiest man living, and I will lead her to the altar as soon as ever she will allow me," and he arose to leave the room.

"Who is she?" said his father, "Is she an actress, they usually set a man crazy like that?"

"No, she's a plain little dining-room girl in Bill Turner's hotel."

His mother gave one scream and fainted, and after they had tended to Mrs. Maitland his father turned to him and said,

"Harold, is there nothing that will change you, are you determined to go through with this; you see how your mother takes it. Virginia and your sisters will feel just the same about it, and they will not make it pleasant for her. Think well Harold, is it worth while, when there are so many girls that you can choose from."

"Father, I will marry her or none, I'm nearly thirty-three and I know my own mind. I want my little June and I'll have her," then suddenly turning to his father he said,

"Are you against her too, I always thought you were a man, and would give everybody a fair deal, it's usually women that are unjust to one another."

"Well son," he said placing his hand on Harold's shoulder, "I married the girl of my choice and I guess you have the same right."

"Thank you father."

"Is she a Catholic, Harold, Father Davie can do most anything with your mother that we can't."

"No father, she's a Protestant."

"Harold, I don't think you're wise, where and how did you get acquainted with her anyway, sit down and let's talk it over before your mother gets back."

After both men were seated Harold started,

"I met her at McKory's house, she is Mrs. McKory's sister, and a fairer, sweeter, creature you couldn't picture, father, than she is."

"But, son, if she is a sister of Mrs. McKory I think you over-rate her. By what I hear, she

is leading Cecil quite a dance, anxious to get into society, and anxious to be blowing in all that poor Cecil has saved up all these years. Don't you think that these two sisters may have laid a trap for you, Harold, and you fell into it, you are a clever business man in every way, son, but the cleverest of men will turn to fools when a clever woman leads them; they cannot escape it. Now, Harold, think it over, I'm speaking for your own good."

"No father you are mistaken there, there's no use of me trying to explain the difference in the two sisters; you simply have got to know June to appreciate her. I cannot find words to express myself."

Taking out his watch he arose and said that he had an engagement on. Just then the phone rang and he went to it himself. It was Junette saying please not to come over. Lily had been there and her head ached so badly she wanted to rest. So instead of going over, he sent her a box of roses, and walked over to McKory's. If Junette seemed more quiet than usual Mrs. McKory seemed more lively, she seemed in the best of humors.

"It's alright, Harold, I was down to see June and she promised to come over tomorrow, and as soon as things are arranged—I don't think I would put the wedding off very long—there is nothing to wait for, and the sooner it's over the better, I think, because your folks, I'm sure, are going to make a fuss."

"Lily, that's one of the main things I came over this evening to ask you about. Shield June from all gossip; you are clever, you realized at once that my folks would make a fuss, but I don't

think June has thought of it. Well don't let her think of it, Lily, let her feel as if she is doing them an honor by accepting me," and so they talked on and planned. Lily was to engage dressmakers and her clothes were to be started at once, and after the wedding breakfast they would take the train, and would be gone for a few weeks.

"Be sure and get the best that money will buy, regardless of expense, and I'll gladly settle all bills, he said to Lily.

Junette in her own room had told no lie when she said she was tired and wanted to rest. "I'm not so tired," she thought, "I just can't think, I seem so stupid; but I guess it's alright for me to get married. I wish I could talk to daddy or Fred now, they would know exactly what I should do." A few moments later Florence brought in the roses.

"For you Miss Lucky Bunch," she said smilingly, "It's from the green house; roses I'll bet, how I envy you June."

"If they're flowers Florence, put them in a vase, will you please, I don't want to get up."

No matter how Florence admired and praised them, Junette never said a word, her mind was not at home, and her next question proved it.

"How long do you think, Florence, before Rex will be back to town how long do they usually stay on wedding trips?"

Florence was willing to humor her in anything now, for she hoped to be Junette's best friend in her new home; and still arranging the flowers she answered, "I don't know dear, some of them stay a long time and some of them make it short, where

are you going on your honeymoon or haven't you decided yet?"

"No, I'm going to stay right here, I'm going to be right here in town and married when Rex gets back."

"I think you would be foolish not to go for a trip, June."

"I wouldn't mind going, but I don't know when Rex would get back, and I want to be here and married when he comes back."

That's all Florence could get out of her. Next forenoon Mrs. Turner came rushing down to the dining-room and told Junette Mr. Maitland's mother was up in the parlor and wished to see her.

"Oh Mrs. Turner," gasped June, "I'm afraid to go up, I feel so awkward,, I won't be able to think of a thing to say to her, I'm just trembling. Would it be proper do you think if I excused myself, everybody says how proud and stylish she is, and I feel so nervous today."

"No June, I don't think it would be right not to see her, I guess she just came to get acquainted with you," but Mrs. Turner knew better, she had spoken to her.

"Alright, I'll just run to my room and slip off this dress."

"No, I wouldn't keep her waiting, June, you're alright as you are, go right up."

But June went to her room first, she wanted to make sure that she looked alright. "Oh you darling Mrs. Maitland," she thought, as she hurriedly fixed her hair. "It's so good of you to come so soon, I haven't thought much of you, in fact I haven't thought much about anything lately, but it's so kind of you to come, I'll certainly pay you

for that, I'll just do everything you want me to do, although I don't love your son, your proud mother's heart shall never know it, I will be so good to you and to him and everybody, I'll just be your slave, you're so kind to come to a poor girl like me, as soon as ever you found your son was engaged to me. Harold must have told her last night," she went on, "How I do wish they were not so rich, or else that I had money. You dear kind thing, how will your daughters treat me when they know, will they be as kind to me as you are. I know what I'll do, when I get in there, I'll just kneel down in front of her, and tell her that I'm sorry that I'm so poor, but that Harold wanted me so badly, and I'll do my best to make them all like me if they can, then if I see that she is disappointed, I'll be able to tell the minute I see her whether she is disappointed with me, then I'll not marry Harold no matter what he says, because his mother has the first right to him."

Still busy with her thoughts she hurried into the parlor, she went in there with her mind all made up what she was going to do, and what she was going to say to Harold's mother, but when she got in the room she saw her sitting there, proud and sedate. She raised her hard cold eyes and looked disdainfully at June, when she entered, and her face took on a sneering expression.

Then all speech left June, whatever she had made up her mind to do or say, she could not say a word, Mrs. Maitland never greeted her, but proudly asked,

"Are you Miss Shiloh?"

Junette bowed her head and said, "I am."

"Is it true what my son has been telling me about you," she said, "that he's going to marry you?"

She said it so sneeringly that it cut poor June like a knife.

"Is your son in the habit of lying to you? if not, it must be true if he told you so."

"And you would dare to marry him," she snapped. "Don't you know the difference between my son and you; you, a common hotel girl and my son one of the most prominent and respected men in Winnipeg."

Junette stood white and stiff as a statue, if she were cut out of marble she could not have looked more perfect.

"I came to see you before the news got spread about your foolish engagement. I will not allow my son to marry you, I would rather see him in his coffin right now than marrying you, and I won't have it, do you hear me, I won't have it; I would be the laughing stock of the whole town if I allowed him to commit such a foolish thing. You must know that all men at times say foolish things to a girl, you had no right to take him seriously, he must have been intoxicated when he asked you to marry him."

Then she hesitated as if expecting June to speak and June quietly asked,

"Have you finished? I have heard your opinion of me, Mrs. Maitland; if you would have come to me and asked me to release your son, and talked to me like you would to a creature with feelings, I would have told you to take your son, I do not want him, I will not stand between his mother and him, but you treated me more like a

dog than a human being and I will treat you likewise. I do not care for your son, I never did, I have always from the first evening I got acquainted with him tried to keep out of his company. I'll go farther than that, I will say that I dislike your son; but I will marry him. You said that he was one of the most respected men in Winnipeg, so am I, one of the most respected girls in Winnipeg; I dare anyone to say I'm not, and as I'm only a common hotel girl you will have to excuse me now for I am still on duty," she bowed and without another word left the room.

As Mrs. Maitland went out of the front door, Harold came in.

"Mother," he cried, "I feared this, and I came right over as fast as I could, am I too late, have you hurt June's feelings?" but not waiting for her reply he rushed up stairs, and June was coming out of her sitting room, and was going down the hall the opposite direction. When he saw her he called to her,

"June, don't hurry down, let me speak to you please," and she turned back and smilingly greeted him.

"Good morning," she said, "You're certainly early, I'm still on duty you know," she laughed, "I have no time to entertain you now."

"Junie dear, have you seen my mother?"

"Yes I met her, if that's the proper expression, I spoke to her."

And seeing June so cheerful he hoped for the best.

"What did my mother say to you, sweetheart?" he anxiously asked.

"Now you're getting curious," she teased, "I don't think I could remember every word."

"No I don't want to know every word, you know what I mean dear, did she hurt your feelings, you know my mother is so proud and often lets her temper run away with her, and says things that she is sorry for after."

"By the little I've seen of your mother I gather that she thinks the girls of my class have no business having any feelings, but don't let's discuss your mother now, I've only five minutes more and then I must go down."

"No, sweetheart, don't hurry, there's another girl here, or will be here in a minute, to take your place, dear. I came to take you over to Lily's or wherever else you wish to go."

After they had talked a little while Florence came in and told June that her brother had just brought another girl, and she was to start in for dinner, and June would not have to come down to dinner, and she told Mr. Maitland that Mrs. Turner had invited him to stay for dinner and they would all have it together.

So they all had dinner; then Harold took Junette home to Lily. Now that June was going to be what Lily called 'somebody' Lily was entirely different, she was the maid now; she was the one that waited on June.

"Well sweetheart, I haven't had a moment alone with you this morning and I have something to show you," he said to June as he took a ring out of its box, and before she realized it, there glistened brilliantly a valuable solitaire diamond on her finger.

"Oh Harold what a beauty, oh, why did you get such a big stone?"

"Why, don't you like it sweetheart?" for the first time venturing to put his arm around her.

"Yes I do, but I don't think I'm made to have such grand things and I won't thank you for it till I have told you something, you see I have not accepted it yet," she smiled. "Harold, your mother don't want me to marry you, that much I know for a fact, do you think you are wise to go against her wishes, better to wait and see if she will change her mind?"

"No sweetheart, no, no, I won't wait for anyone to change their mind, not even you dear. I'll marry you in such a hurry that you won't have time to change your mind, there is nothing to wait for dear, couldn't we be married next week?"

Lily returned from the kitchen where she had been busy giving orders.

"Oh next week is too soon," said June, "but please yourself I'm not going to interfere with your plans, I know Lily and you have talked it over and I'll do whatever you think best; if you think next week, alright."

Even though Lily was in the room, he put his arms around her and fondly kissed her, "Thank you for your consent, sweetheart, you will never be sorry for it," and from that time on June started to get busy. Lily saw that she was not alone a moment, there were goods to choose and June was rushed from one dressmaker to the other.

As soon as ever dinner was over Mrs. Turner went to the 'phone and asked two or three of her friends to come right over and spend the afternoon with her, "I have something in particular

to tell you," she told them, and they lost no time, but hurried over. Mrs. Turner always made their visits pleasant, and before Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Wright had their wraps off she said,

"I have something very interesting to tell you, dears. Harold Maitland is going to marry June Shiloh."

"You don't mean it," gasped Mrs. Wright.

"That's one of your jokes," said Mrs. Duncan.

"But Dick did say something about Maitland going, or trying to go with June, but you know how little attention I pay to gossip, I was sure there was nothing to it."

Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Wright were both hotel keepers' wives, and there was very little going on in any of their hotels that the others did not know.

"Oh I have heard that too, but I never dreamed that he meant to marry her."

"Well he means to marry her alright," said Mrs. Turner, you know he's been around the house quite a lot for the last few months, and you all know that Bill is quite an expert with diamonds, and yesterday afternoon when he brought June back from the drive he went and told Bill he wanted to talk to him and to jump into the cutter with him, and he told Bill he wanted him to go in with him to look over some rings and said that he was no judge of stones, and the ring he picked was an eleven hundred dollar ring. Bill said it sure was a beauty, and when he had assured him the stone was good he asked for a check book and without him asking, they came down a hundred, seeing that it was a cash deal, he wrote out a check for

them for a thousand dollars, and he said to Bill that he hoped June would like it."

"Can you imagine a man that crazy," chipped in Mrs. Duncan.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Turner, "And Bill to get a girl at once; he would call for June in the morning and take her away, and he did, but, my dear, here comes the funny part, the old lady was here ahead of him and the way she talked to June was shameful, for I listened and heard every word, of it, maybe it wasn't right, but I couldn't help it."

"No, they both said almost at the same time, "No I don't blame you, I would have done the same, for I guess a conversation like that we don't hear every day."

"No you bet we don't hear them every day and the way June lit in to her wasn't slow," went on Mrs. Turner, and she told them every word that passed between June and Mrs. Maitland.

"Well the cheek of that girl to talk to her that way, I bet that's the first time anybody ever talked to her like that," said Mrs. Wright, "I guess her proud head will have to come down some now. As you know we all attend the same church, have for years, and she sails past me as if I'm dirt, gee, I just feel like laughing in her face; I wish I could pick up courage and I'd congratulate her on her daughter-in-law. I'd give anything to have seen her face when her son told her who he was going to marry."

"That's the conversation I would have liked to hear," said Mrs. Turner.

"She's been with you so long, Mrs. Turner," said Mrs. Duncan, "what kind of a girl is she?"

Of course I've seen her and spoken to her often, but you know what I mean, what kind of a girl was she really, there is one thing that I noticed and liked about her, she dressed very neat in the house; I like plain clothes like she wore on a working girl. When my dining-room girls come down in the dining-room why you'd think they were going to a ball, the silks and chiffons they wear."

"Well Junette had many good qualities, and good taste was one of them; when she bought a thing she bought the very best she could afford, and she took good care of it. When first she came here she bought herself a piece of black lustre and I was astonished when she told me the price she paid for it, she made a plain dress out of it and got a couple of yards of lawn, the best she could afford, and a ball of crochet thread, and she cut the lawn into little aprons, you know she had nothing for the dining-room, she came from Rev. Cook's and there from a farm, and she bought a Singer sewing machine on the installment plan and she crocheted little edges around the aprons with that ball of thread, and with scraps of the lawn that was left she made collar and cuffs and crocheted edges around, later on she got herself a good piece of serge and made a black skirt out of it, she got little remnants of white goods and made herself little waists and then she made herself two plain white dresses, these she got when first she came here and she's been here over two years, and she still wears the same thing exactly; in the morning she wears that black dress with cuffs and collar and for lunch a white waist and the black skirt, and a little apron, and for dinner she wears a

white dress, every Sunday evening she puts on a clean dress and wears it all week and when the week is over the dress is still spotless; she buys the best and takes good care of it; she sponges her skirt when ever it has a spot on it, and darns and mends it as soon as ever it shows a sign of wear, oh, she takes well with the boys, and they think the world of her, last night as soon as ever they heard she was going to be married they decided they'd all club together and buy her something grand for a wedding present."

"But on the street," said Mrs. Wright, "She always looks so classy."

"Yes, as I said, she bought the best that she could afford and took care of it."

"But my dear, do you think they will receive her in the family?" said Mrs. Duncan. "His sisters are even more stuck up than his mother and there are five of them living in this town."

Just then Bill Turner came in and his wife said, "Bill did we wake you, I had forgotten that you were lying down."

"No," he said, "~~You never gave me a chance to go to sleep.~~"

"How unkind of you to listen to us talking."

"Why," Mr. Turner smiled, "I thought that was the proper thing to do, at least that is what you three ladies said you would do."

"Oh you always rub it into us," said Mrs. Duncan.

"No, I don't mean to rub it into you, but when you are pulling poor June to pieces kindly think of your own daughters. My own little girl is away at college and I hope when she grows up she will be like June," he said and left them.

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD Mr. Maitland was willing to accept the girl of his son's choice if the ladies were, he had learnt long ago to give in to his wife's wishes, for her word was law with him. When she returned from her visit with June she told him that he must do all in his power to break off that marriage.

"Don't you think Cecil McKory's wife could do something; she's his sister-in-law, and it was at his house they met, and it's up to him now to do what he can, and you should make him understand it, tell him that you will fire him if he does not stop it and tell him that you mean it also," she told her husband.

So when he got to the office he called Cecil and told him to do all in his power, and if that marriage went through he would have to resign.

On the following Wednesday there was the most elegant wedding at Mr. and Mrs. McKory's house. There was not a nook or corner in the house but was decorated; there were palms and flowers everywhere and when Mr. Shiloh lead the bride in, all eyes turned in admiration to her, and a thought flashed through Harold's mind when he saw her.

"I would pay any price to have a picture of her painted, just as she is now."

Her beautiful face was flushed and there are no words that can describe her loveliness. June

thought, "Now Rex can come back any time; I will be married."

She had staunchly refused to go on a wedding trip. She would give no reason, but simply said that she wanted to be married in Winnipeg and stay there. Harold was anxious to do as she wished, but when the wedding was over and Harold asked her if he should order the carriage, was she ready to go home. "To your own home sweetheart" he said to her. A shudder ran through Junette, that's the part she had not thought of; she had bargained without thinking, to be married when Rex got home, was all her mind would clearly think, but now when Harold asked her to go home with him she seemed suddenly to wake.

"Harold do I have to go," she asked, "Can't we stay here, I want to talk to Lily, I have so much to say to her, and daddy and the whole bunch. Harold, couldn't we stay here please."

"Well, that's why darling. Their house is not as large as ours, and I thought we could drive over, and you could arrange to have your folks over tomorrow and they could stay with us, I want them to stay with us a while, before they go back, you know what a long stay I had at their place. I told you that I hired two maids, and although you haven't seen the place, father has furnished the house most beautifully, and I know you'll like it sweetheart. Let's go over and prepare to have your folks over tomorrow."

"Well I'll see," and she left him.

She clutched Lily's arm when she got to her and whispered,

"Lily, for God sake, will I have to go with him to her house tonight?"

"Why of course my dear, that's no more his house than it's yours. We planned that all out before, but you wouldn't listen to what we said. I'm anxious to be over there and I want mother and them all to see everything. Don't be a fool June, what's the matter with you," as all color had left June's face.

"I wouldn't mind so much if the place wasn't right next door to his mother. Oh Lily, you don't know how I hate to go there."

"That's the very thing that I would enjoy, if I were in your place I would live right there and gall her every chance I had."

"No, I don't want to live like that Lily, I want to keep out of her sight, I know they don't like me and I don't want them to see me any more than I can help."

Then turning to her father she said,

"Daddy I want to ask a favor of you," she paused not knowing how to start. "All the things that I value most are in my trunk, daddy. I want you to take it home and never, never, open it, take good care that nothing happens it."

"Why Junie aren't you going to take your things over to your new home?" asked her father in surprise.

"No I can't, they don't belong there; they would seem out of place among all that splendor. I won't take a thing only the clothes Harold bought. The house as you know, don't need my things, they were alright for the place they were made, but they will seem out of place there, so, daddy, I want you to take them home, put the

trunk in Fred's room," here June could control her tears no longer, "When I come home I am going through it, daddy; those things in that trunk are dearer to me than anyone knows."

And Jim Shiloh knew what Junette meant, better than her words told him, she put her arms around her father's neck and began to sob.

"Daddy what shall I do, I don't want to go with Harold to his house, I cannot, I don't care what the guests think of me or anybody; tell me what to do; I'd do anything else, but I cannot go with him."

After Mr. Shiloh had comforted June as best he could he went to Harold and told him partly what June had said that she could not go to the house, "I think she is afraid of your mother," continued Shiloh, "and everything was arranged in such a hurry, if I had anything to say I would suggest that you take her out of here and insist on her going for a trip."

Harold said he would do anything in his power to please her, he was still speaking when June came in.

"Harold what will you think of me, I'm so silly, but give me a little time, I'll get used to it, I guess, now I'm afraid to go near your mother, yes and I'm partly afraid of you," she sadly added.

"Afraid of me sweetheart," and Harold had his arm around her, "when I am willing to do anything in the world to please you; shall we take the train and go to Chicago or any place you like. They have worried you too much, with their dress-making and planning, and while we're away you'll get used to it, your father is just accusing me of rushing you too much."

"Yes Harold, I think it would be better. Let us go to Chicago; I'm sorry I've been so foolish and wouldn't listen to your plan before."

Harold was pleased, but it was a very unhappy bride that he helped into the carriage and Harold's keen loving eyes seeing through her smiling mask, knew it.

The following morning when Cecil went to the office he gave in his resignation and it was accepted. He had decided to go into a business of his own out of town, so when June and Harold got back two months later, McKory's had left town. When Harold lead her into their house and welcomed her home, she was not the timid bride that she had been two months ago, having travelled and stopped at large places she was somewhat used to the splendor that she stepped into, but she was not the happy, merry, June that she had been, and as time went on, she got more sad and quiet.

One day Harold asked her "What is making you so quiet, sweetheart, aren't you feeling well sately, or what is it?" His kindness for her always made her feel sorry for him, not having liked him when she married him she gradually got to dislike him more; so she answered,

"There is nothing the matter, Harold, I wish you wouldn't worry over me so much. If you hadn't hired these maids and I had some of the work to do I think I would feel happier than I do. You know it's hard for a person that has worked all their life to suddenly find themselves idle, and I don't want to make friends. Do you know what I've decided, I was going to ask your advice about it: I would like to take painting lessons, I always

wanted to paint, all my life, but never had a chance."

"That's just the thing, dear, I'll arrange for your lessons," he willingly agreed and before many days passed Junette had her first lesson in oil painting.

She enjoyed it very much and was at her easel for hours every day and between painting and studying, she spent her days. None of his folks ever came near her except two of his sisters, Mrs. Vera Tennis and Mrs. Gladys Henderson. Vera, Junette got to like very much but Mrs. Henderson, June never trusted; it seemed she came to spy on what she was doing, so that she could carry it back to the rest of the family. One day Vera came over and found June in tears, she could not excuse herself, as Vera had been in the habit of going right up to her room if she was up stairs.

"Don't worry so much June, cheer up," she soothingly said, "If I told you all the trouble I went through since I married, you'd wonder that I'm living. You know, Stanley, is a protestant too, and when we first started to keep company my folks wouldn't hear of it, so I ran away and we got married. I suppose Harold has told you all about it, but he could not have told you how terrible I felt when my folks packed all my belongings and sent them over without a word, and none of them except Jack and Harold spoke to me for over four years; now you can imagine how miserable I was."

"I think that's why I like you so much," said June, "because you have had troubles too; but it's not your folks Vera that are at the bottom of

my unhappiness, try as I will I don't seem to belong here."

So one year passed, Junette was a good painter now, and that was the comfort and enjoyment she got out of her domestic life. Of late she had taken to going among the poor, and did a lot of good work among them, for she could spend all she wanted, and she brought much happiness in many humble places.

Fred and Grace were married, Harold and she went out to the wedding.

"Harold, I would like to give Gracie something that she would get some good out of; what could we give her?" June planned and Harold suggested many things but Junette did not seem satisfied.

"Well you suggest something June, what do you think would be nice, since you don't like the things I suggested," said Harold.

"I know what I'd like to give her but I don't think I dare mention it, for fear you would laugh at me."

"I promise not to laugh."

"Well," June hesitatingly said, "I would like to give her about five or six cows."

"But Junie dear they have such a lot of cattle, what makes you want to give them something that they already have sweetheart?"

"Well you see Harold, I know so well how things go on the farm, the folks have a lot of stock that's true, but if Gracie wanted some money that Fred wouldn't approve of, she would be up against it, and there is so much on a farm that a woman wants and the husband doesn't seem to see the reason why she needs it, and little quarrels often

come over nothing, springing from just such little things, and I want Grace and Fred to be awfully happy. I thought if we could give her five cows, all her own they would increase and she'd have quite a little herd of her own that she could do with as she pleased; now for a few years Fred of course will do all he possible can for her, but after a while if the house should need something, or she should want something for the kiddies that Fred didn't think necessary, she could sell something and feel it would be perfectly alright, where she couldn't do it if they belonged to Fred."

"But my dear, husbands and wives are all the same, why if you told me you wanted anything you'd get it."

"Yes I know Harold, with us it is different; that's because you have so much money and you lavish it so freely on me; but with Fred it's different; he has not much and whenever he gets a little ahead he is anxious to put it in land and get more land; of course if you don't approve of it Harold, never mind, but that's the wedding present I'd like to give her."

Harold as usual agreed and five cows were bought and given her, and that's only one of the many things that June did for her folks.

Then June got up and went to the sewing machine,

"You're always busy at that machine lately, what are you sewing sweetheart?" asked Harold.

"You remember that family that I discovered by chance, the day I was down to take Mrs. Kain some sheets over, poor thing she has been in bed for over a year and she seems to get plenty of everything else in the way of comforts, but I

noticed that she was very short of bed clothes. You remember we took her down some blankets. Well then, the day I took her over the sheets a little girl came in and she was almost in rags, and I asked Mrs. Kain who she was and she told me she belonged to a poor woman across the road; her husband had broken his leg early in the fall and was laid up all winter. They have five little ones and another one expected, Mrs. Kain told me. After I had made Mrs. Kain comfortable I took the little one home, I wanted to see for myself just what state they were in, and Harold I can't describe the poverty in that poor little home, they were living in a wee two roomed shack, the man is still in bed, and something has set in in his leg, I don't know what she called it, and this poor woman trying to make ends meet by taking in a little washing; she didn't seem to want any charity, she said they would be alright if they could pull through till summer; they get the biggest part of their living out of their garden, and a few chickens that she has, but you know it's a long time between now and the time she'll get garden stuff, so on the way home I went in and ordered a lot of goods, and I started right in to make something to cover the little ones. See, I started right in to make the underclothes, in fact, the underclothes are all finished, would you care to see them? Now I'll make them each two or three little dresses. Will you go over with me Harold, when I take them, it's just glorious to be giving those poor folks something. I get such a lot of pleasure out of it. I want you to share it Harold. It really hasn't cost us very much. You know I never ask you for any money for such things as that;

you're so liberal with your allowance to me that I always have more than enough to pay for anything that I need."

Harold was very much touched by Junette's goodness to the poor, and he promised to give her an extra allowance that very month.

"No Harold, please, I don't want you to; it wouldn't seem as if I were not doing my share then; it would only seem like taking it from one and giving it to another. This way I have the joy of planning and saving and scheming to make what I call ends meet. If you are willing to spend some of your money in that way, why you need only look around and you will see plenty of opportunities; you know these last few months I've gone among the poor, and the more I'm among them the more I enjoy the work, and I really feel as if I'm doing something worth while. I'm sorry I can't entertain and make friends more in the line you would wish me to, but that seems such waste of time when there is so much real work to be done. Going to parties, and wasting your time and spending your money as well. You know quite a few of your class called on me, Vera and Gladys thought it my duty for your sake to return the calls and accept some of their invitations and when they called for me and teased me to come I went with them a few times; but I can't get interested in that line Harold; it seems, as I'm telling you, a waste of time to me, when there is so much real work to be done, and I know I would spend just as much money and more the other way; the few times that I played I wasn't lucky at bridge, and you really don't mind do you, Harold?"

"No sweetheart, I don't mind," he said fondly kissing her, "Do exactly as you please, and what pleases you will please me, and I'll certainly go with you whenever you want me to, or help you out when your purse isn't full enough, but couldn't you buy some of the things ready-made, for I hate to see you in the sewing room so much."

"No Harold that's the part I enjoy, planning and making something for them, and I get more good out of the money that way too."

So that's the way Junette had learned to put in her time; she was not happy herself but she tried to make others happy. The first few months after her marriage she was constantly at her easel, and she gave all her work to bazaars and churches, then she got in with a lady, Mrs. Fergstead, who called on her one day and they got talking about some of the poor in the city. June at once was interested and asked to be allowed to share in the work, and ever since she started she was happier than she had been since her marriage. But the bright happy pleasure-loving June seemed to have vanished completely and in her place was a quiet sad looking creature. No one could ever say that Junette flew around from one room to the other; this new June never hurried for there seemed to be nothing to hurry for, nothing to hope or to look forward to, for her.

When she came back from her wedding trip she had made up her mind that if ever she met Mr. Alderson to treat him as an entire stranger, "I am married now and I must do my duty to my husband and think of Rex no more," and we must give her credit for it, she didn't, and when ever her mind would wander back to what might

have been and she started to feel unhappy and blue she would go to her easel and work it off or later she would go among her poor friends as she called them. She would take them many little dainty surprises and was always on the lookout for some little comfort that she could give to someone who was in need of it, and she was soon liked, yes, loved among the people to whom she went.

Florence married an old wealthy hotel keeper of nearly sixty, and moved to his home in Brandon. June would sometimes visit Mrs. Turner but not often, so time went on and she was married nearly two years.

One day a little son arrived at their house. Harold was in his glory, he hoped that it would bring Junette and him closer together and he had hoped for this to unite his folks, for Harold dearly loved his mother and no matter what he did or said she would only say nasty cutting things about June and when she saw that she had offended her son, she would apologize to him and make it up again, but he knew how she felt towards his wife, and June seemed just as stubborn, for no matter what he said to her he knew she would not raise one finger to make friends with any of his people, and of late they had many little quarrels over it, but now he hoped all that would be bridged over. His mother had consented to forgive Junette for marrying Harold, if she would become a Catholic and be married again by the priest and have him baptize the baby.

But no one had dared to mention it to Junette yet. Some days after the arrival of her little son, Gladys called and told June how glad her mother was that it was a boy.

"June I think you are foolish not to become a Catholic and one of us, I feel that mother would make friends with you. Father Davie has her nearly talked into it," said Gladys.

Before June could answer the nurse was in the room and when she saw June's excited face she asked Mrs. Henderson to leave, as conversation was exciting the patient. For many days after that she allowed no visitors in, for June was very much worse, she had started to brood over what Gladys had said.

"I wonder if they can make me leave my religion and turn; it would hurt my folks terribly, I must not think of it," she thought, "But why in the world can't they leave me alone, I don't do a thing to them, I feel as if they are undermining me, I am sure that's what Harold meant, although he didn't say it as plain as Gladys, but I won't do it, I simply won't do it, I don't ask Harold to leave his religion and I won't leave mine; the idea after the way they have cut me and hurt my feelings. Now I guess they think if they say a few kind words everything will be alright, but I'll just show them that it won't be."

That evening Harold said "Sweetheart, the doctor doesn't seem satisfied with the way you're getting on; I wish we could coax you to take more nourishment; you seem to lie there as if life holds nothing for you. Think of our little son, dear, and try and get strong won't you? Baby is a month old tomorrow and you haven't tried to sit up yet, have you forgotten that next week is our second anniversary and at first I had hoped you would be up by then. Junie," he joyfully said,

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if mother would come over."

But June stopped him.

"Harold, please don't go on, say nothing more about your mother or your sister-in-law, I haven't told you one thing of their actions and the many cutting things that they have said in the two years that I have lived here, when they saw me out in the front or the back where they knew that I had to hear it. I haven't told you and I'm not going to tell you because it wouldn't mend matters but don't think for a moment, Harold, that all your mother has to do is step into this house and everything will be alright, for it won't; I will keep on living as I have so far and the rest of the world and the people in it don't concern me," and Miss Brant, the nurse stepped up and said she thought Mrs. Maitland needed rest, "Mrs. Maitland is so easy upset, and we don't want to undo things, and have her worse again."

Junette took no interest in her son or any thing else, "What's the use of living," she thought to herself, "If baby and I could only die everything else would be alright," but death does not come to the ones who wish it, and June very slowly got stronger, and before very long was up. A few days after she was up Vera called,

"Well," she said after she had kissed June, "at last they let me see you my dear; I've tried so often before. My, I'm so glad you're up June," and she seemed to talk so excitedly that June felt sure she had something of importance to say and she was right, before long Vera started.

"You know June you should have had that baby baptized long ago, you know we always

baptize them when they are a week old and you've put it off so long dear; do you know Junette I have awfully good news to tell you, I think, in fact, I feel pretty sure, that mother will be over for the christening, she will be in church anyway, and see him baptized, but I feel pretty sure that she will come over to see you too."

"Why Vera, your mother don't go to our church, what's the matter with you."

"To your church, why no, but you surely were not thinking of having him baptized at your church were you June?" and Junette had never thought of it in that way and she was horrified.

"They surely don't mean to take my little boy and do as they please with him," she thought, and contrary to her thoughts she answered, "I really don't know what I'm going to do with him, and Vera please don't let's talk about it, it always upsets me when I start thinking about your mother of all the hurtful talk she has made me hear since I've lived here," then changing the subject she said, "What made you go out so early, it's not eleven o'clock."

So they chattered on for a while then Vera left and as soon as ever she was gone June called the nurse.

"Dress baby in his best," she said, "In his very best I'm going to take him out, do you think he can be ready in an hour, but no, that won't do, I guess we had better wait until after dinner; don't mention it to Mr. Maitland when he comes home that I am going out, and order the carriage for two and be ready yourself and have baby ready, that's all, now leave me alone, I want to think."

When Harold came home for dinner he saw no change in June, she seemed if anything more pleasant, and as soon as he had gone back to the office she called Miss Brand and asked if she was ready and at two o'clock they stepped into the carriage and drove to the Reverend Hall, her own minister's residence, Mrs. Hall was pleased and surprised to see her. She told them she wanted baby baptized and she called him Earl Raymond Maitland. "Now," she thought, "They can't steal my baby from me anyway."

When they were coming home it seemed as if Harold's mother was on the watch for them; when she stepped out of the carriage she actually went out to meet her.

"I'm glad to see you up and around Junette."

"Thank you," June replied, "I just took baby out to have him baptized."

"You had him baptized," she gasped, "where?"

The Reverend Hall baptized him."

"You wicked creature," raged Mrs. Maitland.

June dismissed the carriage and asked Miss Brant to take the baby in as she wished to talk to Mrs. Maitland a minute.

"How dare you do such a thing. Well I'm thankful that Harold is not married to you and he's no son of his."

"What do you mean," asked June.

"We Catholics don't consider ourselves married by one of your ministers, and no priest married my son, therefore his marriage is not legal, and of course the child has no right to his name."

"What are you Mrs. Maitland," June quietly asked, "Are you human? I certainly doubt it," and she went in. There she sat down and wept

till her tears were exhausted. Mrs. Alic Maitland went down to the office to see Harold, here she told him what June had done.

"Now when everything could have been alright," she stormed, "She goes and undoes it all; you know how we had planned to have it all fixed up, the ceremony over again, the child baptized and everything and there she went and spoilt it all. She seems to do everything contrary to your wishes Harold. That shows you how much she dislikes you, she had the cheek to tell me right to my face that she dislikes you." The interview was very painful to Harold; he was very much surprised at what Junette had done; he had fallen into his mother's plan and felt that everything would be alright, although he had not ventured to mention it to June yet. Now it certainly seemed all over, for a while anyway.

His mother talked on and on, saying all the unpleasant things about June that she could think of, and at last Harold offered to take her home, he wouldn't go in, but went right on. He was anxious to see June, when he arrived home, the first words June said were,

"Harold, your mother dared to say we're not married, don't you think her insults are going a little too far?"

"Oh mother didn't mean it that way Junie, you're always taking her up wrong," but June who was thoroughly hurt and enraged now wouldn't let him go on to explain. "I'm taking her up wrong am I, when she tells me in plain English that we're not married and you side in with her and tell me I'm taking her up wrong? Oh how I hate you, and your mother and everybody be-

longing to you, I hate you so much that I prefer death to living the way I do, and will not stand it, I will not put up with it any longer. Because, lately, everything they do and say seems to be right to you, you start going in with them against me. You can just go to them, I don't ever, ever want to see your face again, I always disliked you but now I hate you and I will not live with you any longer do you understand me, I will not live with you any longer."

"June I never saw you in this state before, you don't know what you're saying, control yourself."

"Yes, I do know what I am saying, I hate and despise you and I don't want to ever see you again."

Harold was deeply hurt, for since he had known June he had done his very best for her. "Is this the thanks I get for all that I've done for you; if you hate and despise me as much as you say you do, I will give you time to think it over, I have to take a business trip to New York, but I put it off hoping you would be able to go with me, but now I will go alone, and at once; and in the meantime think over what you said to me. If you hate and despise me as much as you say you do there will have to be a way found to alter things," and without saying good-bye he turned and left the house.

"Oh thank heaven," thought June, "At least for a few weeks I won't have to see him. Oh I'd give anything if I wouldn't have to see him again, I'd give anything to be that poor dining-room girl again, that I was before. I knew him. Oh I know what I'll do, I won't see him again, I'll just leave him, just simply leave

him. She dared to say I wasn't married to him, well then I must be free, and I'll just show them that I'm glad to be free," she walked the floor like a lion in its cage. "Yes and I'll just gall them as Lily always said she would do. I'll go back to Turner's, that's what I'll do; that will humble them; they should have left me alone and not nagged at me, because I sure tried to keep out of their sight as much as I could," and while her mind was rapidly working, she started to dress for the street, she called Miss Brant and paid her; she dismissed the maids and phoned up her doctor and asked him if he knew of a good home for a baby. Dr. Thompson knew the city well and not knowing what she wanted the address for, gave the name of a woman who was thoroughly reliable; then June took her baby and went out, never to enter that house again.

"What I should do," she thought, "would be to go directly home; that would be the proper thing, but that would suit them too well; they would then tell their friends what suited them best; that I had gone for a trip or something like that, no I'll not give them a chance to get out of the situation by falsehoods, I'll just stay in Winnipeg because I did not do anything wrong that I know of, so why should I leave the city and give them a chance to say what they like."

As she walked down the street she noticed her wedding ring, which enraged her, she took it off and threw it away; she threw it from her as an unclean thing. "They say I'm not married to him, well, then, I don't want his ring," her engagement ring she was about to throw, then she hesitated.

"No I won't throw this away, this must free me from him, once it bound me to him, and now it must free me from him."

She turned her steps to a large jewelry store, where the ring had been bought, she went up to the counter and asked how much they would allow her for this ring, the clerk took it to one of the proprietors and he came out, saying,

"How do you do Mrs. Maitland, I recognized the ring; if you are not suited with it I will be pleased to change it for another. We have your necklace nearly complete, would you like to see it?" and not waiting for her to answer he got the necklace and showed it to her, "See, there is not much more to be done in it. Mr. Maitland wants it for next week, and we certainly will have it finished."

She knew about the necklace, Harold had told her he was getting it made for their second anniversary; she couldn't help but admire the necklace, it was a beautiful pearl and diamond affair.

"Much too grand for me," she thought, "I'm glad I won't have to wear it," and aloud she said,

"Yes it's a beauty, Mr. Maitland will be pleased with it, now about the ring, I really don't like it and I want to sell it. Mr. Maitland will see you about another," she laughed, and he allowed her seven hundred dollars for the ring.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN she got to Mrs. Campbell's, she was expected as she had phoned and told Mrs. Campbell she was coming over to bring her little son, June was pleased with her kind motherly appearance, also the comfortable little home pleased her. Mrs. Campbell was a widow, with two little girls, she sometimes went out nursing, but was better pleased to earn money at home. Satisfactory arrangements were soon made. Junette felt very much at home with Mrs. Campbell, she told her nothing about herself, only that circumstances made her part with her baby and she wanted a good home for him.

"I will be over every day to see him," she told her, "You can give him his morning bath and I'll be over in the evening to bath him and put him to sleep; I will also be over nearly every afternoon, to see him and take him out if I feel like it."

Mrs. Campbell insisted on her staying for tea with them, and she did. "I have no clothes for him," said June, as she undressed him and got him ready for bed, "I didn't even bring a nightie, we will have to wrap him up in something for tonight, and tomorrow I will get everything that he needs."

Mrs. Campbell was surprised next day when a beautiful carriage, baby hammock, soft woolly shawls and blankets and everything else imaginable to make a baby comfortable, were delivered.

After tea June went over to Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Turner was, as usual, glad to see her.

"I have a favor to ask Mrs. Turner," said Junette, "And you will be very much surprised at what it is."

"Ask what you like dear, I'll certainly do it if I can."

"Well it's this, I want to come here, to work mind you, not to board, I want my old bedroom and sitting room back, I don't care what I pay for them, and I want my tables in the dining-room back, and I want you never, never, to call me Mrs. Maitland, and I think that's all I have to ask," she smiled.

"June," gasped Mrs. Turner, "You're certainly joking."

"No, I'm not, but I really don't care to tell you any details; I may later, but I don't feel like it now and I'm so tired, Mrs. Turner, if my rooms are vacant and you will lend me a nightdress I will retire."

"But my dear, I don't know if I dare do this. Won't you stay and be my guest for as long as you like, I daren't put you in the dining-room June, what would Mr. Maitland say?"

"Well I'll tell you Mrs. Turner, it's like this, I know exactly what I'm doing, I'm going to work right here in Winnipeg, if not in your dining-room in another's; I prefer your's because it's the only real home I've known so far. I've had to look after myself more or less all my life, and I'm capable of doing it now, so it's for you to decide whether I start tomorrow, mind you, tomorrow, in your dining-room or in someone elses."

"Oh I'd love to have you June, but I'd like to have you as my best friend or my guest, or whatever you'd like to call yourself, but I daren't

put you to work dear, let's talk it over tomorrow, June, there is no such rush, I feel that you've quarreled with your husband and he'll have you back there in no time; so you see dear, I wouldn't dare let you go in the dining-room, he would never forgive me."

"Oh I don't seem to be able to make you understand that I will go to work. I wish you would call Mr. Turner, I think I could reason with him better, then the responsibility would be off you."

When Mr. Turner came, June went right to the point.

"I want my old tables back Mr. Turner," she said, "And if you have to pay the girl her full month's wages, I will pay it, and I'm going to start in for breakfast, I have a lot of things that I have to attend to, but I can do all that in my spare time."

"Mrs. Maitland, why we're glad to welcome you back, but I cannot help but join my wife in her wishes, that you be our friend and guest, for a while anyway."

But Junette was firm, she said she had to go to work, her mind had to be at work, "And Mr. Turner, don't call me Mrs. Maitland, let it be June as it used to be," and she had her wish.

Next morning when she appeared in the dining-room, there were many of the old boys still there, she explained nothing to anyone, she smilingly greeted them one and all, and went on with her work, as if she had never left it.

June had only been there two days when Mrs. Murner came to her and told her that Harold's Tother was waiting and wished to see her and June said smiling.

"Mrs. Turner do you remember the first time you came down and told me the very same thing, and I told you that I trembled all over, I was so nervous and excited; well, today I'm not nervous or excited or trembling, today I boldly say I don't want to see her, I have nothing to say to her and I don't wish to hear anything that she may wish to say to me."

"Oh June come on up, I can't deliver a message like that to her."

"Well, Mrs. Turner that's the only message I have to send to her, tell her that I don't want to see her, and never to come again for I will not see her; once they had the power to hurt me, with their actions and talk. Oh, if you had heard the many stinging remarks I had to hear, when I lived there, you know how close the houses are, and they put themselves out to come close to ours when I was outside; their talk hurt me more than blows would have done; but now I'm free, I won't be caged in their gilded cage again, and I'm going to stay free."

So there was nothing else for Mrs. Turner to do but to go and tell Mrs. Maitland June would not see her.

"I will leave her a note Mrs. Turner, if you will kindly let me use your writing desk."

When the note was given to June she didn't open it but sent it back to her mother-in-law.

June was beginning to be more like the old June that she used to be; she went to see her little son every day, she played with him and cuddled him to her heart's content, and every evening she would put him to sleep. Mrs. Campbell and June got to be great friends. Mrs. Campbell was a woman

who had seen better days and she appreciated Junette's kindness very much.

The news of Junette being back at Turner's spread like wild fire, and when she had been there about a week, she was carrying out a tray full of dishes, the rest of the girls had already left the dining-room, there was a picnic and the last train left the city early in the afternoon. June said she wasn't going and would finish up the girls' work. Just as she was carrying out the last tray full of dishes Rex Alderson stepped into the dining-room.

"Junette," he said, "is that really you?"

When she heard his voice she dropped the tray, and to look at her you would think she hadn't a drop of blood in her body, she was unable to move, she trembled like a leaf, others rushed in when they heard the crash—the kitchen girls came in and cleared away the dishes. As soon as June was able she said,

"You here, what business had you to come in here?"

"I only just heard to-day at the station that you were here. I was going to take the last train and run out to the picnic grounds for a while. Mr. Norfleet told me that there must be something wrong that you were back at Turner's and so I came right over to ask you if there is anything you want me to do for you. I'd be too glad to do it."

"Yes," June said, "There is something you can do for me; you can go out of here and keep out; that's about the only favor that I know of that you could do me."

Junette knew that a few months after Rex was married, Mrs. Alderson, with a few friends

were out boating on the river, and an accident happened, and Mrs. Alderson and two other ladies were drowned before help reached them. June had sent her the most expensive wreath that she could get. She had done the same to the other two ladies, with no card, because she was thoroughly sorry for them all when she read of the accident. Only once before had she seen Rex, he was coming down Main Street but she went into one of the stores as an excuse, rather than meet him, and this was the first time she met him face to face since they parted that night, over two years ago; both had gone through much sorrow in that time.

"June," he said, "I will not leave you like that."

"Mrs. Maitland, if you please," she interrupted him.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Maitland, I mean. You should not be here if you have had trouble with your husband as I am sure you must have had, don't you think it would be better if you would go home, surely your people wouldn't let you stay here if they knew it."

"No, my people don't know I'm here," she said, "I wrote and told them that I was going away for a while, and put it in such a way that they'll think I have gone away for a trip, and when I'm ready to go home, I will go without your advice, thank you."

"Mrs. Maitland, won't you please forget things and let me be your friend; just an outside friend is all I ask to be, I know you must have had trouble or you would not be here."

"Well, yes, since you are so anxious to pry into my affairs, I will tell you that I have had troubles, but whatever troubles there may have been between my husband and me, is not for outsiders; that's for ourselves and you must know that it's not pleasant for me to have you here and I really wish you would not try and see me again."

"I'll promise," said Rex, "if you promise me that if there is ever anything that I can do you'll let me know."

"Alright," she said, "but please don't come again, and don't try and see me in any way."

So the weeks passed, Gladys and Vera came to see Junette often, but they could not make her change her mind in any way.

"You know mother is nearly crazy," Vera said to June one day.

"Well, she has brought it all on herself," said June.

"Harold will be back now any day," said Vera, "You know he left for New York that same evening after your quarrel, and he expects to find you home when he gets back, I wish I could persuade you to come back home, before Harold gets back."

"Now Vera, please don't go on. I told you before that you can only come to see me if you don't try to interfere in my affairs, and if you don't stop trying to interfere, I will not see you again."

A few days after that Harold got back to the city and at the station he was met and told by his father what June had done, he was horrified.

"I never dreamt of anything like that father. I know we had words, but I didn't think for a

minute she would leave me. I'm going right over to Turners' to see her; she must come back."

His father persuaded him to come to the house first and made him go along.

"Harold," his mother said putting her arms around him and kissing him, "I'm sorry this trouble has come to you. I'm willing to acknowledge June as my daughter in-law. I went over to make friends with her as soon as ever I found what she had done, but she wouldn't see me, and Harold she is not worthy of you, try and forget her."

"Mother don't say any more please," said Harold, "this is such a shock to me. I've been away for four weeks and had forgotten the little quarrel we had before I left. I wrote her often from New York; did she not get my letters?"

"No," said his mother, "we took them from the post-man, she was not there and I tried to hush things up as much as I could."

"Alright mother, I don't blame you, I blame myself, let me go now, I want to go over to the house."

With his key he let himself in; how he longed to have Junette there to greet him. He went from one room to the other, even softly calling her name, although he knew she was not there. In her room he found everything just as she left it, all her clothes and jewelry and all the baby's things. He sat down and cried as men seldom cry.

"I knew she didn't like me," he thought, "but I didn't think she would leave me like this; I wonder if she really meant it when she said she hated me, I thought she only said it in anger but

I will see her and find out if she really hates me and can't bear to live with me, I will set her free, never mind what I suffer. I am going to set her free and see if I can make her happy that way."

After he had changed his traveling suit, he went right over to June, she turned pale when she saw him.

"Harold, are you back," she gasped. "You can't make me go back and live with you, I won't do it, I can't do it," and she began to sob, "if you tell me that I've got to go back I'll kill myself."

"June," he said quietly, "do you really dislike me that much?"

"Yes, I do, I really do, I prefer death to living with you."

"Well, then, you won't have to live with me dear. Don't cry, Junie," he went on, "I will arrange for your future." But she wouldn't hear of it.

"All I want," she pleaded, "is to be left alone."

"Junie, my dear, have my folks anything to do with your disliking me so much; if so I can sell out my share or else open another branch in some other city and we could move there."

"No, no," she cried, "I don't want to live with you, I can't do it; wont you please leave me alone. I don't want anything from you or your folks, things might have been different if they had treated me more like a human being from the first, but now I can't change my feelings Harold," she pleaded, "Give me a year to do what I like, if I need you I will send for you, if not please don't come near me till the year is up; a year from to-day you can come if you want to and if we're both willing we'll then leave town and live somewhere

else; if not we will settle things for good and part forever. Is that satisfactory?"

"It will have to be satisfactory if I can't change you now, it will be better to live a year in hope than to have all hope dashed from me now."

Junette told him where the child was, "But don't move him or do anything to alter things; go to see him as often as you like, but let him be there, don't go between three and five in the afternoon or in the evening."

And Harold with tears in his eyes left her, and June felt as if a load was off her mind.

"I have a year," she thought, "with nothing to trouble me, and I'm going to think only the kindest things of Harold, because he has been so good to me, and if I try I might like him; I might even learn to love him in a year's time. A year from now, I don't care what anyone says, we have our own lives to live, I am only twenty now, and I couldn't go on living and disliking him like I did. I know if they had not have hurt my feelings so often I would not have got to dislike him so. Now I don't hear anybody nagging at me, and I'm going to try my best to like him, and I'll make it up to him for all the sorrow and trouble I've caused him."

The following day she got a note from Harold; when she opened it she read:

My Own Darling Wife:

I don't mean to break my promise before the year is up and I'm only writing this to tell you I went to see our son yesterday and opened an account in the bank for you; use all you want of it, sweetheart, and I'm enclosing the latch key of our home, that is open and ready for you whenever you wish to enter, and my wish is that you would

enter it soon and wait there for the year to pass. I will not trouble you dear, till the year is up, or sooner if you send for me. I am leaving on this evening's train for New York. Enclosed is the address that will always find me.

Your devoted husband,

HAROLD.

Junette was very pleased when she got it, "Harold is very kind," she thought, "but I won't go near the house or I won't use any of the money because baby and I have all we need."

June's merry laughter that had been gone so long gradually returned. As months went on she never missed a day but what she went down to see Earl in the afternoon and evening. Mrs. Campbell was always glad to see her. Together they would sit and make clothes for baby and many other things. June always paid her well for any little extras she did and in the meantime she had written home and partly explained things, never letting them know that she was working at Turners' though. She promised that as soon as the weather got warm, she would bring baby out and stay part of the summer, and gradually the spring days passed and the warm summer days came, and ten months had passed since Harold left the city.

June was a favorite in the house as she had been before. There was a Mr. O'Bryan at her table, he had been boarding there about eight months and had taken a great fancy to June. No matter what attention he tried to show her, Junette smiling and joking always found a way to back out of everything.

"I wonder," he thought, "why she always refuses my invitations, she doesn't go with any one

else I know, because I've watched her, she goes out alone and comes home alone."

Mr. O'Bryan was a man about thirty, tall and rather inclined to be stout and rather good looking with auburn hair. He had a hardware store on his own on Main Street. He was a very quiet man who made but few friends but having made real friends, kept them. June, above anyone he had ever met, had taken his fancy and he tried in many little ways to prove it, but all his little gifts and invitations were kindly but firmly refused. If it was candies, she said they were not the kind she liked and jokingly said he should not try to please her as she was hard to please; and when it was a book, she said she had either read it or she hadn't time to read it, so one and all things were always refused.

"She must have some one else," he thought, "although I never see her with anyone." But he decided he would watch and find out why she refused him.

"Any of the other girls would be too glad to go, I must find out what is the matter with her," and without being noticed he followed Junette many an evening. He soon found out that she only went to one house every evening and was back home before ten, without ever meeting anyone. He often watched the house and saw Mrs. Campbell come out and talk a few minutes or walk a block or two with her, then Junette would hurry home as fast as she could. He took Mrs. Campbell to be June's mother.

Lately he had, as often as he dared, met her as if by accident and walked home the rest of the way with her, but after that had happened a few

times, one evening when he had met her again, June said:

"I'm afraid, Mr. O'Bryan, this was not an accidental meeting, and you will excuse me if I don't walk with you. I don't mean to offend you," she went on, "but there has got to be an end to it some time, because I'm sure you meet me on purpose, so I will turn down this street." And she bade him good night.

"No, Junette, please don't turn there, go your old road. I'll confess I did try to meet you, but I won't do it again if it annoys you; after this evening I won't do it again, if you promise not to be offended."

So for each one she always had an excuse. A couple of weeks after that evening, Mr. O'Bryan came in a little late for dinner! Junette was just sitting down to hers, he begged her not to get up but finish her dinner, he was in no hurry; but she wouldn't. She waited on him and would not sit down again.

"June, I wish you would come to a garden party this afternoon. I couldn't very well refuse the invitation but I do hate to go among so many strangers, you don't know how awkward a fellow feels when he has lived as quiet a life as I have to suddenly find himself facing something that he can't back out of. I will have to put in an appearance anyhow. I wish you would come. There are two or three of the ladies that make me feel so much at home at their house and it's for their sake I would like to put in an appearance, but I do wish you would come with me."

"Yes, I think I do know something about how awkward a fellow can feel. Would you like me to

take you there and protect you from the strangers?" she teased. "I have an engagement elsewhere this afternoon. Where is the garden party?" she asked.

When he told her she said: "Oh, that's on my way to Mrs. Campbell's. If it will make you feel brave, I will walk down with you." He was delighted.

Junette stepped out of her sitting room as fresh as a lily. She wore a plain white linen dress, with touches of her own hand embroidery here and there, embroidered hat and parasol to match, white gloves and shoes, and her lovely hair seemed to be the only touch of color about her, excepting a bit of sky in her eyes and the roses in her cheeks. Mr. O'Bryan was proud to walk down the street with her.

"I do wish I could persuade you to come in, June, if only for a few minutes. I would love to have my friends meet you, I'm so proud of you," he said.

"I don't know how to meet people any more," June replied. "It seems ages since I've been anywhere, excepting to Mrs. Campbell's and shopping."

"Do come in for a while, June," he pleaded.

As they drew near they heard the merry laughter, it seemed to invite June, and she promised to go for a while. She met and chatted with some of the guests. Mr. O'Bryan made her acquainted with the hostess and others, he was not as shy and awkward among the strangers as he had pretended to be, indeed he seemed quite at home among that jolly, laughing bunch. June was sitting on one of the garden seats, a couple of the ladies that she had just been chatting with

left and as Mr. O'Bryan came up she said:

"I'm glad you came, I hated to leave without telling you I'm going and I really must go for I told you I have a previous engagement."

Whatever he was going to say wasn't said. Just then Mrs. Tom Maitland came in view from behind a lilac bush next to them. Mr. O'Bryan's face lit up when he saw her.

"Oh, come and let me introduce you to my friend," he said to Mrs. Maitland. "Mrs. Maitland, my friend Miss Maitland."

Junette was taken by surprise as much as Mrs. Tom Maitland, they both stared at each other for nearly a minute, then June seemed to recall herself, she bowed her head and smilingly said:

"Excuse me, I have already met too many of the Maitlands," and she left them.

Mr. O'Bryan stood amazed, it was done so quickly. Mrs. Maitland still stood speechless.

"I apologize for my friend," he said. "There must be something wrong," and he hurried to catch up to June. "June," he said as soon as he was beside her, "what was the matter with you," not noticing her flushed face he went on, "Mrs. Maitland is one of the best friends I have. Why did you treat her like that?"

"Treat her like that," June flashed. "How dared you treat me like that, how dared you call me Miss Maitland in front of her, or was this planned between you and her to insult me."

"To insult you," he said. "What did Mrs. Maitland or I do to insult you, June be reasonable."

Then it dawned on June that he didn't know she was married, as no one ever called her Mrs. Maitland at the house, she was June to everybody,

and having heard that her name was Maitland he naturally must have thought that she was Miss Maitland.

"Have you ever heard of a Mrs. Harold Maitland," she asked him, "who left her husband nearly a year ago?"

"Yes," he said, "I have."

"Well I am Mrs. Harold Maitland, and you dared introduce me as Miss Maitland to her, she who has sneered at me, and said I was not married because Rev. Hall married us, instead of a priest."

Mr. O'Bryan stood speechless. "You married?" he asked in a voice that did not sound like his own. "You are Mrs. Harold Maitland, and I never connected you with that family at all. Forgive me for having made this blunder, I didn't know it; it would certainly not have happened had I had any idea who you were. It doesn't seem possible to me that you can be Mrs. Harold Maitland. Why are you working there when you can live in luxury?" "Oh! I was foolish enough to hope for a future between her and I," he thought. "How can she possibly be married, married to a Maitland and working there; true they told me that Harold was married to a common low girl, and they couldn't get along and parted, but if she is the girl he married, how could they call her low and common, there's not a girl I know who's more refined than June, she is gentle and refined and a lady in every way, for I know, I've watched her, I've watched her with the hope of making her mine some day, and living in the same house with her as I have, I would have seen if there was anything wrong with her." These thoughts flashed through his mind.

"That's the part outsiders can't understand, Mr. O'Bryan," said June. "Why I work instead of living in luxury, as you call it, and I don't wish to explain, but I'm sorry that you didn't know that I was married. I felt sure everyone in the house knew; though I wish to be called nothing but June. Maitland is a name that I would gladly shake off, but I cannot for my son's sake also my maiden name I cannot adopt for my son's sake, therefore I want to be called June, just plain June, that's my own. Now Mr. O'Bryan I have already spent more time than I intended to and I must be on my way. I hope you will have a pleasant time." And not allowing him to come with her she left.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN she got to Mrs. Campbell's she was met at the door.

"Oh, Mrs. Maitland, I'm so glad you came. I've been watching for you, little Earl doesn't seem well," and not waiting to hear more, June rushed into him. He was feverish and tossing restlessly, he didn't reach up his little arms to her as he usually did.

"Call Dr. Thompson, Mrs. Campbell, please, and tell him to come right over." But he did not give them much satisfaction after he had examined the child.

"I think I had better send you a nurse, Mrs. Maitland, his case is more serious than I first thought. I've been here over an hour and he seems to be gradually getting worse."

"No, doctor, I don't need a nurse, no one shall touch him but me; if anything can be done for him, I can do it."

Junette seemed to be a born nurse, and what could be done she certainly did, but he seemed to be slipping away from them fast. She called up Mrs. Turner and told her that she was not coming home, and never left her child for four days.

One evening when the doctor, Mrs. Campbell and herself were watching by his little crib he passed away. June could not control herself, she took her child in her arms and walked the floor with him, her mind seemed to have left her

and it took the doctor some time before he could quiet her.

Dr. Thompson arranged everything for the funeral, he also notified the Maitlands and sent a message to Harold.

When Harold got the doctor's message he had been in the hospital for three weeks, but he insisted on coming. When he arrived in Winnipeg he was unable to keep up, his folks took him home, and he could not leave his bed.

This trouble that had come on June was almost more than she could bear. Harold asked that the coffin be brought to the house and the funeral take place from there. At first June wouldn't hear of it, but Dr. Thompson said to Junette:

"Mrs. Maitland, do as he wishes, that may be his last wish that you can grant. Your husband is in a very critical state, he should not have come; I had no idea he was ill when I sent for him."

As the doctor was still pleading with June, Mrs. Campbell came in and said to June:

"Your husband's parents and sister are in by the coffin." And Vera softly slipped in after Mrs. Campbell.

"Junie, my dear sister," she said, "it's needless to say I sympathize with you. Come, dear, mother and father are in there; they wish to see you."

Without a word she let Vera lead her in. As soon as the door opened, her mother-in-law came over and said:

"June, I will kneel down and ask your forgiveness, because I have a favor to ask, one that you must not refuse me, June. Harold is continually asking for you. Come over, dear. See, I'm on my knees, humbly begging your pardon."

"No, don't kneel to me," said June, "This is not the time to consider our own feelings; I would have come to Harold without you coming over," and her father-in-law just caught her as she fainted away.

Mrs. Campbell was worried. "I'm glad, doctor, you are still here, it's pure weakness I think that's making Mrs. Maitland faint. I cannot make her take any nourishment, and she hasn't slept a wink since baby took sick."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and I'm afraid she has her worst troubles to face yet."

Mrs. Maitland was very kind to Junette when she came to.

"I want to make up for the wrong I've done," she said to June, "if I can."

They hurried and drove to the house. June was shocked when she saw how Harold had altered.

"Is it my fault, Harold, that you are in this condition?" she asked, tears streaming down her face. "I take those cruel words back dear, I have often regretted having said them. Harold try and get well, dear; don't leave me, don't leave me as the baby did, it's I that should have gone, if I'd had my way." She was on her knees by his bed with her arms around him.

Death was written in Harold's face.

"Why didn't you send for me, I would have gladly come, dear, had I known you were ill," June went on.

"Sweetheart, I'm glad to be here, I'm glad to have you with me. I know I can't pull through this, but I'm glad to have you with me."

They did everything that skill and money could do, but it was of no use. He lingered a

week; June never left his bedside. When they urged her to lie down and try and get some sleep she sadly shook her head and said:

"I will have plenty of time to sleep when I've done all I can here," and in her arms Harold passed away.

News had been sent to her home folks, and Mr. Shiloh without delay came in. He was in time for the funeral and Harold was put to rest beside his son.

Now Harold's folks were willing to do everything for Junette, they told Mr. Shiloh that she must stay with them; they would take the best care of her, but June said, "Daddy, take me home with you."

Harold had made a will before he went to New York, leaving everything he owned to Junette. When they told her about it she said, "I'm sorry it's so, money has never brought me anything but misery and unhappiness yet," and waiting for nothing to be straightened, Mr. Shiloh took his daughter home.

Here June got the rest she needed so much. Mr. Shiloh brought a girl from the city to help with the work. It was weeks before June saw anyone outside of her own folks and Mrs. Black; she refused to see or talk to anyone, she felt so down-hearted and sad.

Months lengthened into years; she had been home three years. It was three years now since she buried her husband and son, every year she took a special trip to the grave-yard and attended to her dear ones' graves. She had received many letters from Rex but answered none, also from Mr. O'Bryan and many other friends.

When her mother asked her why she did not answer any of these letters she would simply say, "I want to try and forget all that." She spent her money freely on her home folks, one and all. Iris she sent to college, and paid up for four years. "I don't know what might happen," she said, "and our school is too far away for her to attend regularly;" but to herself she said, "my little sister shall not be sneered at and called common and ignorant like myself, she shall have the best education that can be had."

One day Mrs. Shiloh and Junette took a trip to the city. They had only been there a couple of days when Mr. Alderson called. June was surprised at herself that she could meet him like any of her other friends; they talked of different things, not alluding to the past, and before he left, the ladies had promised to go to an opera with him.

Junette and Rex saw one another quite often during that visit and when he asked if he could come out and visit them on the farm she said,

"Yes, you can. I seem to have done so much harm with my pride in my young days that I feel if I live to be a hundred, I wouldn't have time to undo it."

"Don't accuse yourself like that, June, others were the cause of all that." But June stopped him.

"Don't say any more, please. I try not to drift back to the past any more than I can help."

That same fall Rex went out for the second time to Shiloh's. June had been a widow for three years and a half now. She knew he was coming and her mind had been busy the last few weeks.

"I don't know if I have a right to let Rex spend his time on me. I don't want to get married again and, still, can I give him up? I feel that I cannot give him up," she thought. "When I picture life without him it seems terrible, it seems as if the sunshine would be completely crushed out of my life if I had to give him up and not see him again. How could I have acted so dreadful when I was young? It was all foolish pride, that's what it was, that parted us and caused all that misery. Oh, how I've prayed that God might give me better sense and take that foolish pride away. Well, when he comes to-morrow I'll just know when I see him if I can pick up courage and tell him or not."

Junette knew how Rex came to marry. When he went down to his home village they had just buried Marguerite's father, Mr. Bentley. Marguerite had kept house for her father for some years; there were only the two, her mother having died when she was an infant. Marguerite was inconsolable; she dearly loved her father. Rex and she had always been good friends. She was fonder of him than he ever knew, and when she saw him coming back in the time of her trouble she took it for granted that he had heard about it and come back to comfort her.

Before Rex could stop her, she told him how glad she was he came back to her, and she said she had always hoped he loved her, but now she was sure of it; and poor Marguerite in her grief, and feeling so sure that Rex came to claim her, now that she had no home, poured out her heart to him, telling him how she had hoped and waited.

"Although you hardly ever answered my

letters, I knew you were busy," she went on, "but now, Rex, my worst fears are over; now that you are back all my worries are forgotten."

Rex tried different times to stop her, he wanted to tell her that she was wrong, that he would have entirely forgotten her if it had not been for her many letters keeping his memory fresh, and he wanted to tell her that the only girl in the world for him had thrown him over, had plainly told him that she preferred another to himself, and that he came home to bury his grief, not to claim her, but she wouldn't let him get in a word.

"Don't talk, dear," she said. "I will not listen to anything. Now that you are back nothing else matters," and feeling so sure that she was in the right, she had her arms around him and was kissing him.

He felt sorry for her in her grief. He knew she was one of the finest girls in the neighborhood. He knew how humbled and humiliated she would feel when he told her he did not come to take her back with him as she hoped. "But I must tell her at once," he thought. "Marguerite, you are wrong, I do not love you the way you think I do, we have always been friends and I highly respect you."

"There you go again, Rex," she said smilingly and putting her hand over his mouth, "I will not listen to you, my dear, I will not let you accuse yourself like that, if you think your love is not as great as it should be, mine is all the greater and I'm satisfied with such as your feelings are."

"But you must let me speak, Marguerite, I must tell you my story."

"No, no, dear, you don't need to, if you've had other girls and all that, it doesn't matter.

You came back to me after these years, when you knew I was in trouble, that bridges over everything."

"But——" and she stopped him, "I'll just have to go home and write her and explain things," thought Rex, "then I must take the train and go back to Winnipeg."

It was an unpleasant duty, but he knew he had to do it so he sat down and explained everything to Marguerite, how he worshipped Junette and their little home was already for her, and putting all pride aside he said how June threw him over preferring a richer man to himself, and how disappointed he was in her and in all womankind, after June proved false. He came home in his grief not knowing what he was doing. He went to say good-bye to June, feeling sure that if she had any love for him she would not let him go, and he bid Marguerite good-bye in the letter, saying he was going back the next day, that he would not see her again as the interview would be painful to them both.

After he has sent Marguerite the letter he couldn't get his mind off her. "Poor girl," he thought, "I'm sorry I had to come here to add to her sorrow instead of comforting her, she will feel terrible when she gets my letter, still I could not let her go on believing what was not so."

Early next morning he was just coming out of the hotel dining room when Marguerite came up to him.

"I must see you, Rex. Don't go away like you intended to without saying good-bye to me," she said.

"Marguerite, my dear child," he said, "this interview will be too painful. Why go into details? Let us say good-bye here. I'm leaving for Winnipeg to-day."

"No, Rex, come up to the parlor, I must talk to you," and he felt thoroughly sorry for her. She was dressed in the deepest of mourning which made her pale face look still paler, her large wistful eyes looked sadly at him, and he thought that if there was anything in his power he could do, he would, all but what she expected.

"I know what you must think of me, Rex," were the first words she said when they entered the parlor. "In reality I have proposed to you, haven't I?"

"No, don't look at it like that," Rex said.

"Yes, that is the only way to look at it," said Marguerite. "Although, mind you, when I spoke to you, I was sure you came for me, that's why I laid my heart bare to you," and tears started to stream down her pale cheeks. "Rex, that girl you love so much does not care for you so you said. Would it be terrible if you would marry me? I might as well tell you the home we lived in is all but gone, it's so heavily mortgaged, and I am not prepared to face the world. We have lived so quiet; father not caring to have people around. We have lost what friends we had and made no new ones. Would it be so terrible if you married me, Rex, and took me away with you? I expect no love from you; but, Rex, if you went away and left me here, homeless and friendless, I don't know what would happen," and she sobbed bitterly.

Rex was in an awful state, trying to decide what was best to do.

"I have that little home-furnished," he thought, "I could put her there and support her until she gets over her grief and realizes that its better to face the world than to marry without love," but she broke in on his thought and said between her sobs:

"I would be so good to you, Rex, because I've always loved you, even at school, and I never gave up hope that you would come for me, and now that I have seen you again; I just worship you, and I will just study your comforts and happiness. Take me with you, Rex, and don't leave me here."

Rex thought his life useless to him and if he could give this poor girl some comfort, why should he deny it to her; and he told her that he would marry her, that she would be his wife in name, she could share his home, but he hadn't a bit of love to give her.

"All my love, yes, even my thoughts I have given to the girl that proved false. If it's any comfort for you to marry me under these conditions, all right," and they were married that afternoon.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Rex came the next day, June had driven to the station to meet him, and on the way home she said over and over again to herself, "No, I cannot give him up, why the trees look greener and the sunshine brighter to-day because he's here; and the birds seem to sing more joyfully," she thought. And Rex was just his old bright self, the man she had known five years ago. She forgot that years of sorrow lay between them; it seemed as if she was still at Turner's and he was just taking the bright, happy girl that she used to be out for a drive, and Rex didn't leave her long in doubt about his own feelings.

"Junie, dear, I wonder if you know or if you can guess or if you care to guess what brought me out this trip?" and she teasingly said,

"Yes, indeed I know, you came out to see me, didn't you? You see I'm still as conceited as ever; you remember Florence once told you that I thought you were terribly stuck on me," she laughed. Then, wanting to change the subject, she said, "Poor Florence, I wonder how she is getting along, you know Rex, I'm really surprised that you didn't marry Florence."

"June," said Rex, "how can you think of such a thing?"

"Yes, I'm really serious, Rex, she liked you very much; I know it. I was married and your wife was dead, and Florence liking you as much

as she did, I'm really surprised that she couldn't win you."

"June, you know better, dear, you know how I came to marry Marguerite. Poor Marguerite," he said sadly, "I can never forget the state I was in when I married her; of course I was sure I had lost you for ever, but no-one else in the world shall ever be mine but——" he was going to say "you," but she cleverly stopped him.

"Rex, how often have we decided not to drift back to the past. We'll stop in and see Gracie and Fred on our way, Rex. I couldn't begin to tell you how happy they are; it's hard to realize that there is so much happiness in the world until you see them."

Gracie and Junette were still chums. June had told Grace they were going to stop in on their way back and both Fred and she were at the gate; they had watched for their coming; it was certainly like old times for the four of them to be sitting together.

After a dainty lunch they drove home. Rex was a welcomed guest, Mrs. and Mr. Shiloh as well as John had got to think a lot of him. The very next afternoon they were out in the garden; Rex was helping June gather some of the late flowers that were still in bloom and when her hands were full and she turned to go back to the house, Rex said,

"Give me those flowers dear," and he put them down on a seat close by, where they sat down. "Don't hurry in June. I guess you know what I long to say to you. Will you listen, sweetheart? Will you let me say it? Can you trust your life and happiness to me?"

"Yes, Rex, I'm going to be frank with you. I have thought a lot of you and what might happen, before you came, and I had made up my mind that if you asked me to be your wife again, I would be glad to accept you; not as that happy foolish June who accepted you before, although God knows I could not love you any more than I did then, but as a woman who thoroughly knows her mind and knows what she is doing."

"June, it's needless to say that I never stopped loving you since the first time I saw you, and loving one another like we have, I can't realize that we let so much come between us."

"Don't drift to the past, dear," she said. "It seems God's wish that we should be joined and I will never cease to thank Him; I will try to live as He would want me to; and we will both join in the work, Rex, and bring happiness where we can, because we have no more right to be happy than the rest, and it seems to me that God just gave me that money to see what I would do with it. I feel as if He made me manager over it, and Rex this is the first favor I ask of you; promise that you will help me to spend it right, no foolish comforts and enjoyments for ourselves, because you have more than enough for that, but I need your better judgment to spend mine right."

"June, my own darling," he said, "I hope you will believe me when I say I never meant to touch a dollar of your money. I've heard of your work and I hoped that you would be able to keep it up. Even though you tried to keep it out of the papers it leaked out somehow. It was by chance I sat opposite two men in the train and

they were talking about your work, how you drive out to the homesteads and comfort women in their need. One of the fellows said, 'I know of three families she started right up, they came out with very little money and what there was of it the men seemed to want for themselves, for implements or such like, and the women got to be badly in need of help. She had log shacks built for them and provided what comforts the women and children needed. She certainly spends her money in a noble way. She's not a woman that gives so many thousands to a church or an institute and gets her name in print; but she quietly goes among the poor herself.' 'Yes,' said the other man, 'Old Maitland told me himself that she started a school in a Russian village some miles from her home and has so far kept it up herself. He's very proud of her. I guess the old lady would give most anything now if she could undo what she has done.' I thought before that they were talking about you, but I was certain when they mentioned the name Maitland," said Rex, "and I introduced myself to them and we traveled together as far as Dauphin."

"Don't give me any credit for that, Rex, it's easy enough to do good when you have money to do it with."

Two weeks after the conversation in the garden there was a quiet wedding at Shilohs'. Junette wanted it as quiet as possible, but it seemed there were so many friends and neighbors that they could not very well leave out without hurting their feelings, that the church was even more crowded than it was at Lily's wedding, and soon the happy couple left for their honeymoon. They

spent a month abroad, then returned, and boarded until their new home was completed.

Now Junette realized what happiness meant. Weeks and months passed but they seemed more like days to her, they were so thoroughly happy. The Maitlands, one and all, were her friends, but she lived in none of the style that they did, she didn't waste much time with idle society, but she had many true friends and enjoyed their company.

When they had been married four years, a little daughter was born. June was so glad it was a little girl. "A little boy would have brought too many memories of my other precious one," she thought, and the following year a little sister arrived. They called the oldest one Rhoda and the little sister Fay. How proud Mr. and Mrs. Alderson were of their little daughters; no pen can describe the happiness and joy they got from those little girls.

"Rex, my dear," said Junette one day, "I'm so glad they are both girls. I will teach them to love one another dearly, and you'll help me, won't you? You know, Lily and I were never taught to like one another, and mother, preferring Lily, made me dislike her more, but there shall be none of that between our little girls; equal love is what they shall share, and that will equal everything."

How often Rex came home and found her on her knees by the little crib, with tears of happiness in her eyes, praying God to protect her little girls and help her raise them to be good women.

"I wonder if my mother ever prayed for me," she thought. "I will advise them and be their friend in everything as they grow older. I don't know of a woman apart from Mrs. Cook that

ever advised me to do anything for my good; it was always something to their advantage; but I will watch over my little ones, they won't need to take advice from anyone but me, if God spares us all."

They grew to be lovely children, the pride of the parents and friends. June promised Rhoda a big party on her sixteenth birthday. The promise was made months before, now it was shortening into weeks.

"Do you know girls what I've been thinking about lately, you're getting old enough to do something on each of your birthdays, worth while, that you can remember ever after, and feel proud of."

"Yes, mamma, dear, tell us what is it?" Rhoda said.

"Well, dears, I thought when you are having this big party, instead of asking your friends,—its really nothing for them to go to a birthday party, because they go to so many,—how would it be if we would go around and ask some that seldom have a chance to go to a party of any kind, and never to one like yours, and instead of expecting presents from them, how would it be if we would arrange to have a present for each of them; think it over, dears. How does that appeal to you?"

The girls seemed delighted. "Mamma, I think that's lovely" said Rhoda, and Fay said "Most likely papa will give us a birthday present anyway."

"Yes, girls, tell papa about our plan and if he agrees, ask him for some money, then we will try and do the best we can with that."

The girls at once started to make suggestions as to who they could ask and what they could do.

"We'll go to just as much trouble about it as if you were having your best friends" said June.

When the girls asked their father about their plan he thought, as they did, that it was a good idea. "It will give you something to think about and teach you to plan for others as well as yourselves."

When the girls began to look around to see what poor girls they might invite, they were astonished to find how many there were that they had never noticed even in school. June knew of many. She took the girls to invite them. June was well known among the poor in Winnipeg.

The work that she started when she was Mrs. Maitland, she continued when she got back to the city as Mrs. Alderson, and to many places the girls accompanied her; she was always with her girls when it was possible; they were more like sisters than mother and daughters.

Rhoda's birthday party proved a great success, she had about sixty young girls there, and they each carried a beautiful present with them when they went home. When that was over they started to plan for Fay's birthday; the girls were only a year and two weeks different in their age, so Fay's birthday came two weeks later.

"How would you like to give the children in the home an outing, little Fay?" asked her father, one day. "We all enjoyed Rhoda's birthday party so much." Turning to his wife he said, "Don't you think, dear, if you spoke to Mrs. Goudery, the matron, she would let us have the children for the day? I could arrange for rigs,

and we could drive out to a farm house. I guess many of them would enjoy it."

They all thought it was a glorious plan. Fay said she thought it would be nicer than the other one. They decided to drive out to Elm Park the next day and arrange with a farmer to have them come out.

"The girls and I will see to all the lunch," said June. "All he needs to supply is the milk and cream and the use of their stove."

Junette got busy; she hired women to help and the picnic was an affair that was remembered by the youngsters and grown ups for many a day. Each child also carried a keepsake away.

So another happy year passed. One evening Mr. Alderson did not come home; they waited dinner for him. It was the first time in all the years June had been married that she had to wait for him.

"Girls, I am afraid there is something wrong; papa has never kept us waiting before," she said. "I can't get him on the 'phone anywhere."

"Oh, it's not late, Mamma dear, don't worry, he'll be in any minute" said the girls. After the girls got too hungry to wait any longer, June sat down with them and drank a cup of tea. She could not force herself to eat a mouthful.

Something seemed to tell June there was trouble again. They spent an anxious evening, then not wishing to worry the girls she said, "I guess we will all go to bed, papa will be in." So they bade each other good-night and each went to their room and the girls were soon asleep.

That's what June wanted. She couldn't bear to see their worried faces; but there was no

thought of sleep for her, she listened for every sound and step that passed. It was long past midnight when she heard his step on the walk. She flew to the door and had it open long before he was near it. She did not wait for him to come up, but rushed down the steps.

"Rex, my dear one, how I worried over you, thank heaven you're alright." She slipped her hand in his and they walked into the house. Rex's features were strained and his face was pale.

"What's the matter?" June cried in alarm. "Are you ill, darling? Where have you been?" She couldn't keep the fear out of her voice.

"Junnie, my dear wife, I have something terrible to tell you."

"No, Rex, I have you and the girls, nothing else matters to me."

"Sweetheart, we're ruined," and he staggered to a chair.

She was down on her knees beside him.

"Surely you're not worrying over money like that, Rex. We have each other and the girls; surely nothing else matters; nothing else matters to me dear, does it to you?"

"It's you and the girls I'm thinking about, June. I invested not only my money, but yours too, and it's all gone."

"By selling what jewelry and things I have, can we cover anything? Can we save your honor?"

But Rex couldn't speak, he had sat in the office as if paralyzed for hours, ashamed to face Junette and the girls, and now this brave, noble, self-sacrificing woman met him with words like that; not a word of reproach, not a thought for

herself, always thinking of others and trying to comfort them.

When everything was sold: home, jewels, furniture and all, and everything settled, they had about two thousand dollars, that was all the money they had in the world, the girls faced things just as bravely as their mother.

"Couldn't we go to some new country, with the little that we have, Rex. I feel that we could start up again. I've read so much about that Peace River Country, I'm sure we could get on our feet again in no time there," said June.

"Yes," said Rex, "we could go as far as Edmonton and you and the girls could stay there and I would go out and see what could be done. I could borrow and start up again right here on a small scale."

"No, Rex, not here darling, we have been in Winnipeg so long it would really do us good to get away for awhile."

So it was decided that they should go to Edmonton, in sunny Alberta. The only thing they could not quite agree upon was the girls. Rex wanted to leave them in Winnipeg in college and June begged to have them come along. "Wherever it is good enough for us it will be good enough for them," June said, and the girls were anxious to go with their parents, they were one of the most devoted families that any one could wish to see.

So they found themselves in Edmonton. Rex was busy enquiring about that north country and even Junette tried to lead the conversation that way when she talked to other guests at the hotel.

There was an old couple stopping there, who had lived in the Pouce Coupe country for over twelve years. They were retired now and were going home to enjoy the rest of their days. Mr. and Mrs. Keister were their names. June had many a long talk with Mrs. Keister; she told them that they left Edmonton twelve years ago, driving all the way to the Pouce Coupe country, it took them months to get there, Mr. Keister said.

"There were good openings out there right now if a man had courage enough to go out and put up log stables or tents ahead of the steel where the freighters would have to pass, and stop the night. They pay a dollar a night and I guess there are from fifty to seventy-five teams passing" he said, "and if I hadn't made my little stake, I would have tackled it myself. You folks that have lived in the city all your lives could never tackle a thing like that, but there is a lot of money in it if a person don't mind the hardships."

Junette and Rex found out all they could from Mr. Keister, and Rex told June after that he was thinking seriously of trying it.

"You and the girls can stay here, it's not so far away, and I had better lose no time if I mean to open a stable out there. I will certainly have to have lots of hay and you know sweetheart, we must make hay while the sun shines, and this is the middle of June."

June and the girls wouldn't hear of him going out alone, June said she could put up with what he could and the girls said they could put up with what their mother could. June was glad the girls felt that way and they at once started to get ready.

Rex bought two teams and a cow and some chickens, a mower and rake for the hay and many other things, they loaded a car and left Edmonton about the middle of June for Peace River, going as far as Smith by rail, here they unloaded and freighted their goods sixteen miles to Soda Landing.

The girls and June walked nearly all the way, the road was so rough. If they did get on top of the load for a rest, they soon begged to be put off again, it seemed to them that every minute the load would upset. The road was so bad that even walking was terribly hard.

At Soda Landing they took a big boat, the "Northland Sun," and from there they went down the Lesser Slave River and then crossed the Lesser Slave Lake, about a hundred and twenty miles, and landed in Grouard.

When they got to Grouard they unloaded again and took the trail for the Peace River; the road was so bad that at times it seemed impossible to go on, they seemed to be no more than out of one muskeg before they were into another.

After they had been on the road two days, Rex said that it was impossible to go farther. They were only a few miles out of Grouard and he begged them to let him take them back and wait in Grouard and he would drive on with the load, then come back for them; but the girls and Junette wouldn't hear of it, they said they didn't mind it, if anything they enjoyed it, although there wasn't a bone in their body that didn't ache from walking all the way. Not knowing the country, Rex would drive across what seemed a nice meadow, and before he knew it he was

into a muskeg, and the horses would start to lie down. Sometimes, before he could get to them, the four of them would be down in the muskeg, then he would have to unhitch them and they would start to unload.

When they were at Soda Landing, June decided to buy overalls for herself and the girls. The sixteen miles that they had driven made her realize that they could not go on with the clothes they were wearing, and that was fortunate for them, for they certainly needed them badly. There were days when they only travelled a mile or a mile and half the whole day; they had barely started sometimes before they would get into another muskeg and everything had to be unloaded again.

At night, sometimes they would be too tired to put up the tent, and they would take their blankets and sleep out in the open. There were times when it would rain all day and night; once they had been out in the rain for two days when they came to an Indian teepee and they decided to stay there, even though they were Indians. They could get water there anyway that they couldn't get on the trail very often, and although they couldn't understand one another the Indians were glad to do what they could for them.

There seemed to be about five squaws; they insisted on taking their overalls and washing them for June and the girls, and the Indian men shot some partridges and offered them to Rex; the men folks made Rex understand that two of his horses were sick, and that the load was too heavy for that road, and they tended the horses and the whole gang put themselves out to wait on them.

Junette and the girls were very tired and as soon as the tent was put up they went to bed and slept a whole day and night. June was very sorry now that they had started out on the trail; she had no idea that any road in the world could be as bad as the one they were now travelling; she was thoroughly exhausted, but tried not to let the rest of them see it, the girls and she had made up their minds not to let Rex know how they felt. When they were sitting around their camp fire, eating their meal, they tried to be as jolly as they always were and Rex never knew their real feelings.

After the rain had stopped and they were rested and dry once more, they continued their journey. They had been on the trail five weeks when they came to a small place; it was so small that it wasn't even named, but there were a few tents up and a place called a restaurant, and Rex said they would stay there for awhile anyway, and the ladies were glad to rest there. They put up their tent. The Indians had been right, for the two horses died shortly after they left their teepee, and another one died shortly after they had their tent up. That was certainly a poor lookout for making hay with only one horse left.

Rex hired a man and they at once started to get out logs for the stables. He hoped that he would hear of someone that had a horse that he could rent or buy.

One evening after a hard days work, they were all sitting around the supper table and Rex said, "I guess if I get a chance to buy a horse my watch will have to go."

"No, dear," said June, "you think so much of

it, the girls and I still have some things that we can part with; you will feel lost without your watch and we can easier do without the things we have."

At times Rex was very discouraged. He said this was the most foolish move he had made yet, but again he would say, "I will make a success of it yet, after you, my dear ones, having sacrificed so much," and before long that little burg started to boom, everybody tried to get in ahead of the steel and tried to make a fortune when the freighters came through.

There was nothing peaceful and quiet about the place like there had been. There were men cutting the road, others grading it, and others followed close behind laying steel. There were gambling places and rough houses, that seemed to spring up like mushrooms over night. Two of the company's doctors settled there, and a drug store and hospital and different stores went up. At one time there was about ten or twelve gambling houses. June and the girls were afraid to step out of their tent in the evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONE day they brought Rex in on a stretcher, a log had fallen on him and crushed his back so bad that the doctors gave no hope whatever; this was a terrible blow.

"Mamma, what are we going to do" the girls sobbed. "Oh, if anything happens to papa how in the world are we ever going to get out of here," but June did not reply. "I'm afraid to step out of the door now that papa isn't here to protect us" said Rhoda.

June never shed a tear, her thoughts were all prayers, "Dear God, do not take him from us" she whispered, "Do whatever else you will but leave him with us," and she quietly went around handing the doctors what they called for and waiting on them, during the operation, Dr. McLaughlin said to June, "If your husband pulls through this Mrs. Alderson, he will be an invalid, I don't think he will ever be able to walk again, his spine is so badly injured."

"As long as he lives, doctor, that's all I ask."

When Rex was conscious again he tried to comfort June when he saw her kneeling by his bed.

"Don't think of me, dear" she said. "My tears are more of joy than sorrow. Dr. McLaughlin told me before he left that you would live and I'm so thankful, I'm just on my knees thanking God for sparing you to us."

After Rex was asleep June went to the girls and found them crying; she put her arms around them both and said, "Now don't cry, dears, the worst is over, papa is going to get better, but I might as well tell you all, we have hardly a dollar. The logs for the house are ready, and we must think and plan how to get it built. We can't think of getting out of here now, even if we could, for it would be certain death to move your father over this road and it will be months before he will be able to leave his bed, and then the doctors said he would never walk." As the girls started to cry afresh she said, "Now, girls, this is no time for tears, we must think of how to make money without worrying papa. What else have we? What else could we sell to get the house built?"

Then they collected all the little keepsakes and all the trinkets they had. "But, now, how to turn them into money is the next thing" said June. "Instead of being afraid of these men and girls like we used to be, I think I will have to go among them and try and sell this."

"Oh, mamma, how can we do that, I'm afraid to go near them" said Rhoda.

"No, I don't think we have any need to be afraid of them, dear, I always heard and read about the men up north, how good and kind they are to women if they are in trouble and we're certainly in trouble, now. We must have a warm house before cold weather comes. I could send back home for money, but it will be weeks before they receive my letter, and weeks again before theirs could reach us, and in the meantime we must live, I will just go and see what I can do"

June said. "Go in and sit with papa, but don't disturb him. Don't let him see you crying, and if he asks for me don't tell him where I've gone. Tell him I've gone out and I'll be back in a minute."

June went to one of the gambling places, closest to her tent, when she went in and saw so many men sitting around playing cards and drinking and the girls around them laughing and having a good time, she got nervous. "If they are not drunk" she thought, "I'm not afraid of them. I daren't go back, I must see what I can do" and she timidly walked to the first table.

"Gentlemen," she began, "I don't know who the proprietor is here, or if its necessary for me to speak to the proprietor. I am ~~the wife~~ of the man who got hurt, and you men know this north country better than I do. You know that we cannot live in a tent all winter. We have no money, and I have brought these things that I would like to sell if one of you men would be good enough to offer me anything for them."

When she came into the room all eyes turned to her, wondering why she came; now when she stopped speaking you could have heard a pin drop in the farthest corner. A few of the men from the other tables got up and came over. One of them bigger and rougher looking than the rest said gruffly, "Let's see what ya got there?"

"So this is all ya have to build yer house with, eh?"

Junette was frightened, she was sorry she had come. "I wouldn't mind speaking to one of them at the time" she thought, "but to be in among this bunch is awful, if some of them should be the worse for liquor and insult me what could I do?"

I acted without thinking over the situation; but I didn't know there would be so many in here."

But June was just as safe among that rough bunch of gamblers as she would have been down home in her own drawing-room. The men knew who she was and respected her; their big kind hearts went out in sympathy with her, they realized better than she did what she was up against and the courage she must have had to come in among them.

"Yes," June said, "if I could only get the frame up, my daughters and I could moss it ourselves."

"Well, we'll see" said the same big fellow; she afterwards found out his name was Oliver, and he picked up a couple of her rings and said, "I'll buy these madam, how much do you want for them?"

June said she did not know, they had been given to her daughters.

"I didn't stop to think to put a price on things as I didn't know if I would have a chance to sell anything."

"Oh, you'll sell 'em alright," said another, picking up a chain and pendant.

Now the place got real lively. Oliver said, "I'll tell you what we'll do madam, we'll auction them off, if you'll trust us with them. I will bring you the money over, but if you don't mind staying, it would take us just a few minutes," and he pulled out a box for her to sit on.

"I trust you alright" she said, "or I would not have come here, and if you don't mind I would like to stay because I'm very anxious to know what to do next, I will also have to have

some advice from you gentlemen about who to get to build it."

Oliver was the tallest of the bunch and he picked up one trinket after the other, held it up and said, "I'll bid five, ten, or twenty, whatever the case might be," and Junette knew that they were running some of the things far above their value, and as she waited the pile of bills grew on the table, and the trinkets disappeared.

When everything was disposed of, June was so grateful to the men; each had something kind to say to her, different ones offered to help her with the building, some of them were freighters from away out north. June wanted to give them some of the money back, she said she knew it was more than what was coming to her, and she wished to pay Mr. Oliver for his trouble, but he laughed and said, "Madam, we do not look at the value of money the way you do, did not you notice the piles of money laying on the tables when you came in?" someone is always winning and someone else is always losing, we are glad to do this for you now, if you wish to leave your instructions with us, what size the house is to be, and so on, I will see what we can do towards it."

She thanked them and told them where the logs were, she knew exactly where each pile was.

"And could I make a contract with you then," she said, "I'd pay you, and you pay the men, I feel so rich now" she smilingly said, holding up her hand full of bills.

"No, you can pay us when we're finished" he said.

June thanked them again and hurried home, they had their tent partitioned off in three rooms,

and she went right to her husband's room where she found the girls and Rex. He was awake. She put the money on the bed as she stooped and kissed him. "Come closer girls, look what I've got," and they counted the bills, they were all fives and tens. Rex looked surprised and said, "What have you done, dear? I know you sold the horse and the cow."

"No, I didn't, I wouldn't sell our Bridget for anything, and poor old Ginger, I wouldn't sell him either, someday I hope we'll get another one to match him, and at that I couldn't have gotten a quarter that much if I had sold them," and she told him what she had done.

"To think that I'm the cause of making you go into a gambling house" said Rex, "I'll never be able to forgive myself."

"But, Rex, don't be worried dear, I met none but gentlemen, even in that gambling house and I'm going to tell you dear, don't worry, think about yourself and get well. The men will start on the house at once, perhaps to-morrow they will start to haul the logs out. This will pay for getting the house built and in the meantime I will write home for more, and you will have to trust me to manage things, dear, and not worry over money matters. Now that the danger of losing you is past, I am brave enough to face anything."

The men were as good as their words; they started in at the house the next day, the freighters hauling logs and others putting it up, it seemed as if there were about twenty or thirty at it. June ordered lumber for partitions and floors and windows, and the freighters brought it down, she paid the freighters for their teams for hauling

the logs, but the men wouldn't take a cent for their work. While they were building it they suggested to build it larger than the logs were planned for in the first place.

"You could then live in part of it" said Oliver, "and some of the other men could rent the rest for a restaurant and rooming house, and the rent would keep you and the family going."

June was so glad when they told her that, she told them she'd be glad to run it herself if she could get the place built, suitable for the purpose. With the rest of the money she ordered beds and chairs and tables from the freighters.

A few days after June had been in the gambling house, one of the girls came over to the tent, June and Fay were just going to hang out some washing, the little girl was from one of the gambling places, they called her Fair Annie, she was a little girl about nineteen, she asked Mrs. Alderson if she would do some washing for her.

"You know I'd be glad to pay any price, I wouldn't care if you charged me five dollars a dozen, I can't buy a thing here for myself, everything they have in the cache is just for men, and I need underclothes so bad."

Junette was horrified to think that anyone should ask her to do their washing and above all this girl. She sent Fay in before she answered. June couldn't answer the girl at first, she seemed to rebel against fate, and she was just going to snap back at the girl to go home and do her own washing, how dared she mention such a thing to her, who, up till a few weeks ago had maids to wait on her, and could still have if her pride would

have let her stay among her friends, but her gentle nature soon conquered her.

"I guess I can't blame you for coming over and asking such a thing. I am poor alright" June said, "but I will never be poor enough for that" and she had just hung up the last piece on the line and was turning to go in when the girl said, "Well, could you sell me anything, anything at all, stockings or underclothes, dresses or anything. Us girls" she smiled, "don't take care of our clothes."

"No," June said, and opened the door to go in, then a kinder thought struck her, "I have no right to judge that poor girl, I don't know what drove her there, both the girls and I have a lot of clothes that we could sell, but could I touch her money?" and she suddenly seemed to realize that the money that she had accepted for her jewelry was the same money as this poor girl had, and why should she snub the girl and be glad to accept help from the men, then turning to the girl she said, "I guess you think I'm acting queer towards you, but I suddenly found myself in a very awkward position. To have someone come and ask me to do their washing for them is not exactly what I've been used to, but of course you didn't know that," she continued, "and as far as selling you clothes, yes, my daughters and I have a lot that we would be glad to sell. If you would come again after dinner I will have some of the things unpacked and you can see them."

Annie said she would be there alright, "And if you've got enough junk I'll bring some of the other girls." When June went in she told Rex and the girls that Annie wanted to buy some

clothes, never mentioning the washing, hoping Fay had said nothing. Rex said, "But surely you're not going to start to sell your clothes, we're surely not in need of money that bad, until we get some from home," and Rhoda too said, "Mamma, I don't like to sell my pretty clothes."

"Now, I'll tell you how I've figured it out" June said. "The clothes that you don't want to sell we will never be in a position to wear out here, we can only use our very plainest ones, and the rest will lay in trunks and get old-fashioned and when we get back among our friends again we won't feel like wearing them, and it will be a big waste,—now I thought if I could sell them when we have a good chance we'll get their value out of them and with that money I mean to get some stock, you know, dear, that big barn you put up" she said, turning to Rex, "And the hay you made we could sell, but it would be more to our advantage to keep it and get some young heifers or calves or whatever we can. You know how thickly settled the country is farther north and I guess until now the farmers have not had a chance to sell much. Of course, now that the road is coming in they will be able to ship things out of the country and when some of those freighters from there come in, I wish, Rex, you would speak to them, they're always coming in to see you and it will seem more like a business deal if you would ask them about the cattle and ask them to bring some in, whatever they have a chance to get."

June kept on talking until she had convinced the three of them that it was best to sell all the

things they possibly could—furs, coats and hats. "Then whenever we're ready to go back we will have the cash to buy new ones with, because cattle is just like cash now-a-days, you said so yourself, Rex, that even banks will lend money on cattle when they won't lend it on anything else, and besides, dear," she laughed, "you said that I could be your manager until you are up and around again."

They realized after June had explained that it was far the best to let everything go that they could possibly spare. The girls and June moved two large trunks outside.

"This we will certainly sell" said June, "and maybe more if we get a chance."

Right after dinner Annie and eight other girls came over. June stepped out and told them that she would sell everything that was in those two trunks and she started to take things out and put them over the clothes line for inspection, but she hadn't a chance to put many of them on the line for as soon as she would take them out someone snapped them from her, yes snapped them is the proper word, each was afraid she wouldn't get her share, the rolls of money that those girls had astonished June, the price of nothing seemed to matter to them as long as they could get the things. Those two trunks were emptied and, at last, even the trunks were sold before the girls were satisfied to go. They carried their treasures with them. June went in and told them how well she had done. "I won't touch a dollar of this money, this goes right in stock."

Some of the girls that June had seen there,

she felt disgusted with, they were so rough and vulgar. Annie stood out from the rest, she was more quiet and ladylike. There seemed to be something refined about her speech and manner as she stood among the rest, and June afterwards thought. "I wonder what brings that girl among them? She don't seem to belong there. If ever I get a chance I'm going to talk to her, and see if I can't get her to leave all that."

The work of the house went on rapidly; usually in the afternoon June would go over and take the men some lunch; she arranged to have something dainty and different every day for their lunch and the men appreciated it very much.

Dr. McLaughlin came every day; he enjoyed chatting with Rex whenever he could spare the time. He felt thoroughly at home among them, realizing at once that they were his equal or above him in every way. Whatever had brought them down he did not know, their past was never mentioned, but he knew they were not what they seemed to be, people following the steel and keeping stopping places. After he had visited Rex every day for about four or five weeks, he said to his wife one day again, "You should call on those new settlers, Mabel, they are very fine people."

Mrs. McLaughlin had been a stenographer when he married her and now she felt herself above everybody else. There were only four ladies in town besides June and her daughters, and Mrs. McLaughlin felt that she was leading in society, these other three following and she wasn't sure if Mrs. Alderson and her daughters were good enough to enter in their class, herself

being a doctor's wife and one of the other ladies a storekeeper's wife, and the other two ladies were wives of the company's surveyors, they each felt very big and grand, June had nothing to show that she was a lady in their sight, her husband was nothing in the way of making a showing, herself and the girls were going to keep a restaurant.

"Oh, I don't know" she said to the doctor, "if I should bother with those poor people, they must belong to the poor working class or they wouldn't think of opening a restaurant and besides I don't think they are very decent, a couple of times I've seen Annie come out of their tent, and you know Ralph, birds of a feather flock together. Places that Annie visits I don't think are the proper places for me to visit."

Dr. McLaughlin was a gentleman and it often grieved him that his wife would not take his advice and depend on his better judgment, because she was young and inexperienced and having seen better days himself he recognized others.

"Yes, you have told me before that you have seen Annie coming out of their tent, and yesterday I met her myself coming out of there with a seal coat in her arms, that she had bought from Mrs. Alderson," and he started to tell her what he had heard from the men, what expensive clothes and furs Alderson's had sold since they come here.

"Oh, is that so, I will call then and see what I can find out about them" and her tent being only a few yards from Alderson's tent she went

over the next forenoon with a dish of jelly she had made for Mr. Alderson.

"I meant to call long ago Mrs. Alderson" she lied, "but I've really been so busy and besides I didn't know if I would disturb your husband. The doctor has been telling me so much about you folks I hope we'll be great friends. Oh, what lovely daughters you have."

Rhoda was sitting on a box looking over some of her music and Fay just entered.

"Yes," smiled June, "that's praise that never offends me, we ourselves think a lot of the girls."

"But weren't you foolish to bring them out here," Mrs. McLaughlin rattled on. "If you could have got a position for them as clerk or something in town it would have been easier for them than to come out here and work in the restaurant."

Both girls looked up at Mrs. McLaughlin in horror, when she said they should have accepted a position in a store.

"We didn't raise our daughters to clerk in a store" smiled June, "nor did we ever intend them to work in a restaurant."

June could have explained how far they were advanced in music. They could have given music lessons or painting lessons, or they could have had a school, as they were far enough advanced with their education to teach. She continued, "But circumstances sometimes alter cases, and I'm sure it won't hurt my daughters any to work in a restaurant if they have to."

"But do you know what kind of girls you're throwing into your daughters' company? I've seen that girl whom they call Fair Annie coming out of here two or three times, and you of course

know what she is. The doctor has been telling me that you sold her some things, but even at that I couldn't get myself to touch her money, I wouldn't for worlds allow her in my tent, and I think if I had a daughter of my own I wouldn't even allow them in town."

Her words hurt June and she said, "Well, if you're that narrow-minded, Mrs. McLaughlin, you ought to thank God on your knees that you have no daughter. This girl whom you speak about may have had a mother just as good as yours or mine. We don't know what drove her where she is, therefore we should not judge her. Remember what Christ said when they brought the woman to Him. He said, 'Ye that have no sin among you cast the first stone at her,' and when He looked up the crowd was gone and the woman alone was kneeling before Him and He forgave her and said 'Go and sin no more,' and this little girl can be forgiven just as easy. There wasn't one among that awful mob that was without sin, and dared throw a stone at her. Who are you or I that we should judge her, and stone her with our cruel words? You said you would not touch their money, Do you mean to say that you are better than I am because I do touch their money? Your husband is a very fine man and if he is called by one of those girls to attend to them, he will not shirk his duty, but go and treat them like any other human being and the money that he earns and gets from them, you spend, and still you tell me that you would not touch their money. Mrs. McLaughlin," June went on in a milder tone, "if you or I or any other woman like us looked down on her like that, mind you I don't

approve of her life, but if we cast them from us with looks, never mind words, if they wish to leave their path of life and enter ours, how could they if we push them back instead of giving them a hand, to help them up? But I think our conversation is getting too deep; that's a habit I formed when I was very young, to speak my mind, and what friends I make I can always count on them as true friends."

CHAPTER XIX

A FEW minutes after Mrs. McLaughlin left Aldersons' tent. On her way home she stopped in to see Mrs. Blade, the store-keeper's wife.

"Have you called on your new neighbors?" Mrs. McLaughlin asked.

"No, I haven't," was the reply, "and I'm surprised that you've been there. I have seen her talking to Oliver and yesterday I saw Annie coming out of her tent, so I guess there's not much danger of me calling on her," she sneered. "I guess she belongs with the rest of them."

"I'm afraid she does," Mrs. McLaughlin said. "She certainly sticks up for them. It was a duty call of mine, the doctor insisted on me going over, but I wouldn't call on her and give her a chance to return my call so I just ran in this morning with a little jelly for him, to see what they were like, and my dear, you're right, they're not fit to associate with us, I just gave her a piece of my mind though, I just told her what I thought of her, and I told her that girl dare not step in my tent, and if I had a daughter of my own like she had I wouldn't have her in town."

"Did you really, and what did she say?"

"Oh, she stuck up for them of course, that's why I think she is one of them."

"For goodness sake, warn Mrs. Mattren, and Mrs. Kain before you go home" said Mrs. Blade, "because they were talking about her and we

had decided to call, but now of course we daren't think of it."

Mrs. McLaughlin promised she would and hurried on.

Oh, you women with your petty jealousy. Are you just to one another? Do you stop to think what harm you might do with your cruel conversations?

Because June was honest and broad minded and was brave enough to associate with anybody, instead of speaking honeying, flattering words like they did she got these four women down on her, they would not have hesitated a minute to ruin the characters of June and her daughters if they could have done so.

After six weeks of hard labor the house was complete, and Aldersons were delighted with it. They appreciated the men's goodness and moved into their new home.

Now work certainly started for June and the girls. Rex at first wouldn't consent to it, but finally he had to give in, to let June and the girls run the restaurant, and for nine months they ran that stopping place and made a lot of money. Rex had left his bed for a wheel chair. The shock was terrible to him when he found out that he would not walk again, but when he saw how bad it made June and the girls feel when he fretted so, he tried to console himself. If he had millions at his disposal he could not have had better care and kinder treatment than he had from June and the girls. Nearly every day some freighter brought him something that they had sent for.

When they were ten months in their new home the war broke out. Oh, how they each pined to go and do something, but keeping it from the other, knowing they could not go and leave the rest. June did not stop praying and hoping that Rex would get well and that they would be able to do their share.

At the end of the year the train came in to their little burg. It was a great excitement to see the first engine come in, few trains have the honor of creating such excitement.

Three months after the steel was in June had a good chance to sell out, and they once more moved ahead of the steel, by this time they knew the country better and knew how to go at it. One evening after the sale was made they were talking it over.

"If we can stand it another year" said June, "and do as well as we have this year we can go back and, oh, how I do hope that you will be strong enough, that we can go back. I know there is a lot of work in Winnipeg that we could do, all of us, even you, dear," she said turning to Rex. "I don't think it is right for any of us to be slackers."

"I do wish we could do something more than we are doing" said Rex. "I have talked to so many of the young fellows here and quite a number of them have taken my advice and enlisted, after I pointed out to them how necessary it was, and showed them their duty, but just sitting and talking don't satisfy me, I want to be up and going myself."

"I do wish you would consent to our pleading and go back to Edmonton. I am sure that the

doctors there could do more for you than these are doing."

"No, I don't think so, June," answered Rex, thoughtfully, "I have had four different doctors now, besides the two company doctors and they all say I am doing as well as can be expected. It's a matter of time. If ever I do walk again, it will not be for years, so why should I spend your hard earned money and have no benefit, besides I would never go alone, and leave you and the girls here, but I do wish I could persuade you and the girls to leave this country and go back."

"We have talked about that so often" said June. "Don't urge that, dear. Nobody knows us here and if the girls can stand another year, then we could afford to go back and do something worth while. Then the girls could be spared and will be old enough to go in training, if they wish to go across. Rhoda could perhaps go now, but I would not let her go alone and Fay of course they would not accept yet."

"Oh, mamma" cried Rhoda, "is that your wish honestly" and tears came to her big blue eyes. "I want to go so badly, that's been my only wish ever since the war broke out, I want to go so badly, but I never dared to mention it to you, knowing well that the work was too heavy for you and Fay, and I couldn't be spared and not wishing to add to your worries."

Here she began to sob, "I do want to go so badly" she went on, "and do something for those poor wounded soldiers. I am sure I could nurse them without training and perhaps we won't have to open another restaurant now. I don't

want to be selfish and leave you, but I want to go so badly."

Rex's eyes were brighter than they had been for many a day.

"My brave daughter" he said, "You're a born soldier, you have heard the country's call. If it wasn't for my misfortune we would all be over there now. That's what often caused me to feel dissatisfied, lately, to sit here idle when I know my country calls me."

June's mind, as she listened to them, was busy planning. She had never dreamed that Rhoda had been pining like that to go.

"What do you think, Rex? Would she be safe to go alone? There is no question at our sparing you, dear. We could have spared you before, but you are so young, darling. Dare we let you go out in the world alone?" Before she could say any more, Rex replied:

"Yes, I am sure we can trust our daughter to take care of herself and do her duty to others, and if it is her wish to go we have no right to keep her back," and they at once made preparations for Rhoda's departure, to go in training.

Now that the steel was through she could take the train and go direct to Winnipeg. June had wired to the nursing department and different friends to meet her. Though the parting was a very painful one, it gave June and Rex great pleasure to send her to such a cause.

They continued their journey ahead of the steel without Rhoda, and words cannot describe how they missed her. She was a favorite with them all and had taken many responsibilities off June and there were times when Fay thought she could

not live any longer without her sister, and when June found her sobbing and crying she tried to comfort her by saying, "It's just one more year, dear, and we will be with her again. I feel sure that papa will be able to leave his chair in another year. The specialist who went through here last week gave me great hopes, so cheer up darling, it won't be long before we are with Rhoda again."

Their move was made in the summer and they once more lived in the tent until their house was finished. This was a thickly settled farming district. There were well-to-do farmers all around who were wealthy in everything but money. They had herds of cattle and granaries stocked with grain, but there was very little sale for anything until the steel came in.

While the building was going on June went among the neighbors, in the farming district, comforting many mothers that had let their brave sons go, heeding their country's call. She never alluded to her past, how they came to be where they were, and neighbors took it for granted that she was a poor hard-working woman, and when their place was opened once more, many were the neighbors who would drive over to spend Sundays with them. June began to droop and look pale; the strain of the worries as well as the work showed on her.

One day when June and the maid were just finishing up in the dining-room and she felt perhaps more tired than usual, the door opened and Fair Annie came in. Her face was worn and haggard. Although it was scarcely a year since June had seen her, she had changed so much that at a first glance one would hardly recognize her. She

was surprised to see June there, not knowing of their move. She just came into this restaurant for a meal. June was very sorry for her when she looked at the young girl.

"She is not any older than Rhoda" she thought, "but she looks ten years older."

June had always talked friendly and kindly to her and now she invited her to sit down while Katie got her order.

"Tell me, Annie, what have you been doing to yourself since I saw you last?" said June.

"Oh, nothin'," said Annie. "I haven't been very well lately and I guess I've been drinkin' too much."

"I'd like to talk to you. Why don't you stop drinking, Annie? You're so young, you shouldn't throw yourself away like that especially now that the country is in need of every one of us."

"Now don't start preachin' to me Mrs. Alderson" said Annie. "If you knew the way I've lived you wouldn't say the country needs anything from me; if anything it would put me out."

"That's just it, Annie. Why don't you live such a life that the country would be proud to have you? You can do it, I know, if you make up your mind to stop drinking and wandering around the way you do. I don't ask you what brought you down to it, but I have faith enough in you to know that you can quit it and be a decent girl if you want to."

Then Annie put her head on the table and began to sob. "Mrs. Alderson" she said, wiping her eyes, "these are the first tears I've shed for years. Usually when I think of my past I curse

and take more drink to forget about it, but I'm making a fool of myself."

"No you're not making a fool of yourself by any means, Annie. That shows that underneath it all you have a kind heart like I knew you had. What is there so attractive about the life you are leading that you can't leave it?"

"Attractive" she sobbed, "my God, you don't think I got into it because I liked it? I got in and I can't get out. There isn't a woman that I know of in whose house I might stay or who would even talk to me. I tell you, Mrs. Alderson, my mother died when I was young, I never knew her. When I was eight years old my father married again, and the woman he married was very free with men, there were always some in the house. Father sometimes quarrelled about it, but it was of no use. Then after awhile she took two men roomers. She said it was to help make ends meet, but I afterward found out that it wasn't, it was just a blind to help fool father. These men would be out at night and home in the daytime. When it was too late I found out that they were bad men. My step-mother always sent me to their rooms for some excuse or other, either to see if they had towels or water or to take up hot water. She was actually trying to make money out of me. This went on for a year or so, then I rebelled; I said I was going to tell my father about her doings and throw myself on his mercy, but I did wrong in telling her my intentions. She watched her chance and brought father in when I was alone in the room with one of the men, and told him that she wouldn't keep a girl like that in the house. My father was horrified and he threw me

out and forbid me ever to come back again. I was fourteen then and I didn't know what to do, I walked the streets till evening, and watched for one of these men (never mind their names), then I told him I would go and stay with him if he would support me and of course he did, and I went from bad to worse and now here I am."

"Oh, Annie, did a woman drive you to that?" said June scarcely above a whisper. "Then let a woman help you out of it, child; it's never too late to do good, and some day I know you'll be a good woman, but take my advice and quit it; yes, Annie, quit it at once, there is no time like the present. Don't go back and in drink try and forget what we've talked about just now, there is surely a way if you have a will and I will help you all I can."

"But, Mrs. Alderson, even though I would be willing to do as you suggest, my friends are all girls in my class, and don't send me to one of those homes, or whatever you call them, you couldn't drag me into one of them."

"No, I wasn't thinking of that, there are other ways and I'll find a way, Annie; just let me think and talk it over with my husband, we always plan out things together ever since we were married. Now have your lunch" June said, "I must hurry out to the kitchen. Promise me that you will come in tomorrow."

That evening June and Rex talked it over, what would be best to do for Annie.

"We have so much work," said June, "and I'm getting played out, what do you think, Rex? Do you think it would be wise to take her in?" And they talked and planned what was best to

do and at last they decided that it would do no harm to try anyway.

"By having her in the house I could talk to her and advise her if temptations came her way" said June.

So Annie came the next day and June said she would be glad to take her and give her work in the dining-room.

"I don't think I can work, Mrs. Alderson," said Annie. "In the dining-room everybody would see me and laugh at me." She was beginning to change her mind June could see plainly, she spoke entirely different to what she had the day before.

"Let them laugh at you, Annie, I am willing to stay by you if you are willing to lead a better life. Anyone that would laugh at you is not much. It would be better for them to laugh at you than for the other class to cast you out. You don't need to be in the dining-room, you don't need to be seen if you do not wish, you can work in the kitchen and it's needless to say, Annie, you will have a good home here if you do what's right, but you cannot idle, you must work, you must put your mind to work, you can work in the kitchen with me, I will teach you how to cook and bake, we will work together at everything, and, Annie, don't go back to your shack, stay here and start to work at once. Take my advice, dear, you won't be sorry" and after much talking and coaxing Annie started to work in the kitchen.

She worked steady for five months and June was pleased with the girl. She was really trying to do her best to put her past behind and to look for a brighter future. There was a young farmer there that Rex thought a lot of, and

occasionally she would go out with him, always telling June about it first. One day Rex gave young Durr a long talking to. He said, "I know you know all about Annie's past, but she is under our care now and when she is out with you I trust you will treat her just the same as you would my own daughter; there is a lot of credit coming to the girl the way she is living down her past," and young Durr said, "You will not be disappointed in me, Mr. Alderson, because lately I am thinking quite seriously about Annie. Some day soon I hope to be leaving for the front and I would feel better if she had the protection of my name and what little I have to leave her, and it would be a cheerful thought when I am in the trenches to think that there is someone back here waiting for my return."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Durr. You have my best wishes. I feel sure you will not be disappointed in Annie."

A few months after that the steel was up to them again and the crowds of passengers that trains would bring was surprising. It was the end of the steel of course and they all had to get out there and although Aldersons' house was almost again the size the old one had been, they could not find room to accommodate the crowds. There were five or six other places like theirs.

So many soldiers would come in by stage and wait there for the train, others from the city on the lookout for homesteads going back and forth, their little town was like a bee-hive. On their busiest days Rex would leave his chair and stay in the office for a little while. That was the happiest day they had known for a long time when Rex

could leave his chair and walk a few steps. The day that Rex left his chair for the first time June put their business up for sale.

"Now it will just be a short time, darling," she said to Fay, "before we'll be with Rhoda again, she's going across in five weeks and we must be there before she sails."

One day there was a big envelope among their mail, "I guess this is for papa" June said, and put it with his other letters to one side.

"No, mamma, dear," said Fay, "it's addressed to you."

June took it and opened it and oh the surprise that awaited them. June couldn't believe her eyes; she hurried in to Rex.

"Rex, dear, you read that, surely I'm getting the wrong meaning out of it," but she hadn't. It was a letter from their lawyer and friend in Winnipeg, stating that Mr. Robert Lashinsky had died and left his entire fortune to his beloved niece, Junette Shiloh, and they were to come in as soon as possible to arrange matters.

"Oh, dear old uncle" said June. "My dear, kind uncle, you did this to me," and she put her arms around Fay. "Why, Rex, that means that we're rich again. Oh you dear uncle Robert, to think of me. Once a month ever since I left him, I wrote to him; of course many of the letters were lost, but some of them he received, and poor aunt Maggie, if she was living now, what would she say at uncle Robert leaving me his entire fortune."

* * * * *

One bright, glorious September day, the world seemed to June all golden in its beauty, there

was so much happiness in her heart. She stood again among Lily and her home folks, and her many, many friends. At a little distance, was another group, surrounding Rex, who stood in officer's uniform smiling down on his beautiful daughter, Rhoda, by his side, and Fay stood among a bunch of her old girl friends,

It seemed that nearly all Winnipeg had turned out to see them off to take up their noble work "Over There."

THE END



